



BROADWAY

THE NEVSKY PROSPECT

THE
GREAT
STREETS
OF THE
WORLD

PICCADILLY

UNTERDENLINDEN

THE BOULEVARDS

THE CORSO

THE GRAND CANAL

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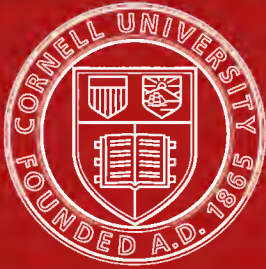
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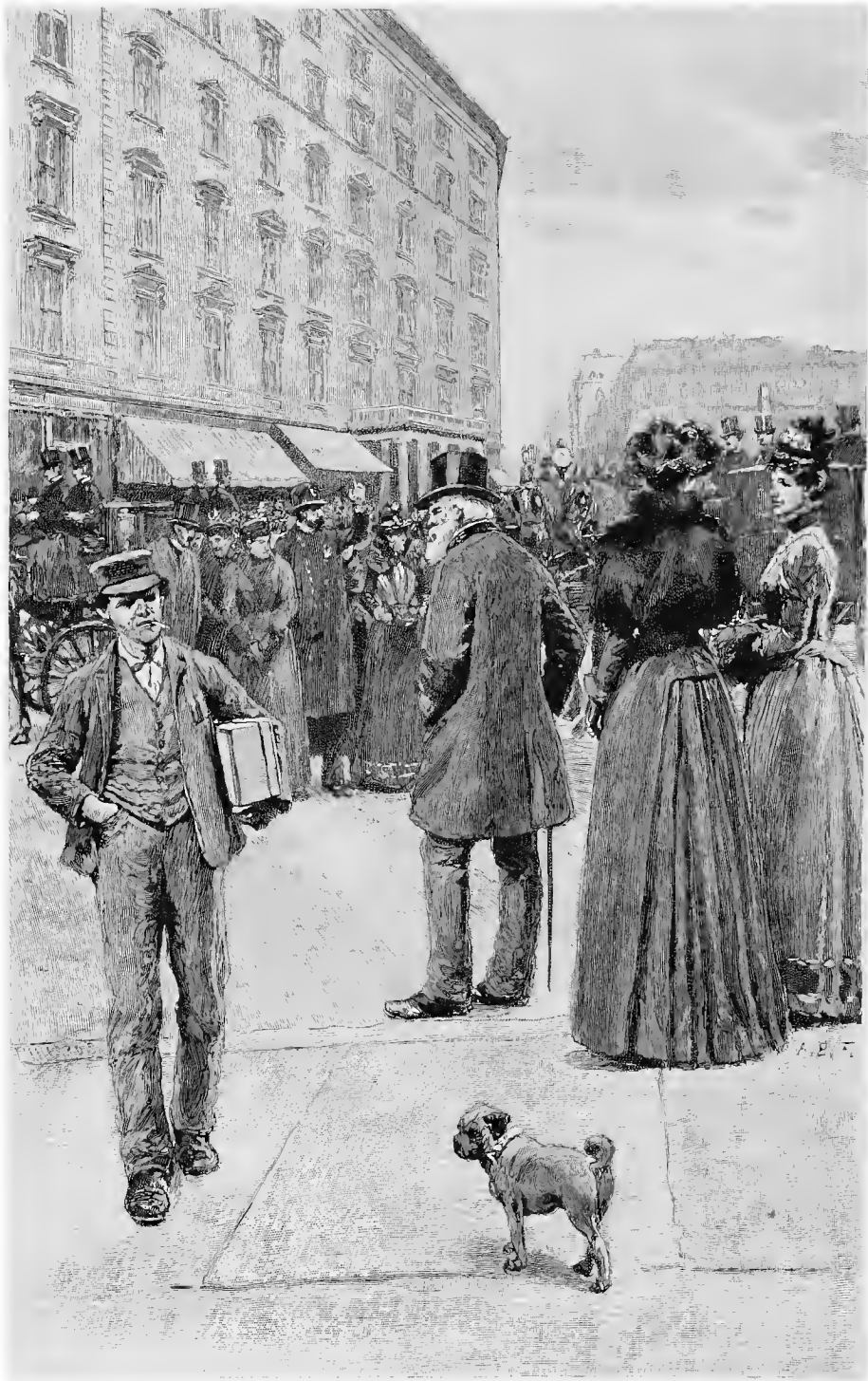
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THE GREAT STREETS
OF
THE WORLD



BROADWAY—THE TWENTY-THIRD STREET CROSSING.

THE GREAT STREETS
OF
THE WORLD

BY

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS W. W. STORY
ANDREW LANG HENRY JAMES
FRANCISQUE SARCEY PAUL LINDAU
ISABEL F. HAPGOOD

ILLUSTRATED BY

A. B. FROST ETTORE TITO
W. DOUGLAS ALMOND ALEXANDER ZEZZOS
G. JEANNIOT F. STAHL
ILYA EFIMOVITCH RÉPIN

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BROADWAY

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST



NEAR THE POST-OFFICE—EARLY MORNING.

BROADWAY



BROADWAY means so many different things to so many different people. The business man has his own idea of it, and it suggests something quite the contrary to his wife, and still another point of view to his son; in this it differs from almost every other great thoroughfare of the world.

When one reads of the Appian Way, one thinks only of magnificent distances and marble. The Rue St. Antoine brings up a picture of barricades and gutters splashed with blood; and the Boulevards are reminiscent of kiosks and round marble-top tables under striped awnings. But all Broadway is divided into three parts, and which is the greatest of these, it would be difficult to say. There is the business portion of Broadway, and the shopping district, and still farther uptown the Broadway where New Yorkers and their country cousins once used to walk to look at the passers-by, and where now only those walk who wish to be looked at. And yet Broadway has, from the Battery to 159th Street, where the cobble-stones break up into a dusty country road, its own dear individuality. It may take on the color of its surroundings from point to point, just as the same column of mercury passes through zero and freezing-point to fever heat; the clerks who board the surface cars

at the Equitable Building make room for the shoppers at Union Square, and they, in turn, empty the car to give place to those who live still farther uptown; but it is the same familiar yellow car which carries each of them, and which runs on all the way.



THE SANDWICH MAN.

The business man knows Broadway as a street blocked with moving drays and wagons, with pavements which move with unbroken lines of men, and that are shut in on either side by the tallest of tall buildings. It is a place where no one strolls, and where a man can as easily swing his cane as a woman could wear a train. Pedestrians do not walk steadily

forward here, or in a straight line, but dodge in and out like runners on a foot-ball field. They all seem to be trying to reach the bank to have a check cashed before three o'clock. The man who stops to speak to a friend, or to gaze into a shop window, is jostled and pushed and shouldered to one side; everyone seems to be trying to catch up to the man just in front of him; and everyone has something to do, and something on his mind to think of, too, if his face tells anything.

So intent are they on their errands that they would not recognize their own wives if they passed them by. This is the spot on Broadway where the thermometer marks fever heat. It is the great fighting-ground of the city, where the battle of business goes on from eight o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon, at which time the work flags a little and grows less and less hurried

until five, when the armies declare an armistice for the day and march off uptown to plan a fresh campaign for the morrow. The armies begin to arrive before eight, and gather from every point of the compass. The ferry-boats land them by thousands, and hurry back across the river for thousands more; the elevated roads marshal them from far uptown, gathering them by companies at each station, where they are unloaded and scattered over the business districts in regiments. They come over the Brooklyn Bridge by tens of thousands, in one long, endless procession, and cross the City Hall Park at a quick step. It is one of the most impressive sights the city has to offer. The gathering of the clans was less impressive and less momentous. They do not all meet on Broad-

way at once, but before the business day is over they will have passed up or down it, and will have contributed at one time to the hurrying crowds on its two pavements. Where they all find work is a wonder to the dilettante from upper Broadway, where money is spent, not made. But he will understand when he notices that every building along the street is divided and subdivided like a beehive, and every room holds its own president and board of trustees. It would take an idle



HOT ROASTED CHESTNUTS.

man half an hour to read the signs on the front of one block of lower Broadway, and the face of each building is a small directory.

There was a great trade parade in the city two years ago, and it gave New Yorkers a pleasing idea of their prosperity; but its

theatrical display and bands of music were but a pageant to the grim reality of the great trade parade which forces its way up and down Broadway every morning in the year. There is a narrow turn in Cheapside, of which Londoners boast that the traffic is so great as to block the street for half an hour at a time; but on Broadway, for a mile, there are over four long lines of drays and wagons, with the tongue of the one behind touching the back-board of the one in front. That is the trade parade with which New Yorkers are too familiar to fully appreciate. It represents, in its loads and burdens, every industry and product of the world. Carts loaded with boxes of unmade clothing lock wheels with drays carrying unmade food, and the express wagons, with their precious loads of silver bullion, are crowded by drays carrying great haunches of raw meat to the transatlantic steamers lying off the Battery. These are the ammunition trains of the great army of workers.

The business men of lower Broadway go down town every morning, and walk back every afternoon in good weather and in bad weather, in sickness and in health, until they grow rich. Then they employ other men to work for them, but they still go down town through force of habit, perhaps, or because they have accumulated everything except the knowledge of how to rest, and how to spend a holiday. For eight hours of every day they are imprisoned in the business district, chained before roller-top desks, or bound down in the arms of swivel-chairs, or over ledgers which are always marked "to be continued," and which have no *finis*. At six o'clock, after they have given the best part of their day's strength and brain and energy to business, they are set at liberty and are allowed to run up town overnight; on their promise to return again, and are given three hours in which to become acquainted with their children. And some of them keep this up until they are gray-haired, feeble old men. They begin when they are quite young; when they are of the age to think that it is something important and desirable to work down town, and as office-boys earn-



BELOW TRINITY CHURCH—9.45 A.M.

ing three dollars a week in their father's office, look down upon their elder brother at college, and patronize the family at dinner, and talk of "our firm," and what "we" intend to do if wheat should drop much further. As clerks, their horizon is bounded by future raise in salary, and their life is filled with hopes that the man just above them will die, and allow them to step into his place; as partners in the firm they speak, after hours, of every other subject but that of business, and declare bitterly that, whatever pursuit their sons may enter into, it shall not be the same as theirs, of that they are quite certain. And at last, when they grow rich enough to retire, they do nothing of the sort, but still haunt their place of business, and delight in telling struggling young men how they once used to sweep out the office of which they are now the owners. That is the atmosphere of lower Broadway. A place where half the men do what they are told to do, like accomplished machines, for so much a week, and ever with the conviction that so much is not enough; and where the other half are for so many hours a day heads with superfluous bodies, with brains working one against the other, and with the same effect in the end as when cog-wheels of a watch work one against the other, they make the watch go.

Broadway proper begins at Bowling Green. This is the open breathing-place where the street rests before it narrows down and meets the fierce turmoil of the business portion just above. It is a very cosmopolitan Broadway at this point, and every house facing it seems to welcome and bid for the arriving immigrants. The offices of the foreign consuls are here, and the immigrants' boarding-houses, with their signs in almost every strange language, and the shops where shillings and francs and guelders can be changed into dollars. Men in sabots and spangled with silver buttons, and women with Neapolitan head-dresses, are too common about Bowling Green for anyone to look twice at them, and sailors, and ship-stewards on shore for fresh provisions, and petty officers with a few hours' leave in which to get rid of their money, give this end of



BROADWAY AT THE BOWLING GREEN.

Broadway a distinctly salty and foreign air. This is where you are stopped at every second step by too familiar young men of Hebraic features, who act as runners for the great transatlantic lines, who

aggrieve your *amour propre* by offering you a steerage passage to the old country for twenty dollars, and who are as persistent as those who have rendered the ready-made clothing stores of Baxter Street notorious.

The lodging-house "shark" and the bunco-steerer lie in wait about here for the immigrant, and the more daring rogue who, dressed like an immigrant, tells you how he has been robbed on his arrival, and who wishes to sell you his watch, an old family heirloom made in Munich; and who is not the least abashed when you pry open the case and read "Toledo, O.," on the back.

These are the weeds and parasites that grow in Castle Garden.

It is only a few steps farther up town from this, and you are in the rush of the business district, and are dodging past men who are talking per cents and discounts on their way to luncheon. The cross-streets are traps and pitfalls here, and you have to watch your chances to cross, and to measure your distances as carefully and as quickly as a rider does a water-jump. This part of Broadway is a valley of great buildings, and from a boat on the North River one can trace the march of the street by these mountains of brick and iron and plate-glass. They rise up above the rest of the city like shot-towers, and you see nothing uptown to equal them, save the white points of the Cathedral, and the slim, graceful spire of Grace Church half-way between.

The rush is greatest about the base of one of the tallest of these—the Equitable Building, that great gray pile which every good stranger must visit on his first day in New York, and from the dome of which the signal flags flutter out their proclamation of cold, clear weather, in haughty defiance of the fact that the bunting itself is heavy with moist, unending rain.

Just below this, only a block to the south, is one of those strange contrasts which seem as if they could not have been accidental. This is where old Trinity Church, with its graveyard, blocks the way of Wall Street. There is no stronger contrast than

this in the whole city of New York. Whether you look up Wall Street's short length to the church, or from the church steps down Wall Street to where the pillars of the Custom-House seem to shut off its other end, the effect is the same. There is something so solemnly incongruous in the mournful peace of the graveyard, with the roar of the street in front of it, in the cherubs' heads and the gaunt skull and cross-bones of the monuments, in the implements of war and of naval battles that date from the seventeen hundreds up to the days of Captain Paul Jones. The tower of the church throws its shadow directly into Wall Street, the street that seems to run with gold, and every hour its chimes ring out above the noise of the tickers, and every minute of the day its doors are open, as if to leave no excuse for those who do not snatch a moment to step beyond them

"Every square foot of that graveyard," philosophized a young broker, so tradition says, "could be sold for more than half the men on the street are worth, and yet the tenants are not getting any use of their money. It doesn't seem right, does it?" But it does seem right to the old-fashioned nobody who sees something more than accident in this waste of valuable building ground; who fancies that this quiet acre of land is meant to teach a lesson which those who run after the great dollar might read, if they only have the time; but they haven't the time—banking hours are so few. I never pass Wall Street but I am filled with wonder that it should be such a narrow, insignificant street. One would think it would need more room for all that goes on there, and it is almost a surprise that there is no visible sign of the fortunes rising and falling, and of the great manœuvres and attacks which emanate in that two hundred yards, and which are felt from Turkey to Oregon. But it seems just like any other street, except for the wires which almost roof it over, and that the men one meets in it are different in mien and manner from those one meets in upper Broadway; they wear a sharp, nervous look, and they stoop, as if they had grown so from bending so often and so intently over the momentous

strips of paper tape. It is rather interesting to think that the man who brushed past you may have been but a few years back one of the uniformed boys who run with cable despatches to the floor of the Exchange, and that he may in a few weeks' time be looking for a clerkship in one of the banks which he did not succeed in breaking. The broad statue of Washington, with its shining knees and dusty coat, always seems to be in the most incongruous position here. Unless it is that he is guarding the Sub-Treasury behind him, and that his uplifted hand is meant to say to the bulls and bears : so far can you go, and no farther. It is a most suggestive place, is Wall Street, and one feels more easy when one gets out of it into Broadway again, where mobs of men have not swept up and down howling and with white faces, and where Black Fridays make no visible sign. And after you get out of Wall Street, it is worth while to step across into Trinity Church and note how far away the street seems, and how calmly grand the church is, with its high pillars meeting the great arches, and with the sun stealing through the gorgeous window at the west. It is almost like the cathedral of some sunny, sleepy, English town, and you are not brought home again until another sight-seer like yourself opens the screen doors, and you can hear the shrill whistle of the car-driver just outside, and his ejaculations on the head of the gentleman on the box-seat of the ice-cart, who will not give him the track. The business man comes in here occasionally to show the interior to his customer from out of town. He wears the preoccupied and slightly bored air of the amateur guide who has seen it before, and as he is going out again immediately, he does not throw away his cigar, but keeps it decorously hidden inside his hat. From Trinity Church he will go to the Equitable Building, to show off the marbles and elevators, and from there to all the other show-places of the city, from Cleopatra's Needle in the afternoon, to the Spanish dancer at night. Trinity Church has a mob of its own about it once a year, but it is a somewhat different mob from the feverish gatherings of

Wall Street. This is on the last night of the old year, when the citizens gather, as they have gathered since the days of Aaron Burr, to hear the chimes welcome the coming, and toll for the king who is dead, and sound a "Long live the king!" to his successor.

Broadway widens in front of the Astor House, and gives the cars from all over the city a little room in which to turn before they start off uptown again. The Post-Office shuts it off at one side, and receives half the pedestrians from the street through its swinging doors, to shoot them out once more after it has swallowed up the contributions they have made to one of its hungry maws. It is not an impressive-looking building, in spite of its great, clumsy, barn-like bulk, and it looks still more utilitarian from the other side, where the City Hall faces it over the trees of the Park. The City Hall is perhaps as correct, or one of the most correct, pieces of architecture in the city of New York; it is simple, direct, and graceful, with the quiet dignity, in the balance of its two wings, of a Colonial mansion. Every known, and hitherto unknown, order of architecture surrounds it on the border of the Park, and not one of these many specimens robs it of its place in the centre of the stage, which it has held since those days when its southern extension was backed with brown stone because no one, so it was expected, would ever live south of it, and it would never be seen.

The City Hall Park makes a pleasant break in Broadway. It opens it up on one side and lets in a breath of fresh air where it breaks one of the long, high barriers of business houses. The people who haunt and who inhabit the Park have nothing in common with the wage-earners and money-makers who rush through it and about its four sides. They are the real leisure class of New York, and their only duty and pastime is to sit under the trees on the circle of benches and read three-days'-old newspapers, which were once wrapped round the luncheons of the despised wage-earner. You will see the same men on the same benches day after day, and month after month. Their garments grow more dirty and their

chins more dark, until one day they disappear altogether—the police court and the coroner only can tell where. They are tramps, with the mud of country roads still heavy on their boots; strangers

... in the streets



"FIRE!"

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ness of the side-streets.

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chins more dark, until one day they disappear altogether—the police court and the coroner only can tell where. They are tramps, with the mud of country roads still heavy on their boots; strangers stranded in the streets, without money and without hope, and young toughs from the cheap lodging-houses on the Bowery, waiting to pick up a new tool in some recent arrival from the farms of New Jersey and Connecticut. They will find him a trifle dazed by the rush and noise, resting here because there are trees about, before he starts in on that disheartening occupation known as “looking for



“ FIRE ! ”

work.” He sits with his valise tightly squeezed between his knees, and with one hand touching the small roll of money sewed up in the pocket of his waistcoat. In a few days he will make his first entrance into a pawnshop on the Bowery, and the home-made clothes will go, and his silver watch, and finally the empty valise itself, and he will leave the shop for the last time with a hopelessly lost feeling, and no impediments but the clothes he stands in. Then, when he returns to the City Hall Park, he is ripe to listen to the hints of the hard-looking young man on the bench next him, and before evening he will be one of a crowd which “hold up” a drunken sailor for his money, and an officer will have his hand on his shoulder, while his friends of the morning scamper off, dodging the light of the lamp-posts, until they disappear finally in the darkness of the side-streets.

The Park is the rendezvous for many of the "Andies" and "Barneys" of local politics, with the inevitable cigar and the habit of emphasizing their remarks with the end of the right finger, and the interrogative "see." They are waiting to buttonhole this or that employee in one of the city departments who has a "pull;" and there are numerous Italian wedding parties who find it more distinguished and much more cheap to be married by the Mayor, and who are gay in purple and green ribbons, and are happily unconscious of how evident is the purpose of their visit.

But it is at night that the Park is at its best. When the windows of the Post-Office are blazing with light, and the mail wagons rattle up over the empty streets with a great to do and unload their freight of trouble and good news where it may be scattered broadcast over the world. On warm nights the marble steps of the City Hall are black with people from the slums, and every bench holds four drowsy figures; there is hardly room for the compositors and pressmen who have run across from Newspaper Row for a breath of air between shifts, and the Park policeman is kept constantly busy rapping the feet of the sleepers in the city's free lodging-place.

Newspaper Row bounds the eastern side of the square with the workshops of the great dailies. They rise, one above the other, in the humorous hope that the public will believe the length of their subscription-lists is in proportion to the height of their towers. They are aggressively active and wide-awake in the silence of the night about them. The lights from the hundreds of windows glow like furnaces, and the quick and impatient beating of the groaning presses sounds like the roar of the sea. "There she is—the great engine—she never sleeps. She has her ambassadors in every quarter of the world, her couriers on every road. Her officers march along with armies, and her envoys enter into the statesmen's cabinet." But the ambassadors she sends to the courts to-day are a very different sort of ambassadors from those of whom Mr. Warrington spoke, and they are probably not quite so useful.

From the City Hall on up Broadway to Tenth Street the complexion of the street is utterly changed, and there is nothing but wholesale business houses, almost all with strange foreign names. This is where Broadway nods a little. There is none of the rush of lower Broadway, and none of its earnestness. The big houses deal only with firms, and not with individuals. Their windows show straw bonnets when the retail stores up town are filled with Christmas presents, and in summer their stock in trade points out what the fall overcoat will be like, and how furs will be fashioned. The proprietors stand in the doorways, or gaze out of the windows, with their customers from the country at their elbows, watching the passing crowd. Three sales a day is good business in one of these houses, and means thousands of dollars. Broadway takes a dip, geographically, from the City Hall to Canal Street, where those tiresome individuals who knew New York when Union Square was a forest, fished in the stream that gave the street its name, or say they did. It rises again until it reaches Tenth Street, where it turns sharply west. From the City Hall one can see the tops of all the horse-cars as they go down and rise again, and the street itself looks as though it stopped altogether at Tenth Street, blocked by Grace Church. There were, no doubt, excellent reasons for placing Grace Church just where it is; but if it had been placed at the joint of Broadway for no other than the architectural effect, there would have been reason enough. There is no place where it could have been seen so well. It seems to join the two angles of the street and put a punctuation mark to the business quarter. From its corner in the angle of the L it is conspicuous from either approach, and it silently educates and teaches everyone who passes, something of what is best in architecture.

The shopping district begins about Tenth Street, and is bounded on the north by the latitude of Twenty-third, where the promenade begins, and continues on up indefinitely to Forty-second Street. One is as likely to see a man here as at an afternoon tea, and if one

should dare to venture in, it is only for one of two reasons: either he is the husband or brother of some wife or sister in the suburbs, who has asked him to run uptown at luncheon-time and match something for her, or he is there because the women are there, and he has come to look at them. In the first place he is entitled to your pity, and in the second place as well, for his occupation, though in-



RECREATION.

dividually satisfactory, is not profitable. The business district is very grim and very real, the shopping district is all color and movement and variety. It is not the individual woman one sees here, but woman in the plural. You may have a glance of a beautiful face, or of a brilliant or an outrageously inappropriate gown, but it is only a glimpse, and the face is lost in a composite photograph

of faces, the expression of which seems to be one of decided anxiety. For it is apparently a very serious business, this shopping. The shoppers do not seem to be altogether happy, for they have heard, perhaps, of a place where you can get that same lace flounce for two cents a yard less than at the other place, where you got the last lot, and they are pressing on before it is all gone. They are as keen over their bargains in trimmings and gloves as their husbands down town are over the rise and fall in oil, and they certainly do not look as if they were on pleasure bent. On the contrary, they seem to have much upon their minds. On a sunny, bright morning, when it is possible for them to wear their best bravery without fear of rain, Broadway holds, apparently, every woman of means in the city. Who stays at home to take care of the baby, and who looks after the flat? is a question. I use the word flat advisedly, because all the



LOOKING UP BROADWAY—NEAR GRACE CHURCH.

women who shop below Union Square and along Fourteenth Street live in flats. Above Union Square they occupy apartments. It is a very fine distinction. The ladies who live in flats generally come



THE PLEASURES OF SHOPPING.

down town in the "elevated," and dress a great deal; they make an event of it, and take their luncheons, which consist of a meringue and an ice, down town. They think nothing of walking three hours at a time over hard floors, or remaining on their feet before long counters, but it would weary them, you would find, to walk the children to the Park and back again—besides, that would be so unprofitable. There is an object in going down town to shop; the object sometimes

costs as much as fifty cents, and you get a fan with it, or a balloon, or a little pasteboard box to carry it in. It is a remarkably dressed procession, and noticeable in the youthfulness of the attire of those who are somewhat too elderly to stand artificial violets in their bonnets, and those who are much too young to wear their hair up. There is much jewelry, and doubtful jewelry at that, below Union Square, and a tendency to many silver bangles, and shoulder-capes, and jingling chatelaines.

Union Square makes a second break in Broadway, and is a very different lounging-place indeed from City Hall Park. It is much more popular, as one can see by the multitude of nurse-maids and children, and in the number and cared-for beauty of the plants and



IN THE RETAIL DISTRICT.
Broadway, between Seventeenth and Twenty-third Streets.

flowers, and in the general air of easy geniality of the park policemen, who wear white cotton gloves. They have to get along without gloves about the City Hall. Horace Greeley and Benjamin Franklin are the appropriate guardians of that busy lower park, while the graceful Lafayette and the stately equestrian figure of Washington are the presiding figures of this gayer and more metropolitan



"THE RIALTO."

Broadway and Fourteenth Street.

pleasure-ground. Union Square is bounded on the south by that famous strip of pavement known to New Yorkers who read the papers as the Rialto. This is the promenade of actors, but a very different class indeed from the polished gentlemen who brighten upper Broadway. They are just as aggressively conspicuous, but less beautiful, and they are engaged in waiting for something to turn up. They have just returned from a tour which opened and closed at Yonkers, and they cannot tell why. They have come back "to reorganize," as they express it, and to start afresh next

week with another manager, and greater hopes. They live chiefly on hope. It is said it is possible to cast, in one morning, any one of Shakespeare's plays, to equip any number of farce companies, and to "organize" three *Uncle Tom's Cabin* combinations, with even more than the usual number of Marks the lawyer, from this melancholy market of talent that ranges about the theatrical agencies and costumers' shops and bar-rooms of lower Union Square. The Broadway side of Union Square is its richest and most picturesque. The great jewelry and silver-shops begin here, and private carriages line the curb in quadruple lines, and the pavement is impressively studded with white-breeched grooms. Long-haired violinists and bespectacled young women in loose gowns, with rolls of music in their hands, become conspicuous just above this—the music-shops are responsible for them. And from this on up Broadway from Union Square the richer and more fashionable element shows itself, and predominates altogether. These shoppers come in carriages, and hold long lists between gloved fingers, and spend less time at the bargain counters. The crowd is not so great, and the dressing is much richer, and as well worth looking it as that of any city in the world. These shoppers are not so hurried either, they walk more leisurely, and stop at every candy store; and windows filled with photographs of American duchesses and English burlesque actresses are like barriers in their path. They are able to observe in passing how every other woman is dressed, and at the same time to approve their own perfection in any plate-glass window with a sufficiently dark background to throw a reflection.

This is the part of Broadway where one should walk just before the Christmas holidays, if one wants to see it at its very best; when the windows offer richer and costlier bids to those of better taste than at any other season; and when the women whom one passes have a thoroughbred air of comfort and home about them, and do

not look as though they were altogether dependent on the street and shops for their entertainment. Those you meet farther up look as though they regarded Broadway not as a straight line between two points, not as a thoroughfare, but as a promenade. But in the lower part there are groups of distinguished-looking women and beautiful girls with bunches of flowers at their waists, and a certain affectation of mannishness in their dress that only makes their faces more feminine by contrast. "They carry themselves well," would be the first criticism of a stranger, and they have a frank look of interest in what is going on about them which could even be mistaken for boldness, but which really tends to show how certain of themselves they are.

At Twenty-third Street the more business-like Broadway takes on the leisurely air of the avenue, which it crosses, and in which it is merged for a block or two. The rush is greatest here, and hansom and (democratic street-cars) and lumbering busses with their roof-gardens of pretty girls, and victorias, in which the owners look down upon the pedestrians as if a bit conscious of their high estate, are forced into each other's company as closely as are the carts and drays farther down town. This is where quiet home-bodies of the lower half of the avenue, and the other daughters of the few hundred from above, make a dash across the forbidden ground of Broadway and pass on to the more secure footing of the avenue, as calmly unconscious of the Broadway habitué who begins to prowl just here, as though he were one of the hotel pillars against which he poses. This is the most interesting spot in the city to the stranger within our gates, and it is, after all, the Broadway that we all know and like the best. It is so cosmopolitan, so alive, and so rich in color and movement, and so generous in its array of celebrities. One could wear a turban here, or a pith helmet, or a sealskin ulster down to his heels, and his passing would cause no comment. For everyone who visits New York, whether he be a Japanese prince, or a political exile from Erin, or the latest imported Lon-

don pickpocket, finds his way sooner or later to this promenade of the tenderloin district of Broadway. Here you will meet face to face in their proper persons the young women whose photographs smile upon them in somewhat erratic attire from the shop-windows, which one would think might prove embarrassing ; and the leading juveniles of the stock companies, well gloved and groomed, and with a conscious effort to look unconscious ; and the staid British tourist, with the determined air of one who wishes it understood that though he is in the parade he is not of it ; and richly dressed, well-fed sporting men, with cheeks tanned by the wind and sun of the race-tracks ; and white-faced gamblers, with expressionless eyes, which tell of late hours and gas-light and close air, and which seem to blink in the sun, as if it hurt them. There are soubrettes, with short curly hair, given to loud and unexpected explosions of mirth. Very handsome young women, with a showy fair-weather look about them, which makes one think they would certainly have postponed their walk if it had rained, and who carry long silver-handled parasols which were never meant to be unrolled. Local politicians, celebrities whose faces the comic papers have helped to make familiar, and play-writers, and book-makers of both sorts, and many other men and women too, to whom this promenade is part of their daily advertisement. They are there to look and be looked at ; and to have the passing stranger nudge his companion and whisper, " That is So-and-so, who is playing at Such-and-such a theatre," is, as Mr. Vincent Crummies declared it to be, fame, and like breath to their nostrils. They have their reward. There are some who will tell you that Broadway at this point should be as a howling wilderness to respectable men and women ; but they are those who know the true character of the pedestrians more thoroughly than is altogether profitable, illustrating that too much knowledge is a dangerous thing. It is not essential that you should know that the smooth-faced, white-haired man who touched your shoulder as he brushed past, keeps a gambling-house at Saratoga during the summer

months, or that the woman at his side is not his wife. They do you no harm, and you are not on Broadway to enlarge your visiting list, but only to enjoy the procession, of which, for the time being, you are a part. You need not take it from the point of view of the young man on the corner, with his hat knowingly slanted and his cane in his side-pocket, nor of the gaping visitor in the hotel-window, with the soles of his shoes showing against the pane ; but if you are a student of your fellow-men you will find enough bright faces in the crowd to send you home an optimist, and so many wrecks and failures and fallen favorites of fortune, as to make you wish you had selected to walk on the avenue instead. It is even more gayly alive at night, when all the shop-fronts are lighted, and the entrances to the theatres blaze out on the sidewalk like open fireplaces, and when every street-car goes jumping past loaded down to the railings with well-dressed theatre-goers, and when the transient strangers stand in the doorways of the big hotels, or venture out on little sorties to the corner and back again. It is at this hour that the clerk appears, dressed in his other suit, the one which he keeps for the evening, and the girl bachelor, who is either a saleslady or a working-girl, as she better chooses to call herself, and who can and does walk alone in New York at night unmolested, if she so wishes it, which is something she could not do in any other city in the world. She has found her hall bedroom cold and lonely after the long working-day behind a counter or at a loom, and the loneliness tends to homesickness and to make one think, which, as everybody knows, is a very dangerous occupation ; so she puts on her hat and slips down a side-street and loses herself in the unending procession on Broadway, where, though she knows no one, and no one wants to know her, there is light and color, and she is at least not alone. Of course it is a dangerous place for her, as other young women who call themselves non-workers appreciate for her, and for her institute reading-rooms and working-girls' clubs and associations, of which one hears so little and which accomplish such great and immeasur-

able good. But she may read how great her danger is in the face of the young woman who passes her with alert, insolent eyes, and who a year before was what she is now, and who sees nothing in the lighted shop window before which she stops but the reflection of



"EVENING PAPERS."

The delivery wagon near Madison Square.

the man who has dropped out of step with the procession and is hovering at her side.

There is a diagonal street crossing over Broadway just below Twenty-sixth Street, which leads pleasantly to that great institution of upper Broadway, which never changes, whether it be under the

régime of the first or the third generation. The broad white window-shades and the tropical plants in the iron urns in front of the great restaurant, which some one called the largest club of the world, never seem to need renewing, and there is always a glimpse from Broadway of an array of high-top hats, and curling rings of smoke, and moving waiters. You may go continent-trotting all over Europe, you may lose yourself fighting tigers in the jungles of India, or in carrying a transit over the alkali plain of Montana, or on a cattle-ranch in Texas, and you may return to find snow and winter where you left dust and summer, and to find strangers where you bade farewell to friends, but the big club of Broadway will be just as you left it, with as many beautifully dressed women in the dining-room, and the same solemn-looking youths in the café, and the same waiter, who never grows old, to pull out your chair for you at your old place at the window which looks out upon Broadway.

The promenade is best worth looking at around Madison Square, either in the summer, when the twilight lasts until late and the trees are heavy with leaves, and the gas-jets look like monster fire-flies; or in winter, when the Square is covered with snow, like frosting on a great wedding-cake, when it has settled even on Admiral Farragut's epaulets, and the electric lights shine blue and clear through the black, bare branches, and the lamps of the many broughams dance past continually to opera or ball, and give a glimpse through the frosty pane of a woman's figure muffled in furs and swan's-down. There is something exhilarating about this corner of Broadway, where the theatres at every turn are bright with colored illuminations telling of runs of one hundred nights, and where the restaurants and hotels are brilliantly aglow and desperately busy. It is at this corner that on the nights of the presidential election the people gather most closely, trampling down the grass in the Square, and blocking the street-cars and omnibuses with barricades of flesh and blood at fever heat. One man tells



"VISITING STATESMEN."

In front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, during a political convention.

how, on such a night, he spent one hour in forcing his way from Twenty-third Street to the Hoffman House, when the crowd of patient watchers was so great that men could not raise their hands

to applaud the messages from all over the continent, but had to content themselves with shouting their disgust or pleasure at the sky. These are the nights when Broadway cannot hold the crowd, and it is forced into the avenue and cross-streets until the stereopticon throws the last fatal writing on the billowing wall of canvas, and the people learn that a government has changed and that they have put a new president into office, and the mob melts noisily away, and in the morning there is nothing left of the struggle that has brought so great a change over a whole country but the down-trodden grass in the Square and a few burnt-out Roman candles in the middle of the street.

In the summer, when everybody is out of town, Madison Square draws many of Broadway's pedestrians over to itself, and finds seats for them under the trees in the changing glare of the electric lamps, which turn the grass and leaves into such a theatrical and unwholesomely greenish tint. This is the people's roof-garden, it is their summer watering-place, their seashore and mountains, and when supper is over they come to the Square to forget the cares of the working day and the heat of the third-floor back, and the routine that must begin again on the morrow. Old men creep out here from the close, hot streets of the East Side, and mumble together on the benches; mothers from the same tenement gossip about the rent, and the boy who is doing so well down town, or the girl who has gone wrong and who is "away" on the Island. And you will see lovers everywhere. You will see a young girl and a young man come hurrying toward each other down different paths, and you will notice that they begin to smile while they are still many yards apart, and that they clasp hands when they meet as though they never intended to let go. And then they will pick out a bench by itself in the shadow and laugh and whisper together as though they were afraid the birds would tell all the foolishly fond things they overhear them say. It is not as aristocratic an occupation as "rocking," it lacks the picturesque surroundings which

enhance and excuse that institution at Bar Harbor and Narragansett, there is no sea and no moon, only an electric lamp that hisses and sputters and goes out at frequent intervals, but the spirit of



THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE AT NIGHT.
Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street.

the thing seems to be very much the same. And there are young-married people with a baby carriage trimmed with richer lace than the mother herself can afford to wear, and which the young father pushes proudly before him, while the woman runs ahead and looks

back to see if the baby is gaining a little sleep before its return to the stifling, stuffy air of the flat.

And sometimes—how very often, only a brief line in the daily paper tells—you will see the young man who sits by himself away from the crowd on a bench, and who is trying to work out a problem on the asphalt with the point of his cane. It is a very old problem, and some one once crystallized it by asking in a book if life is worth the living. The young man never read the book, but he is trying to answer the question by and for himself, and he has stepped from the street and has come out here into the Square to think it over for the hundredth time. He has placed a great many ambitions against very few accomplished facts, and nothing matters, nothing is of any consequence, not even success, and what is still worse, not even failure. And the girl in the case is honestly not worth all this pother—if he could only get to see it; but he cannot see it, and starts restlessly and rubs out the markings on the asphalt with the sole of his shoe. He is terribly in earnest, is this young man, and he will not pose when he has decided and the time has come to act; he will read over the letters in his pocket for the last time very steadily, the letters from home and the letters from her, and tear them up in small pieces and throw them away with the cards that bear his name, with every other scrap of paper that might tell the world, which cares so very little after all, who he was. When it gets darker and the electric lights throw long, black shadows on the empty sidewalks, and the old gentlemen get up stiffly and hobble away to bed, and leave only the lovers on the benches, the young man will bite a hole in his handkerchief where his name was written in by one of his people at home, and will step back into the shadow of the tree behind the bench and answer the problem in the negative. And the selfish lovers on the bench a hundred yards away will jump to their feet when they hear the report, startled and frightened, but still holding each other's hands. And the park policeman will rap for the officer on

Broadway, who will ring for the ambulance, and the crowd of loungers who have no homes to go to, and waiters from the restaurants just getting away from work, and cab-drivers from the stand on Broadway will cross over and form a circle, while the boy ambulance surgeon kneels in the wet grass and runs his fingers over the young man's chest. And he will rise and shake his head and say, "This is no case for me," for the young man will have settled the question, as far as he is individually concerned, forever.

Broadway, for so great a thoroughfare, gets its people to bed at night at a very proper season. It allows them a scant hour in which to eat their late suppers after the theatre, and then it grows rapidly and decorously quiet. The night watchmen turn out the lights in the big shops and leave only as many burning as will serve to show the cases covered with linen, and the safe, defiantly conspicuous, in the rear; the cars begin to jog along more easily and at less frequent intervals, prowling nighthawks take the place of the smarter hansoms of the day, and the street-cleaners make drowsy attacks on the dirt and mud. There are no all-night restaurants to disturb the unbroken row of business fronts, and the footsteps of the patrolman and the rattle of the locks as he tries the outer fastenings of the shops echo sharply, and the voices of belated citizens bidding each other good-night, as they separate at the street corners, have a strangely loud and hollow sound. By midnight the street is as quiet and desolate-looking as a summer resort in midwinter, when the hotel and cottage windows are barred up and the band-stand is covered an inch deep with snow. It is almost as deserted as Broadway is on any Sunday morning, when the boys who sell the morning papers are apparently the only New Yorkers awake. It deserves a little rest and refurbishing after having been ground down all day by the weight of so many thousand passing feet and heavy wheels, but it gets very little of either, for as soon as the watering-cart and the broom of the street-cleaners disappear into the darker night of the side-streets, milk-carts and



"SOMETHING THE MATTER."
Near the Lincoln Statue, Union Square.

truck gardeners' wagons begin to roll and rumble from the ferries to the early market, piled high with fresh-smelling vegetables, and with the farmer's boy sleeping on top of the load of cabbages while

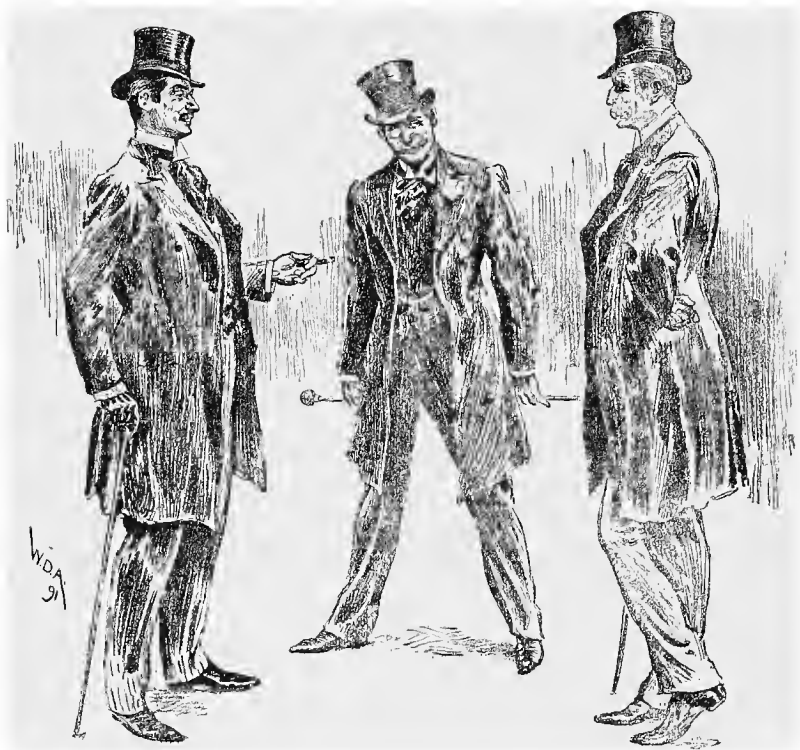
the father dozes on the driver's seat; and then mail-carts and heavy trucks and drays begin to bump noisily over the cobbles, and lights to glow in the basements of the hotels, and those who are condemned to open and sweep out the offices down town turn out into the darkness, still half-awake, and with heavy half-closed eyes, and, then comes the bluish-gray light and the first fresh breath of the morning, and the policemen shiver slightly and yawn and shrug their shoulders, and the gas-lights grow old and tawdry-looking, as down each cross-street comes the warm red rays of the sun, rising grandly out of the East River, and Broadway, rested and swept and garnished, takes up the burden of another day.



PICCADILLY

BY ANDREW LANG

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. DOUGLAS ALMOND



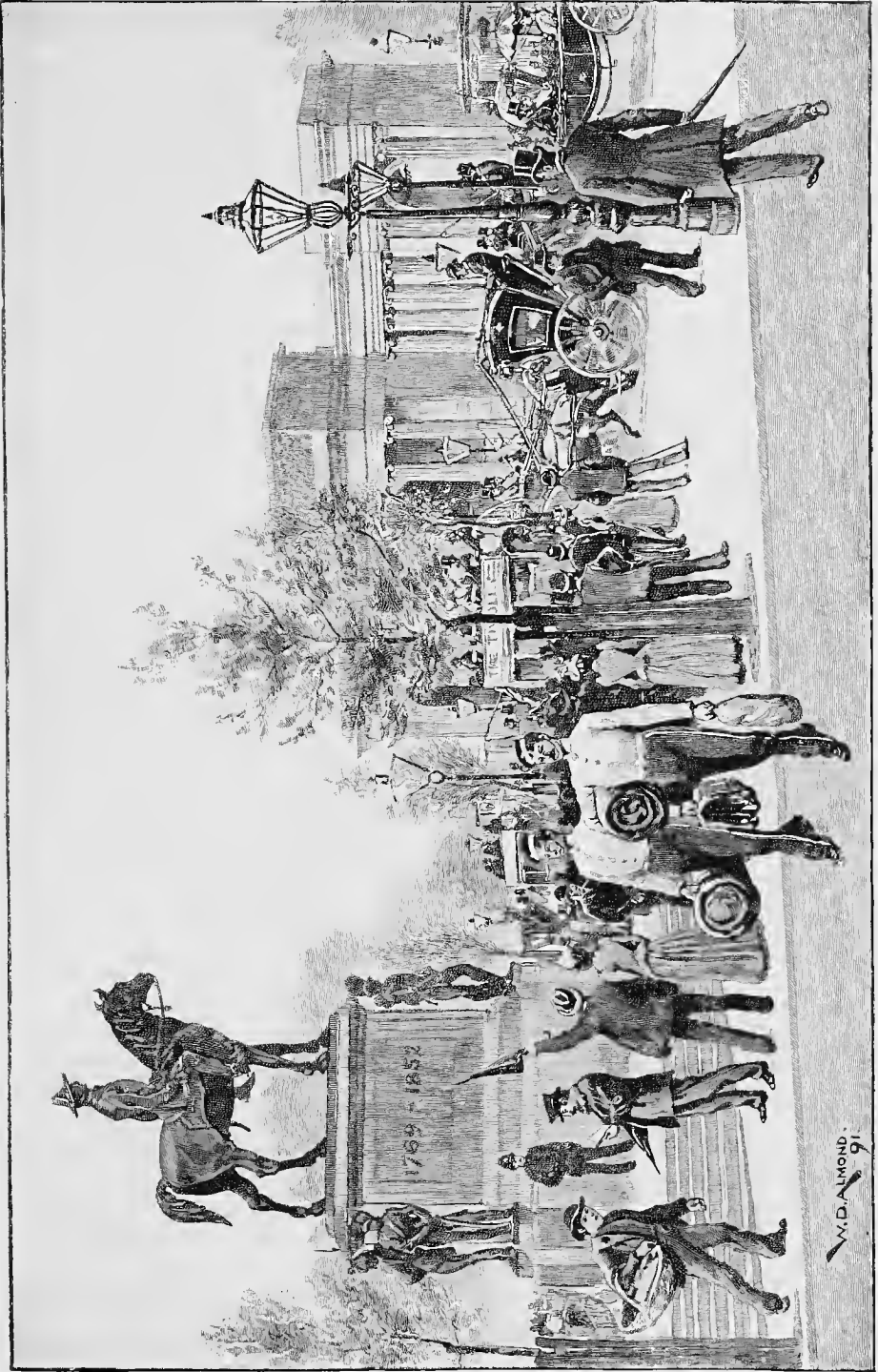
A CHAT IN PICCADILLY.

PICCADILLY

IT may be unjust to say that among the uncounted streets of London not one is beautiful. But it is plain, on a moment's reflection, that a beautiful street is less the likely to exist in monotonous expanses of London than in most other cities. There are few towns but have somewhere an outlook on nature, on the world beyond the walls. But London is so vast, and lies so low, that she has hardly a single glance at nature. From the National Gallery, gazing over Trafalgar Square toward the towers of Westminster, and catching beyond a vague glimpse of the Surrey hills, you are faintly reminded that the whole earth is not yet covered over by brick houses. On Cheyne Walk, too, the river, with its mists, its little gravelly beach, its boats, flows from the distant heights, through the meadows, under the poplars, far away, and murmurs an echo of the remote country. From the top of the Pavilion at Lord's, too, whence the eye beholds merely a soft vaporous distance, broken here and there by a spire or a clump of trees, it is not impossible to fancy that London has a kind of charm. But she has no great street whence, as from Princes Street in Edinburgh, there are conspicuous the rocks of an acropolis, the high-piled ridge of the old town, and the remoter beauty of the Lothian hills. The fresh air of Venice blowing in from the sea is as alien to London as are the noiseless wet ways of Venice.

Nature, in short, except as far as trees are concerned, is out of view and out of the question. Then, as to architectural beauty, London is as inferior to Venice or Florence in grace and stateliness of structures and monuments, palaces and towers, and flower-markets, as in her eternal absence of natural loveliness. Here is no Arno, no quaint, venerable bridges, no statues like the Perseus of Cellini, or the David of Michael Angelo. Here is no St. Mark's, no Bargello, for London, in spite of the antiquity of the city, is a very new town in most of her western quarters, and was built hastily and inconsiderately by people among whom architecture was at the lowest ebb. Thus, to take even an example in England, London has not a public way to compare with the High Street at Oxford. The new age and new buildings have done their worst for "the High," but they have not wholly ruined those curves, like the windings of a stream, that unrivalled mixture of old academic with old domestic architecture, those ancient gables of all heights and shapes, those latticed windows edged with flowers, those solemn and hospitable college gateways, and those glimpses through them into "deep, wet walks of gray old gardens;" while the whole bend and curve of the street ends in the glorious tower of Magdalen and the bridge over the Cherwell. All this, degraded as it has been by an unsightly tramway and spoiled by the eccentric new buildings on which the colleges have wasted their money, is yet incomparably more beautiful than anything in London. "The High" survives from the leisurely age when men could build.

Now, if we take Piccadilly as the representative beautiful street of London, we cannot deny that it has some advantages. Starting from Regent Street in the east, it runs westward, at first narrow enough and commonplace, with a plain church on the left, with Burlington House and its picture-gallery, a large, commodious, modern edifice, on the right, for the rest lined with ordinary shops displaying waterproofs, boots, books (Mr. Quaritch's shop and vast collection is here), and similar articles of commerce. Where St.



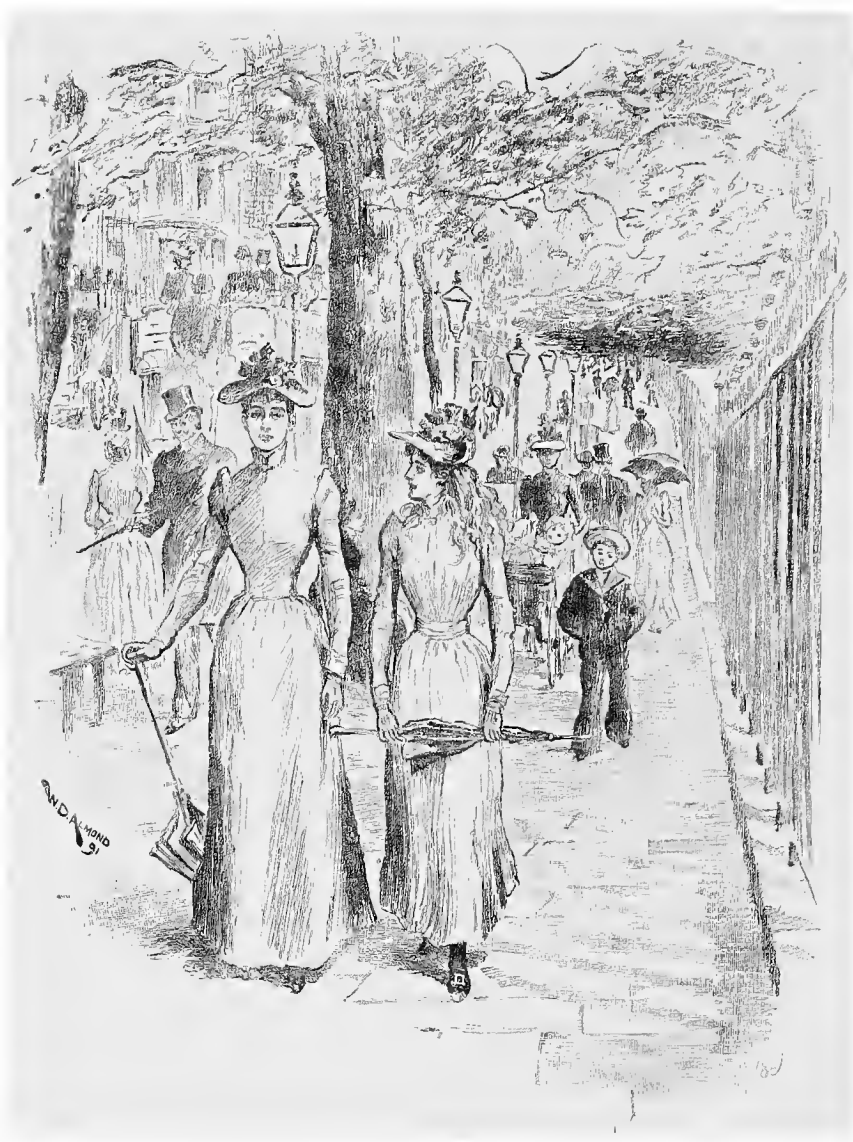
STATUE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, HYDE PARK.

W.D. ALMOND.
91.

James's Street descends abruptly to the left there is a view of St. James's Palace, a lugubrious royal residence, uninhabited by royalty, which "excites the wonder of foreigners on account of its mean appearance." Then comes Arlington Street with the palazzo of Lord Salisbury, and after that break, the best part of Piccadilly begins. All along the left side are the trees and verdure of the Green Park. The right hand foot-path flows, so to speak, beneath houses of which Mr. Loftie says in his "History of London," that, "though built with very little regard to cost, not one of them presents any architectural features worth notice, or, indeed, worthy of the situation."

So the wide thoroughfare takes its western way: on one side is grass, chestnut-trees, nurses, children, hawthorns; on the other side are tall houses, not "worthy of the situation." Clubs, palaces of the rich or noble, a shop here and there, line the right-hand side, and finally, after the road ascends again, we have the Duke of Wellington's arch and statue on the left, in a space now much widened and improved, and, on the right, is Apsley House, where the old duke lived and died, and Hyde Park Corner, the park gates, the naked statue of Achilles, and an effigy of Lord Byron with his dog Boatswain, which art owes to the contested genius of Mr. Belt, or, as others declared, of Mr. Belt and an "artist's ghost."

Down and up the hill and dale of Piccadilly carriages glide, carts rattle, hansoms hurry, men and women walk to the park, or westward to Kensington and Brompton, or, in the eastward direction, to the clubs, to Pall Mall, the Strand, the City. It is, on the whole, not a very worried or eager crowd, not like the throng of the Strand or Cheapside. Most of the pedestrians are sufficiently well-to-do; beggars do not much beset Piccadilly; in the early evening the steppers westward are the greater number, going either for a walk in the parks, or homeward, to dinner. About eight the world is streaming out to its engagements, gleaming expanses of



A MORNING WALK—PICCADILLY.

“On one side is grass, chestnut-trees, nurses, children, hawthorns.”

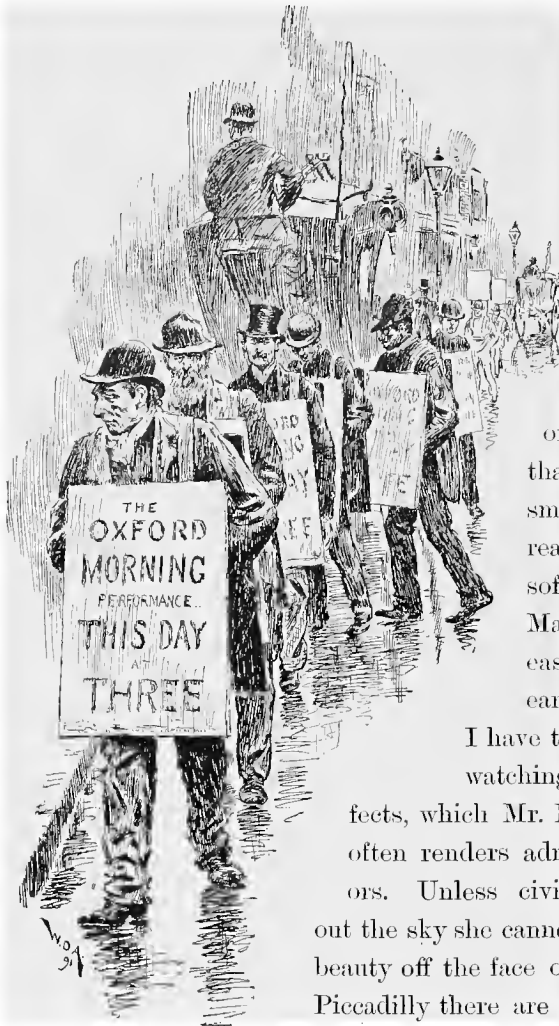
white shirts shine out of the cabs, the carriages are full of ladies in their evening array. Dinnerward or theatreward goes all the throng of politicians, dandies, lawyers, idlers, stock-brokers.

The wooden pavements prevent the incessant passage of vehicles from being inordinately noisy, and a native of stony Edinburgh justly remarked that, when he first visited London, he was more struck by the quiet of the streets than by anything else.

In all the hastening or leisurely multitudes one may marvel how many ask themselves if this is a beautiful street, if it deserves to be one of the most famous thoroughfares in the greatest of modern cities. Many, if they were asked, would say that Piccadilly is cheerful, and is satisfactory. This is, indeed, the happiest way of criticising Piccadilly. Thanks to the Green Park on its left side, the street has verdure, at least, and is airy. The ups and downs of it have a picturesqueness of their own. The wealthy houses, if they are not dignified, if they have not the stately proportions of Florentine palaces, are, at all events, clean and large, and so far imposing. There are two times and seasons when Piccadilly looks its best. One of these is in mid-May, when all the flowering trees are in blossom, when the chestnut hangs out its fragrant tapers in the green shade of its fans, when the hawthorn perfumes even the London air, when the laburnums are "drooping wells of fire," when on all the boughs is the tender green, the first flush of spring. London is very well supplied with trees, and, for a few days early in the season, the town has almost a Chaucerian aspect of prettiness and innocence. That jaded old Piccadilly in her spring dress looks as fresh as a young lady in her first season. The women have not grown weary of their unrelenting social activities; there are radiant faces newly come from the country, there are tall young men of rosy aspect, beautifully attired, with high stiff collars, and gloves irreproachable, and lustrous boots. This is the moment to see Piccadilly—bright, gay, crowded, and yet not sophisticated and worldly to look upon.

The next best aspect, or perhaps the best aspect, of Piccadilly is

in the evening in mid-October, when the lingering light flushes the houses, the sunset struggling through the opals of the London



"SANDWICH MEN IN THEIR PRISON OF WOOD."

smoke, red and azures blending in the distance, while all down through "the gradual dusky veil" of evening the serpentine lines of lamps begin to burn. London, when there is not a fog, has sunsets

of peculiar beauty, thanks perhaps to the smoky air; whatever the reason, they are very soft, rich, and strange. Many a time, walking eastward through the early dusk in Piccadilly,

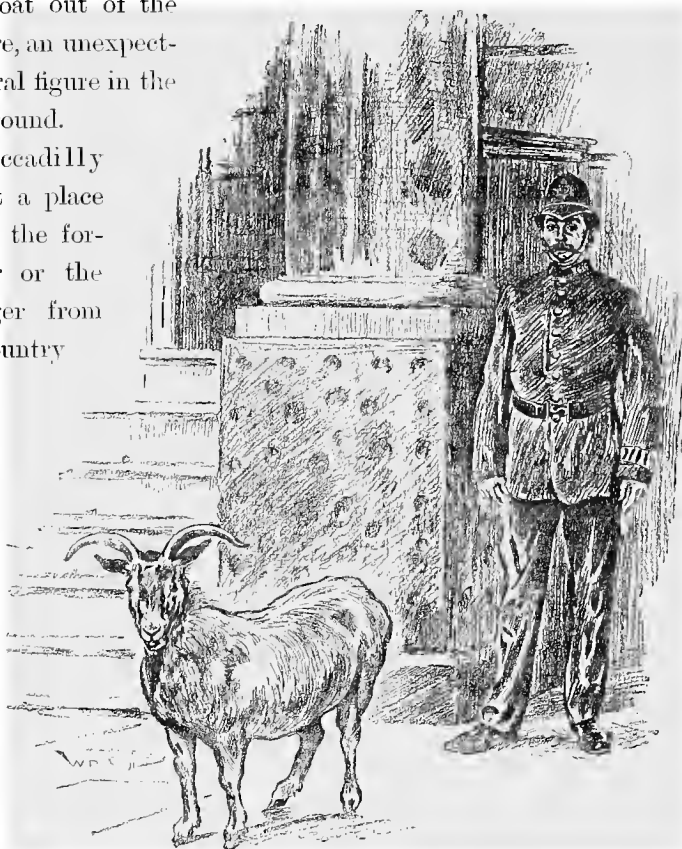
I have turned back, and stood watching these beautiful effects, which Mr. Marshall, by the bye, often renders admirably in water colors. Unless civilization quite shuts out the sky she cannot absolutely improve beauty off the face of the town. And in Piccadilly there are "lots of sky," as the little street boy said when, for the first time, he was taken into the country.

Above the crowd, the smoke, the struggle, beyond the yells of them who vend the disastrous evening papers, far remote from

the cries of murder and sedition, the serene sky looks down on you, and the sunset brings its harmonies even into Piccadilly. The artist cannot represent these things in his black and white; these beauties must be seen, and into many a spirit that is tired of towns they bring their own tranquillity, and speak silently of how the solemn and charmed hour is passing in her royal robes over mountains and pale sea-straits, over long river pools, over reedy lochs where our hearts are, and where we fain would be, though we "pad the weary hoof" in Piccadilly. London is a hard place for those who in their cradles "were breathed on by the rural Pan," but even in London Nature has her moments, and does not absolutely and always veil her face. Such are the pleasanter aspects of Piccadilly, a street more or less of pleasure, though in this respect far unlike the Boulevard in Paris. There is no street life, so to speak, in the wealthier thoroughfares of London. There is nothing at all resembling the gayety of the Boulevard, with the *cafés*, the crowds of people contemplating existence over a glass of beer or a cup of coffee from the comfortable haven of *café* awnings and *café* chairs. Here are none of the bright *kiosques*, none of the posts covered with many-colored and alluring bills of the play. The shops are few, only that of Mr. Giuliano, who makes the pretty copies of ancient jewelry and Renaissance enamels, is very attractive to stare into, whereas on the Boulevard the shop-windows are a perpetual delight. Nor are there theatres here, with their bustle. The theatres are far off in the Strand, and have no external attractions. The only open-air street life is that of the cabmen on the stand opposite, or of the depressing rows of "sandwich men," dismal little processions with their advertisements of soaps, plays, and pictures. To be sure, we boast what Paris knows not, the Piccadilly goat, who lives in, or often at, the door of a large corner house. Why this goat is kept here out of doors is a mystery, probably *not* connected with the worship of Dionysus. There is another goat, a much seedier, dingier goat, who browses such grasses as grow outside the *Nonconformist*

office, in the purlieus of old Alsatia, where Nigel Oliphant met with his adventures. No account of Piccadilly is complete which leaves the goat out of the picture, an unexpected rural figure in the foreground.

Piccadilly is not a place where the foreigner or the stranger from the country



THE PICCADILLY GOAT.

need expect to see famous contemporaries much, or to meet statesmen lounging in little groups, chatting about the perplexed fortunes of the nation. Piccadilly is not at all like a Christmas number of a society journal, thickly studded with caricatures of celebrities and notorieties. They are much more likely to be encountered near the Houses of Parliament, or in Pall Mall you may view generals coming from the War Office; bishops and scientific

characters trudging to the sanctuary of the Athenæum ; young men of fashion near the Marlborough Club ; princesses driving out of Marlborough House. In the Strand there go great lawyers, and theatrical people, and journalists of all grades pacing to or from Fleet Street. But, as for company, Piccadilly is here a street like any other ; there be diplomatists, to be sure, on the steps of the St. James's Club. At least the spectator may fancy he beholds a diplomatist, and no doubt a novelist or a poet or two may be watched looking out of the bay window of the Savile, and all sorts and conditions of men do eternally walk up or down Piccadilly. But it cannot be called a specially lion-haunted shore. I have never observed, "for why should I deceive you?" Mr. Irving coming along, arm in arm with Mr. Toole, nor Mr. Parnell lounging with Mr. Timothy Healy, nor Mr. Payn (I can swear to this) taking exercise with Mr. William Black, in Piccadilly, nor Mr. Rudyard Kipling meditating the military Muse in these purlieus. But this may be due to "a malady of not marking" the men and women who go by, to a habit of inattention. It is a case of "eyes and no eyes," as in the childish apologue, and, if the artist has eyes, and has been lucky enough to observe princes, peers, poets, painters, politicians, warriors, in Piccadilly, why should he not draw their effigies as he beheld them ? It is certain that, somehow, Pall Mall and St. James's Street are better places wherein to lie in wait for the passing celebrity, and see the traits of the men who make, or obstruct, or record history. From Marlborough House to the Athenæum Club is capital hunting ground ; there lions are almost as common as quite ordinary persons. Let me confess that I have not a good eye for a lion, and often do not know the monarch of the forest when I see him. Besides, nobody can see him in a fog, and the extreme west of Piccadilly is particularly foggy, probably because one of the many "bournes" or brooks over which London is built flows under it, and its dankness exhales in clouds of yellow vapor.

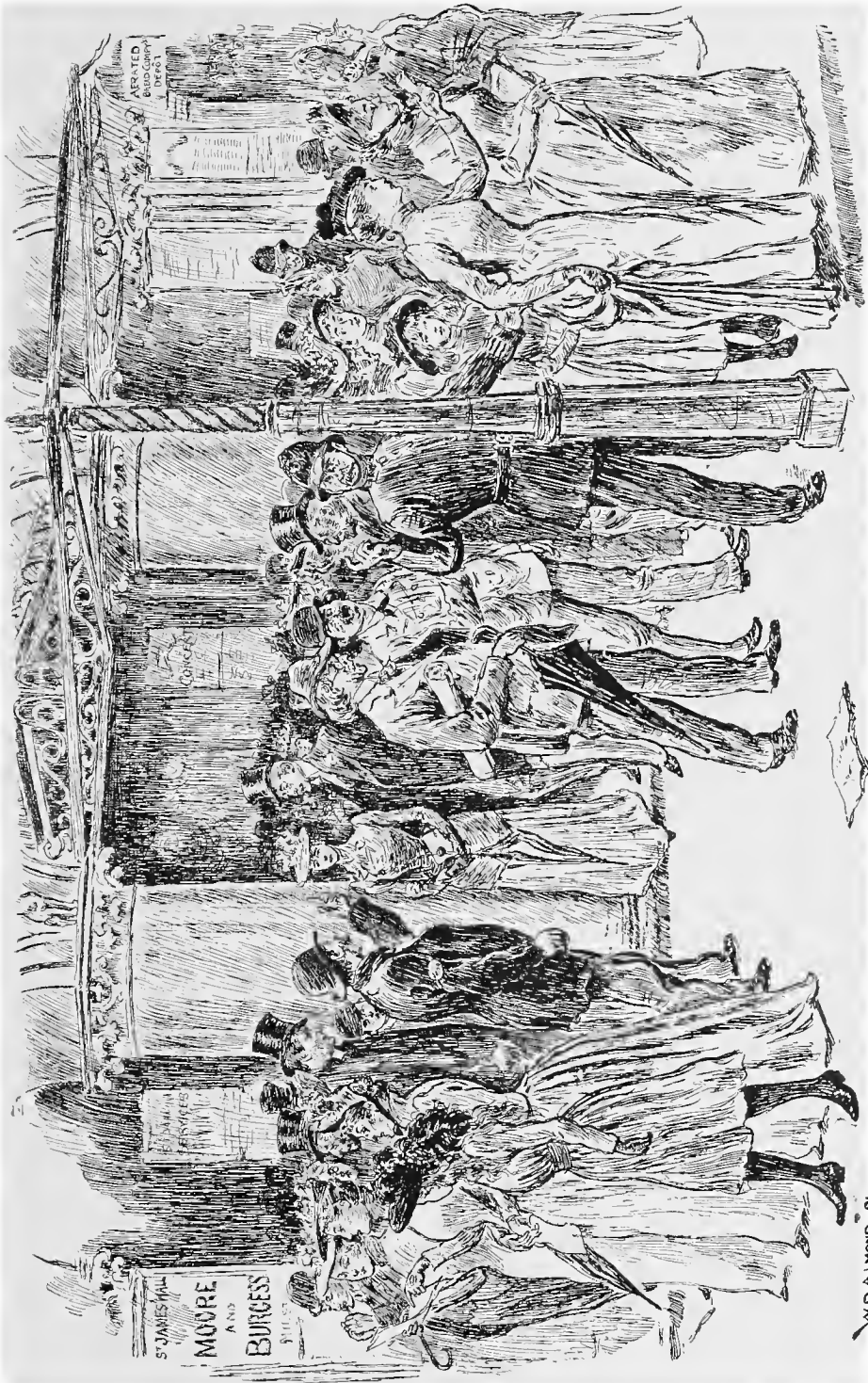
This reflection, that a river may flow through the middle of

Piccadilly, as through Cheapside in Wordsworth's poem of "Poor Susan," may serve to remind us that Piccadilly was not always a street, that it has first a rural and then a suburban history of its own.

I confess that my own taste resembles that of Horace Walpole rather than of Madame du Deffand, concerning whom he says that *she* was always interested in the affairs of the moment, and *he* in the business of a century ago. This is not a modern taste, it is true; the world prefers to read the "posters" of the evening papers exposed on the pavement at Hyde Park Corner rather than to wonder what Hyde Park Corner and the turnstile there were like one, or two, or three hundred years since.

We have been among "actualities," and shall return to them, and persons who are impatient of street history may skip a page that deals with the past. Piccadilly has its history, which, as usual, explains its present condition, and shows how it became what it is. The street is haunted, too, by fair women and brave men long dead, of whom some readers may like to be put in mind as they wander among the living.

In the old times, say in Queen Elizabeth's reign, Hyde Park, near which Piccadilly ends, was a forest, with "herbage, pannage, and browze wood for deer." The woods were still thick, and frequented by robbers, many years later. All that was fine and fashionable in the park was "The Ring," where people rode and drove, and where foot-races were run, while duels, as late as Fielding's time, were fought hard by. Here Mohun slew the Duke of Hamilton, here Captain Booth, in *Amelia*, fought the colonel. We must get rid, in our minds, of the iron railings and the pavement outside, and of Apsley House. We must fancy a country road, with hedge and ditch, running beside the forest, and leading to the still distant town. At the west end of Piccadilly, or near it, the citizens of London threw up their earthworks; women digging and carrying earth, ladies and all, when the royal army threatened the city,



ST. JAMES'S HALL
MOORE
AND
BURGES
BILLIARDS

ARRIVED
BY THE
DUNDEE

CONGRESS

W.D. ALMOND, 91.

LEAVING ST. JAMES'S HALL—AFTERNOON.

in 1662. There was then no street of Piccadilly, there was merely "the Reading road," the road, or one of the roads, that led into London from the west. But the name Piccadilly, an extraordinary name enough, about which antiquarians have argued much, already existed. The older opinions, contested by Mr. Jesse in his "Literary and Historical Memorials of London," was that "Piccadilly" is derived from a house called "Peccadilla Hall." Here the ruffs for the neck, called Peccadillas, were vended, and it is supposed that the name of the street came from the name of this warehouse. But it seems extremely improbable that a fashionable shop would be out in the country some way from town, as the Reading road then was. Moreover, Mr. Jesse holds that the ruffs did not come into fashion till 1616 or so, whereas we find the word Piccadilly applied to the *place* in Gerard's curious old "Herbal" of 1596. Nothing can show better how London has grown than what Gerard has to say about "Piccadilla." On the banks of the dry ditches there, he remarks, grows "the small wild buglosse," or ox-tongue. The botanist would find little to collect in small dry ditches near Piccadilly now, and the banks of that rural stream, the Tybourne, are deep below the houses. Nearly sixty years passed before there was a street of Piccadilly, and not till Charles Second's reign did the houses begin to creep westward toward Hyde Park Corner. These houses were originally palaces of the nobles, with vast gardens and pleasancesses. For example, where Devonshire House now stands, a large unlovely palace enough, was Berkeley House, where Pepys dined on September 23, 1672. "The gardens are incomparable," says Pepys, "by reason of the inequality of the ground, and a pretty *piscina*. The holly hedges on the terrace I advised the planting of."

We must suppose Piccadilly, then, to have been like that part of Campden Hill where Argyll Lodge, the Duke of Rutland's house, and Holly Lodge, Macaulay's home, and others, stand among their trees and flowers, only much more magnificent and spacious. Lord Berkeley's pleasancesses extended over Berkeley Square, but in 1684

part of the ground was already being built upon, to the sorrow of John Evelyn. Berkeley House was burned early in the eighteenth century, and the unromantic Devonshire House was erected on its site. Next Berkeley House was the still more splendid Clarendon



A GATEWAY OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, BURLINGTON HOUSE.

House, built by the historian of the rebellion. This came into the possession of the second Duke of Albemarle, who sold it; and Dover Street, Albemarle Street, Old Bond Street, and Grafton Street were built on its site and on its pleasantries, while the sylvan Evelyn wailed like a dispossessed Dryad. The gardens of the Earl of Sunderland were covered by the chambers called the Albany,

leading into Piccadilly, and all these things are examples of the way in which Piccadilly grew. The melancholy process is being illustrated on every side round London every day. The old spacious houses and pleasant gardens are pulled down, the old elms fall, and rows of ugly streets are run up where the trees budded and the thrushes sang. Probably this will be the fate of *Holland House* also; "the great wen" swiftly and steadily eats its way into the heart of the country. Very little taste is shown by the builders; the eighteenth century's taste was in favor of good solid brick boxes of no outward beauty, and these be they which now stand fronting Piccadilly.

As late as 1745 the west end of the street must still have bordered on the fields. When Fielding's Squire Western rode up to town, in search of Sophia, he alighted at an inn (next what is now *Apsley House*), which was called "The Pillars of Hercules." The name must mean that beyond the Pillars was the region of the unexplored, that this was the town's end. It would be the first inn in London that the worthy squire reached. Near it, but in later times, resided the famous, or infamous, "Old Q.," the Duke of *Queensberry*, in his profligate latest years. This nobleman, born in 1721, lived till 1810. All his life he did exactly as he pleased, and he was pleased to be entirely regardless of opinion and of decency in his unfaltering pursuit of pleasure. He never "unharnessed," as the French say; he never ceased to patronize the ladies of the opera; but he was good-humored, open-handed, and well-bred. Robert Burns once passed an evening in his company, and though Burns severely censured—in the nobility—the pursuits which moralists deplore in his own history, he was quite won over by the wicked Old Q. He sent Old Q. his famous poem of "The Whistle," and says to a correspondent, "Though I am afraid His Grace's character as a Man of Worth is very equivocal, yet he is certainly a nobleman of the first taste, and a gentleman of the finest manners." Deaf of one ear, blind of one eye, this wicked nobleman used to sit

in his balcony, watching the world go past, and looking down on Piccadilly. He preferred that flood of human beings to the view of the Thames at Richmond. "What is there," he asked, "to make so much of in the Thames? I am quite tired of it; there it goes, flow, flow, flow, always the same." But of the torrent that went "flow, flow, flow," past his house he never wearied, and it is said that he always had a man and horse ready to pursue any naiad who charmed him from the stream of Piccadilly. A good deal of his money went, at his death, to that other philosopher who lived in Gaunt House, Great Gaunt Street, and is now best known to men as the Marquis of Steyne, and the patron of Mrs. Rawdon Crawley.

It is part of the moralities of Piccadilly to remember that Old Q., sitting on his balcony under his parasol, watching the women with his one wicked old eye, had been the gay young Lord March, who "never knew Mrs. Bernstein but as an old woman; and if she ever had beauty, hang me if I know how she spent it." This was the Lord March and Ruglen whom a young gentleman out of Virginia beat at a long leap: "For the honor of old Virginia, I had the *gratification*," says Mr. Henry Warrington, "of beating his Lordship by more than two feet, viz., two feet nine inches," and of assuring him that "Colonel Washington of Mount Vernon could beat me by a *good foot*." Is it not curious how Harry Warrington's artless prattle lingers in our memories, and we see young Lord March more clearly, perhaps, in "The Virginians" than even in Horace Walpole, or in his own letters to George Selwyn, with his confidences about velvet suits, and bets, and La Rena, and the Zamperini. "I dread every event that is connected with women," says the real Lord March, "they are all so extremely wrong-headed." This was the remark of a noble with great experience. It is worth noting that, despite his repute as a gambler, Lord March did not bet sums which would now be considered enormous. After some losses at Newmarket, he was much more than "brought home" by winning about £4,000. The modern "plunger" would

despise such a total. The wanderer in Piccadilly, who likes to muse on the changes of human fortune, the turns of that wheel which the Buddha contemplates, may please himself by reflecting that, along this way passed the carriages of the Princesse de Lamballe and of Madame du Barry. The former dined with the Duke of Queensberry here, before the Revolution which brought her cruel and shameful death. But it was during the Revolution that Madame du Barry, in company with the Prince of Wales, sat at the ducal table. She, too, returned to France and to her death. In this house, also, Horace Walpole heard a story of Democracy, how at Lyons a young man was roasted alive, and his mother was made to look on, and was beaten to death.

He who was Will March, and became old Q., sleeps now under the altar in St. James's Church, and a great many people remember him best by Mr. Locker's verses,

"The wise and the silly,
Old P. or Old Q., we must leave Piccadilly."

The modern houses in Piccadilly are not very much haunted by ghosts of the fashionable, or literary, or historical past. From Number 20 Sir Francis Burdett was taken to prison, though he had barricaded his house, provoked a riot, and defied the Speaker of the House of Commons, just eighty years ago. Number 94 was Lord Palmerston's dwelling, from 1850 till his death in 1865; here he gave political parties, and this was the last fortress of contented Whiggism. In Number 139 Byron parted from Lady Byron, "in the utmost kindness," says Moore. She was going to visit her father, who wrote to the poet that she would return no more. What mysteries passed in Number 139, part of old Q.'s old house, we shall never really know; the cause of the separation is said to have been so simple that nobody could ever find it out. Some poets are "gey ill to live wi'," as Mrs. Carlyle said about her son. Some ladies never, never can understand that a man of letters



THE BURLINGTON ARCADE, PICCADILLY—AFTERNOON.

W.D. & H.O. WILKINSON
1891

should sometimes be left alone in his den. Byron himself says, that, however much in love he might be at any moment, he always felt, even when with the fair, a hankering to be back in his untidy library. There is a story of Lady Byron's entering the den and asking, "Do I disturb you, Byron?" "Yes, damnably," answered Childe Harold, in, shall we say, an intelligible if not a pardonable irritation. Lawyers, doctors, business men are not interrupted by their dear wives when they are at work. The sex understands that *their* duties are serious. They don't always take this view of mere poetry and prose.

I have a private theory, an innocent hypothesis, that Lady Byron was jealous of the Muse; that she left her lord because he said she disturbed him damnably. Dr. Lushington knew what Lady Byron said at the time; Mrs. Beecher Stowe told the world what Lady Byron said in later life, but 139 Piccadilly keeps its secret. The skeleton in the closet has "fitted," like the North Country Brownie. Old Q. would have explained the whole mystery by saying that "all women are so extremely wrong-headed." *That* philosopher never married, or there might have been another Hegira from 139 Piccadilly. The house is now brave with a new front, and is occupied by Mr. Algernon Borthwick, the proprietor of the *Morning Post*. The house in Piccadilly had this advantage for Byron that it was close to his publisher's shop, Mr. Murray's, in Albemarle Street, where that museum of literary antiques still stands, an interesting place of pilgrimage.

Apsley House, at Hyde Park Corner, is, of course, historical. The site was originally bought by Lord Bathurst from an old soldier, whom, in reward for his valor at Dettingen, George II. had allowed to squat there with his apple-stall. This proves the slight value of the site under the second George. Here the great duke lived; here the strange young lady left Bibles at the door instead of cards, here the windows were broken by the populace in the Reform Bill riots, and the duke had iron shutters put up. Later,

when he was in favor again, and when a crowd followed him with cheers, the duke only pointed to his iron shutters.

Many windows have been broken in Piccadilly since then. There was a famous riot in February, a very few years ago. The mob had mustered in Trafalgar Square. I met them in Pall Mall, where they were hooting outside the windows of the Carlton Club, and some leader was waving a red flag from the steps. They were not, at that moment, a large mob ; but no police were visible. By some blunder they were stationed in the Mall, behind Pall Mall, not in Pall Mall. I went into my own club, which was eastward of the mob, and heard presently that they had run through the streets, up St. James's, along Piccadilly, through South Audley Street, breaking windows, bursting into shops, throwing gold watches and legs of mutton through the windows of carriages. It was a great field-day for Liberty and the Rights of Man. Next morning the shops had all their shutters up ; the club windows were riddled ; the crowd was in the streets, amused, pleased, but perhaps too startled by its sudden success to begin again at once. It was curious to note how the rioters had always thrown to their left ; on the right hand of St. James's Street the houses had suffered very little, if at all. In Piccadilly the St. James's Club had somehow been spared. The Savile, next door, was in smithereens. Piccadilly has seen plenty of commotion since, and will see plenty more, in the nature of things. It is the highway, or one of the highways, of limitless processions, marching to that Mons Sacer of the park, where we have demonstrations every week. The most famous was that of 1866, when the park gates were closed (legally or illegally) and the crowd, half by accident, broken down the iron railings, took possession of the place. We have not yet succeeded in outdoing the Gordon riots of the last century, but give us time ! The multitude was then unorganized, and did not know what it wanted, or wherefore it had come together. In those respects it is greatly advanced, and has all the modern improvements.

We know not precisely to what goal it steps, the endless procession of marshalled men with banners that weekly invades Piccadilly.



"THE HORSE GUARDS TRAMPLING BY."

But, if the aspiration of the journal of this party, for a time when there "shall be no more Pall Mall," is realized, one may presume that there will also be no Piccadilly. Its mansions may become

communistic barracks of the people. Or it may lie in fire-blackened ruins, as part of Paris did twenty years ago. And the trees and grass may grow over the tumbled masonry, and buglosse, or ox-tongue, may flower again in the dry ditches, as it did when Gerard wrote his "Herbal," "the dry ditches about Piccadilly." To this end all cities must inevitably come, even Dean Burgon's

"Rose-red city, half as old as time ;"

but let us hope that some centuries will pass before London follows

" Memphis and Babylon, and either Thebes,
And Priam's towery town with its one beech."

What a fascination these lines have, and how many of the people who walk down Piccadilly to-day (members of the Savile Club excluded) can tell the name of their author?

Piccadilly is often the path of empire as well as of revolution. No street was more crowded and blithe, I believe, in the wonderful summer weather of the Jubilee, when feelings of loyal emotion led this chronicler to a part of Galloway which is not thickly populated. There a man and his wife lately came into the village from the country, to settle a strange domestic dispute. The man had done some work on the day before; the wife reproved him for laboring on the Sabbath. He denied that it *was* the Sabbath, and the couple had to walk to the village to ascertain the truth about the day of the week. In that untrodden wilderness there was not much jubilee, and I cannot say, as an eye-witness, what sort of spectacle Piccadilly presented. It was interesting, however, when, after the campaign of Tel el Kebir, our strangely various little force, Indian contingent and all, marched through the cheering street, under windows crowded with ladies. The spectacle was curious and stirring, but Tel el Kebir brought in little luck, and soon we had the town in mourning for Khartoum, and saw the pick of our forces depart for futile fighting by the Red Sea. Thus the fortunes of

empire roll up or down Piccadilly; now it is an army that passes fresh from battle and victory, now a crowd of angry men eager for a happier and easier life, now a tattered regiment of malcontents with stones in their hands and curses on their lips. Then there comes the usual press of life, the fair ladies driving behind splendid horses, sandwich men in their prison of wood, as if undergoing a Chinese punishment, the Horse Guards trampling by in helmet and corselet, the most magnificent example of Englishmen gorgeously arrayed in pomp of war; girls selling matches, small boys screaming out "Winner," with sheets of damp sporting intelligence in their hands; they run and roar with special speed and energy on the Derby Day. The dandies are walking delicately; the omnibuses rumbling, the country visitors are gaping at the shops, or at the changes where the Duke's arch used to stand, with the grotesque statue "to show him what people thought he was like." Piccadilly is an epitome of London, in all but its trade, a street never quiet, even when there comes a fog so deep that boys run about with lighted links yelling for patronage. At night, in the season, it is a sight to see the long line of carriages orderly arrayed, waiting for their masters and mistresses, who are attending some great functions in some great house.

The street seems untraversable, wild with horses, shouts, frantic whistles for cabs, lights, and all the mingled bustle of setting down and taking up. But it is traversed somehow; the London coachmen and cabmen must possess extraordinary nerve and presence of



"SMALL BOYS, SCREAMING OUT 'WINNER!'"

mind. Occasionally there is a carriage accident, there comes a runaway horse, or a fight arises between two carters of the old school, who do not disdain a bout of fisticuffs. Then a dense circle of spectators gathers in a moment; you may almost make a crowd in London streets by stooping to tie your boot-lace. The public is greedy of spectacle and emotion; a prodigious number of persons are ready to stare complacently at even the most ordinary occurrence. A



"AT NIGHT, IN THE SEASON, IT IS A SIGHT TO SEE THE LONG LINE OF CARRIAGES, ORDERLY ARRAYED, WAITING."

difference of opinion as to distance and fare between a cabman and his client is at once surrounded by a "gallery." Mr. Anstey, in his "Voces Populi," is the admirably observant recorder of what the populace says on such occasions, and very humorous and pointed are its remarks, very instructive the fashions in which its unsought verdict veers. But all this is true enough of any London street. Piccadilly is like the rest, except for its large, if not stately, buildings, its airiness and fringe of green, its picturesque windings and ups and downs. It is by no means the most interesting of our

thoroughfares, because of its comparative novelty, its comparative lack of tradition.

The High Street of Edinburgh has memories to fill a volume ; memories courtly, chivalrous, ghostly, sanguinary, magical, religious. All moods and passions have breathed in it since

“ Startled burghers fled afar,
The slogan of the Border war.”

“ Each stone you tread has its history,” and so have the stones, could they cry out, of the High Street in Oxford, or the lanes of York, or the streets about the Tower. But Piccadilly is yet too fresh and novel, and will scarce yield a few pages while other streets might fill a quarto of memories. It is so changed, too, that we can hardly fancy what it was like when George Selwyn walked along it to White’s, or Lord March drove by with the Zamperini. In going from Pall Mall to the park, or westward, it is more pleasant to avoid Piccadilly, and fare diagonally across the pretty Green Park, where the little boys are playing a kind of cricket, and the little girls are busy at “rounders,” a rudimentary sort of baseball, and lovers are telling their tale beneath the hawthorns, and the dingy London sheep are browsing. Someone informs me that he was once stepping westward by this route, when he met Mr. Thackeray, whom he knew, also making for Kensington, and shunning the noise and glare of Piccadilly. They walked a little distance together, and then Mr. Thackeray confessed that he was meditating the Muse, and my friend left him. The poem he was trying to beat out was one of his best, the “Lines on a Venice Love Lamp,” addressed, I think, to a daughter of Mr. Dickens, “Mrs. Katherine’s Lantern” is the name of the piece :

“ Lady, do you know the tune?
Ah, we all of us have hummed it!
I’ve an old guitar has thrummed it!
Under many a changing moon.

Piccadilly

Shall I try it? Do-Re-Mi,
 What is this? *Ma foi*, the fact is
 That my hand is out of practice.
 And my poor old fiddle cracked is,
 And a man—I let the truth out—
 Who has almost every tooth out,
 Cannot sing as once he sung
 When he was young, as you are young,
 When he was young, and lutes were strung,
 And love-lamps in the casement hung."

One likes to think of Thackeray, coming westward, perhaps,
 from Hanway Court,

"Coming from a gloomy court,
 Place of Israelite resort,"

carrying to a girl the little lamp, with "the initials K. and E.," and touching again the old cracked lute, and humming his *do, re, mi*, within hearing of the roar of Piccadilly. Who knows what thoughts are in the minds of the people we pass, and if one of them is, perhaps, a poet, his head full of fancies and musical numbers! The old guitar is a good deal thrummed in Piccadilly, sometimes to a golden tune on the flags, where Old Q.'s ghost would find plenty of the ladies he liked to watch. The dancing music behind the wide windows is chiming to the same melody, *do, re, mi*, in the ears of golden youth. But what have we to do with all that, we whose "poor old fiddle cracked is," except to keep out of the way of the carriages, and, hailing a modest omnibus, get westward, skirting the Park, where, even in London, the limes are fragrant in the soft moonlit air. Enough of racket, enough of the spectacle of men and women, bustling and changing about as vigorously as if they had never heard that "life would be tolerable but for its pleasures." Let them keep charging forward, "going on," they say, from one crowded house to another crowded house, whither the people they have just left follow them, and so to a third, and a fourth, and to bed at last when rosy-fingered dawn is creeping up



"THE COUNTRY VISITORS ARE GAPING AT THE SHOPS."

from the east, dawn that makes even London streets mysteriously fair, and that lavishes her amber and purple splendors on half-empty, jaded Piccadilly.

This essay is not precisely a Praise of Piccadilly. The writer is one who, like the good Lord James of Douglas, "would liefer hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep." To a taste not fond of cities no street is very fascinating, not even that Florentine road by the yellow river, within sight of the olives and the airy purple hills. Much less, then, can any thoroughfare in the huge, smoky, choking London appeal to one with any charm, or win any affection. But there is one comfort: no Londoner cares for what is said about London. The place bewitches many women, perhaps most women, and many men, with an inexplicable spell. Like Captain Morris they prefer "the sweet shady side of Pall Mall" to any moor or valley, hill or woodland. What it is that allures them, beyond a kind of instinct of gregariousness, an attractive force in proportion to the mass of human beings, one cannot conceive. London is full of people, comfortably established people, who have no business there, and why in the world do they come? It is a mystery, for they are not even in society, using the narrow sense of the word; they only hear of the feasts and dances next day, and of the scandals the day after to-morrow. With the latest rumors of the newest beauties, or the oldest wild dowagers, they make no acquaintance at first hand. They prefer Regent Street and the shops, or murky Victoria Street and the "stores" to Piccadilly. Neither they, nor anyone else, is offended by the expression of a distaste for the great wen. Even born Londoners have no civic patriotism. You cannot expect a man to be proud of Bloomsbury, or haughtily to announce that he was born in Bayswater. No poet now would write, like Spenser,

" At length they all to merry London came,
To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source."

Rather would he think of London in De Quincey's mood, and speak of Piccadilly as a "stony-hearted stepmother."

THE BOULEVARDS OF PARIS

BY FRANCISQUE SARCEY

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY G. JEANNIOT



A BOULEVARDIER—ENGLISH TYPE.

THE BOULEVARDS OF PARIS

I. THE BOULEVARD—THE BOULEVARDIERS

IN every great capital there is some corner, some spot—a something—a promenade, perhaps, where it gathers and concentrates itself, as it were; which is the centre of its moral activity, and, as we say nowadays, its characteristic. With us, that corner, that spot is the boulevard. I do not exactly mean that the boulevard is Paris; but surely, without the boulevard we should not understand Paris.

I shall always remember one of the keenest emotions of my youth. I had been obliged, owing to my duties at the time, to banish myself to the provinces, where I had remained almost two years, confined within a small town. The hour came at last for me to return to Paris and once more to enter into its possession. Hardly had I deposited my trunk at the hotel, when I ran to the Madeleine and clambered on top of one of the omnibuses that ply along the line of the boulevards to the Bastille. I had no business at the Bastille, but I was almost crazy with joy at breathing, during the drive, that perfume of Parisian life which arises so strongly from the asphalt of the boulevard and the macadam of its roadway.

It was evening, the gas-jets (for electricity was yet unknown) spangled the darkness with yellow lights; the shops, all opened, shone brilliantly; the crowd was strolling up and down the wide

sidewalks. It was not one of those eager, breathless crowds that seem carried away in a vortex of business, such as one sees in London; it was composed of loungers who seemed to be walking about for their pleasure, who were cheering to the sight, and diffused, as it were, a feeling of happiness in the air. From time to time the omnibus passed before a theatre, where long lines of people were already waiting for the opening of the box-office; everybody was enjoying himself and laughing. As we descended toward the Bastille the passers-by became less numerous, the groups less compact, but there still remained the same air of happy animation. I do not know, but it seemed to me that the very atmosphere was lighter, more luminous; it sparkled with youth and life; I felt subtle fumes of gayety mounting to my brain, and I remember that I could not refrain from clapping my hands, to the great scandal of my neighbors, who thought that I was a little mad. "Ah! how beautiful it is—the boulevard!" I exclaimed, and I breathed deep draughts of that air charged with joyous and spiritual electricity.

I do not believe that strangers arriving in Paris are subject to such strong impressions. I have been able, however, to question some of them, and they have confessed to me that the sight of a population who felt it a happiness to live in their gayety, and who preserved an undefinable aspect of amiable elegance, had strongly affected them. This characteristic aspect of the Parisian boulevard had charmed them from the very first; it was there that they had felt the heart of the great city beat.

The boulevard! You understand me? I mean the boulevard that descends from the Madeleine to the Bastille. Under the Empire large streets were opened in Paris, to which, by analogy, the name of boulevards was given. But with us those boulevards do not count. There is but one boulevard, the one that our fathers and grandfathers have known, frequented, and loved.

It used to be much more entertaining in their time than in ours.



BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS—A THOROUGH PARISIENNE.

Alas! yes, I am old enough to have witnessed the transformation. Fifty or sixty years ago, Paris, then confined within the limits of its former walls, was, to tell the truth, only a very big small town. It had more character and more physiognomy. The boulevard was less imposing, less solemn; it did not flow uniformly between two rows of five-storied houses; it met with accidents in its route. Ah! who will give us again what was formerly known as the *Boulevard du Crime*? where, in the neighborhood of the Ambigu-Comique, a collection of theatres formed a vast semicircle about a broad open place.

What animation! what gayety! what jollity at six o'clock in the evening (that was then the hour of the play), when all the *petits bourgeois* used to pour in crowds from the transverse streets and form around the ten or twelve theatres crowded into a rather restricted space, interminable and shifting *queues*. The venders of liquorice water filled the air with their cries—*à la fraîche! qui veut boire?* Upon handcarts were piled up pyramids of oranges and of barley-sugar. Street urchins ran along the lines, offering programmes for sale. From every side came banter and laughter, and sometimes even pushes, under the paternal eye of the policeman.

All that has disappeared—the ground cost too much; every lot of it has been utilized by contractors, who have constructed enormous houses of six stories, where from top to bottom, from floor to floor, bustles a population which has perhaps lost its former *bon-homie*, even if it has preserved the same fund of wit and merriment.

In those days the heart of the Parisian boulevard was the theatre of the Gymnase; and, descending toward the Bastille, the Porte Saint-Martin, the Ambigu, the Boulevard du Crime, and beyond that the part which is now all built over, but which, in those days, offered picturesque promenades to the explorer of unknown and desert regions. But it is a constant law, observed in the increase of capitals, that they move with a slow and continuous movement toward the west.

The heart of the boulevard has changed its place little by little ; from the Gymnase to the Boulevard Montmartre, then to the Boulevard des Italiens and the Boulevard des Capucines. There it is to-day. For the Parisian, the boulevard in general comprises, if you like, the space from the Madeleine to the Bastille ; but that is merely, so to speak, a geographical expression. The *real* boulevard, what is known in our slang as *the* boulevard, the boulevard *par excellence*, is the one that stretches from the Opera to the rue Montmartre.



TWO TYPES

And even then, the true, the real boulevardier finds great difficulty in getting further in the direction of the Madeleine than the rue du Helder. It is this little space, says M. Victor Fournel, of not more than half a square kilometre, where are arrayed Tortoni's, the Café Anglais, and the Théâtre des Variétés, that contains for the boulevardier all his native soil. Beyond is the unknown, the barbaric, "the provinces."

The boulevard is the domain of the boulevardier, it is his salon ;

he would like to drive away from it the intruders—those who do not belong to his set. When the boulevardier travels (he sometimes travels), he takes with him the dust of the boulevards on the soles of his shoes. He wanders about like a lost soul till he meets somebody, man or woman, who reminds him of his dear boulevard. Then he dilates and breathes more freely.

At bottom this fluttering creature that bears the name of boulevardier—a species, I must say, which is becoming rarer every day—is, notwithstanding his air of emancipation and scepticism, the veriest slave of routine. His life is ruled like music-paper. He saunters twice a day through his domain; the first time before dinner, from four to six o'clock; the second time from ten o'clock to midnight, or one o'clock in the morning, after the play. For nothing in the world would he fail in these habits. Besides, he has other obligations; it is not permissible for him to miss a first night at the Variétés, the Vaudeville, the Gymnase, or the Ambigu. Finally, the true boulevardier could not dispense, whatever might be the state of his stomach, with a supper at impossible hours at the Café Riche or at the Maison d'Or. Example: my excellent colleague and friend, Aurélien Scholl.

He—he is the king of the boulevardiers; he will probably be the last. After him, the species will doubtless disappear, a species of which he will have been the most brilliant specimen. Between ourselves, with the exception of him and a few others, the boulevardier is a rather mediocre type of the *esprit parisien*. His great fault is that he is imbued with a sense of his intellectual and moral superiority over the rest of humanity. He has a word which is constantly recurring to his lips in conversation, and of which he makes immoderate use when he wishes to judge a man or an object, a book or a play. He says: "So-and-so is Parisian," or "Such and such a play is Parisian;" or else, "It is very Parisian, what you are telling me; Not a bit Parisian, so-and-so's novel!" And according to the degree of Parisianism of the play, the novel, or the

author, they rise or fall in the consideration of the boulevardier. Nothing equals the esteem of the boulevardier for whatever is Parisian ; nothing equals his disdain for what is not.

I write in the *Annales Politiques et Littéraires*, a review which is



THE BOULEVARD AT THE BASTILLE.
(A relay of horses—news-vender.)

modelled somewhat on the plan of your American magazines, and which has obtained a great circulation in France. It has sixty thousand subscribers, an enormous number for our country ; but these subscribers almost all live in the provinces ; the review is not read on the boulevards. Accordingly, when I chance to speak of it to certain friends of mine among the boulevardiers, you should see their disdainful faces.

“*Les Annales*? . . . Never heard of it!”

“But, you know, it has a circulation of sixty thousand.”

“Possibly, but it’s not a Parisian journal.”

And they always hark back to that. To be Parisian or not to be, that is the question! To their mind there are no good or bad books, absurd pleasantries, or witty sallies. There are *Parisian* plays, *Parisian* novels, a *Parisian* wit, a *Parisian* elegance.

What may be the precise significance of that sempiternal adjective, irritating and alluring, which is always flying about our boulevards? What is meant by *Parisian*? It is a word that can be understood, but hardly analyzed. Parisian wit is like those theatrical reviews of the year’s events, which amuse the boulevard, and which would cause nobody to laugh outside of our city limits. In order to define Parisian wit, one of my colleagues made use, one day, of an ingenious comparison.

He told how there was once made, at the gates of Blois, an exquisite cream which, tasted while it was fresh, left on the palate the sensation of a delicious sorbet. King Louis XV., who was given to good cheer, established postal relays from Blois to Versailles, that the cream might be brought quite fresh to his table. But exquisite as was the cream, it had the great fault of being unable to bear transportation. At the end of two hours it lost its aroma—that undefinable something which gave it its value.

Now, Parisian charm, Parisian seductiveness, on the stage, in the newspaper, in books, or in conversation, are somewhat like the cream of King Louis XV. Sipped on the spot, it is exquisite; transported elsewhere, it gets sour. Modern science, like Louis XV., may invent new means of transportation, the spirit of Paris, the “cream” of Paris, cannot stand the voyage. And that is what lends to Paris itself its particular attraction. People go there to taste its froth, its cream, and its dainties. The trouble is that they bring with them, from all over the world, all sorts of exotic messes, spiced and violent, burning the palate, caviar or kari, red pepper

and pimento, which corrupt and alter our national cuisine. And thus it is that Parisian taste is beginning to go, and that the cream

of Paris acquires little by little a vague odor of pale ale, of kummel, and of whiskey.

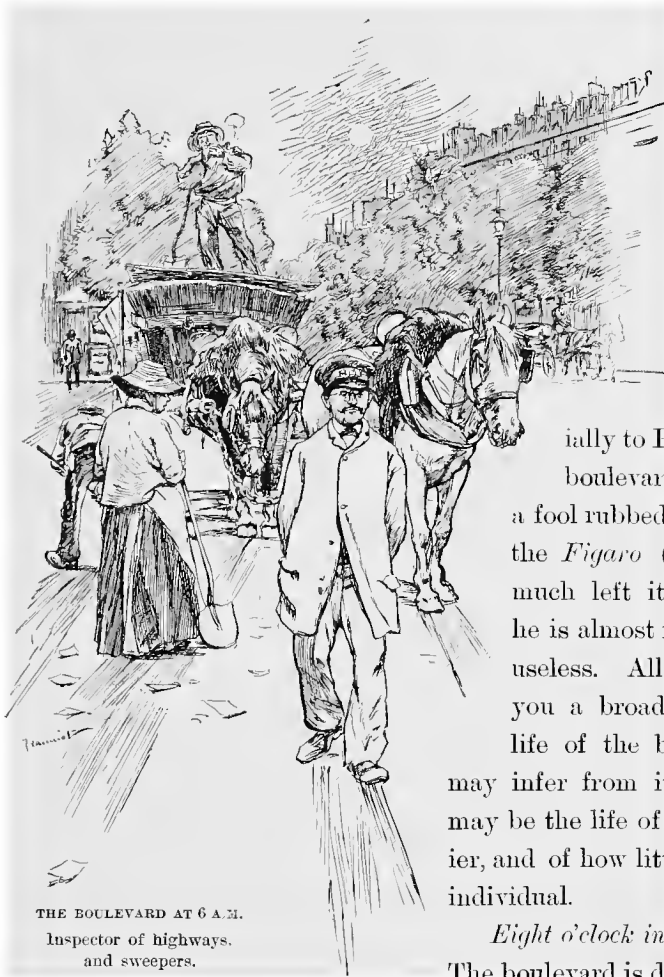
With his over-weening pretensions to wit, and especially to Parisian wit, the boulevardier is often but a fool rubbed with the wit of the *Figaro* (which has not much left itself). Besides, he is almost invariably quite useless. Allow me to give you a broad sketch of the life of the boulevard; you may infer from it exactly what may be the life of the boulevardier, and of how little value is that individual.

Eight o'clock in the morning.—

The boulevard is deserted; a regi-

ment of sweepers is making its toilet, cleaning its sidewalks, and putting everything in order for the afternoon.

Nine o'clock.—The cafés open their doors; the waiters, half asleep (for they went to bed at four o'clock in the morning), pile up pyramids of chairs before the doors, and wipe off with arm-strokes



THE BOULEVARD AT 6 A. M.
Inspector of highways,
and sweepers.

the marble tables. The passers-by are rare. A few gentlemen of leisure, in soft felt hats, saunter slowly along while reading their newspaper.

Half-past ten.—The boulevard begins to be animated. It is the hour of the *apéritif*; the cafés are filled with drinkers sipping pale absinthe and black bitters. The restaurants are preparing the *plat du jour*; hot whiffs of cooking arise from the basement gratings and provoke the appetite.

Midday.—Breakfast time; the taverns, the breweries, the *bouillons* are crammed with people. The influential stock-brokers eat at the Café Anglais, or at Tortoni's. While they swallow their dozen oysters and their *Châteaubriand aux pommes soufflées*, their clerks, full of business, come and inform them of the latest quotations and jot down their orders. The men of letters and fashionable *chroniqueurs* eat at the Maison d'Or or at the Café Riche, and talk the latest gossip. Strangers prefer to go to the Café de la Paix or to Paillard's; finally the small fry of employees, bourgeois of modest means, and retired officers, crowd into the Bouillon Parisien, into Zimmer's or Pousset's breweries.

One o'clock.—You sip your coffee, you smoke your cigar.

Two o'clock.—Nobody now, that is to say, no loungers. Everyone is attending to his business. The carriages, in an enormous but constantly interrupted torrent, have great difficulty in moving on the crowded roadway.

Four o'clock.—This is the hour of the newspaper, the most curious, the most characteristic hour of the boulevard. There is then, as it were, a burst of fever, a renewal of activity. On days of important events, one is obliged to force one's way with elbows and even fists in order to obtain a sheet of paper at the kiosks, that are almost taken by storm. Even in the banality of everyday life, the boulevard assumes at the newspaper hour a peculiar aspect. The parcels of newspapers smelling of fresh ink are piled up before the kiosks; the venders fold and unfold the sheets, the carriers run



Journal

BOULEVARD BEAUMARCHAIS—AN ACTRESS.

along the sidewalks, and the purchasers throw themselves with avidity upon the latest news. Ah! those newspapers readers! What a fine chapter might be devoted to them. They can be divided into several categories, all equally interesting. There are the hurried ones who glance at the despatches, the Bourse quotations, fold their sheet, and never open it again; the *gourmets*, who slip the paper into their pocket without opening it, but with the intention of relishing it quietly, after dinner, with feet in slippers, before the fireplace; the passionate ones, who always buy the same paper, the one that reflects their opinions; the sceptics, who buy papers diametrically opposed to one another, and give themselves the malign pleasure of comparing them, and noting their contradictions.

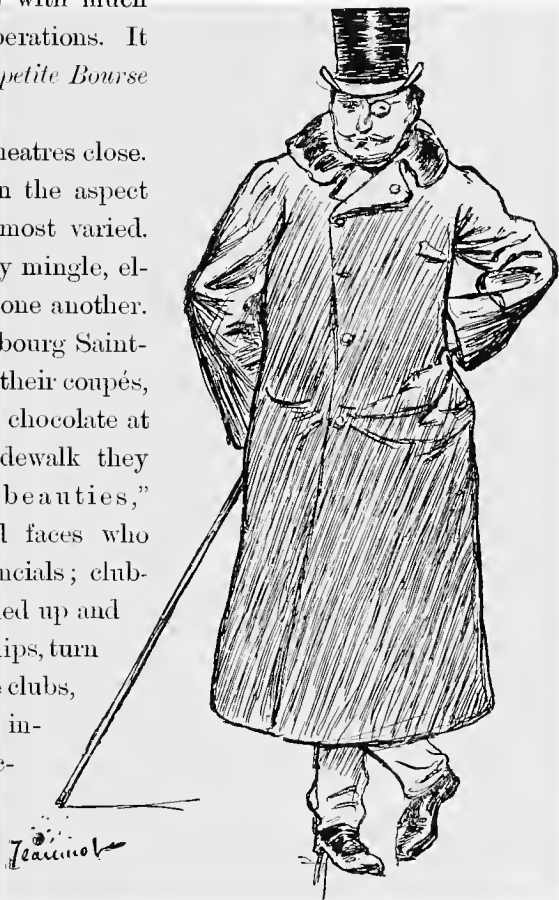
Six o'clock.—Time for a vermouth; some play dominoes. This used to be the hour when in certain cafés men of letters and artists were wont to meet and gossip about the topics of the day. Thus were organized small associations, half closed to outsiders, some of which have become famous. Those customs have disappeared. Life nowadays is too busy to allow one to spend all one's time in trifling and conversing. There are no more *divans*, reunions where one used to meet in the back room of some bier-house or fashionable café, men of wit talking for their own pleasure, or for the amusement of the gallery. The boulevardier is reduced now to drinking his absinthe or his vermouth alone, watching for amusement the ceaseless current of loungers and of original and exotic figures that stroll up and down the boulevard.

At seven o'clock or half-past seven, dinner. Paris is, of all cities, the second city where one can, according to whim, eat the dearest or the cheapest. But on the boulevards there is little choice; the rents are so enormous that they oblige the managers of the restaurants to maintain very high prices. Foreigners, beware! You are exploited in Paris just as we are probably pounced upon in New York. Capitals have nothing to learn from one another in that respect.

Nine o'clock.—You go to the theatre, smoking your cigar, while speculators on the Bourse crowd into the vast hall of the Crédit Foncier and cry out with much noise the morrow's operations. It is what is called the *petite Bourse du soir*.

Midnight.—The theatres close. This is the time when the aspect of the boulevards is most varied. All classes of society mingle, elbowing and pushing one another. Ladies from the Faubourg Saint-Germain alight from their coupés, and stop for a cup of chocolate at Tortoni's; on the sidewalk they run against "night beauties," women with painted faces who ogle at belated provincials; clubmen with collars turned up and a cigar between their lips, turn their steps toward the clubs, where they intend to indulge in a game of bac-carat. The dramatic critics rush to their newspapers in order to improvise their accounts of the play. And conspicuous above

the incongruous throng, a legion of ragged hawkers, whom we call *camelots*, echo one another's voices on the boulevards, howling obscene titles, proffering to the public ignoble papers full of nastiness and slanders. This one of the worst offences of Paris, this deluge of filthy publications which are cried out with impunity in our streets



A TYPE OF JOURNALIST.

without the police daring to interfere. All reputations are assaulted in them ; the most honorable men are dragged into the mire.

—Ask for the scandal about M. Rouvier !

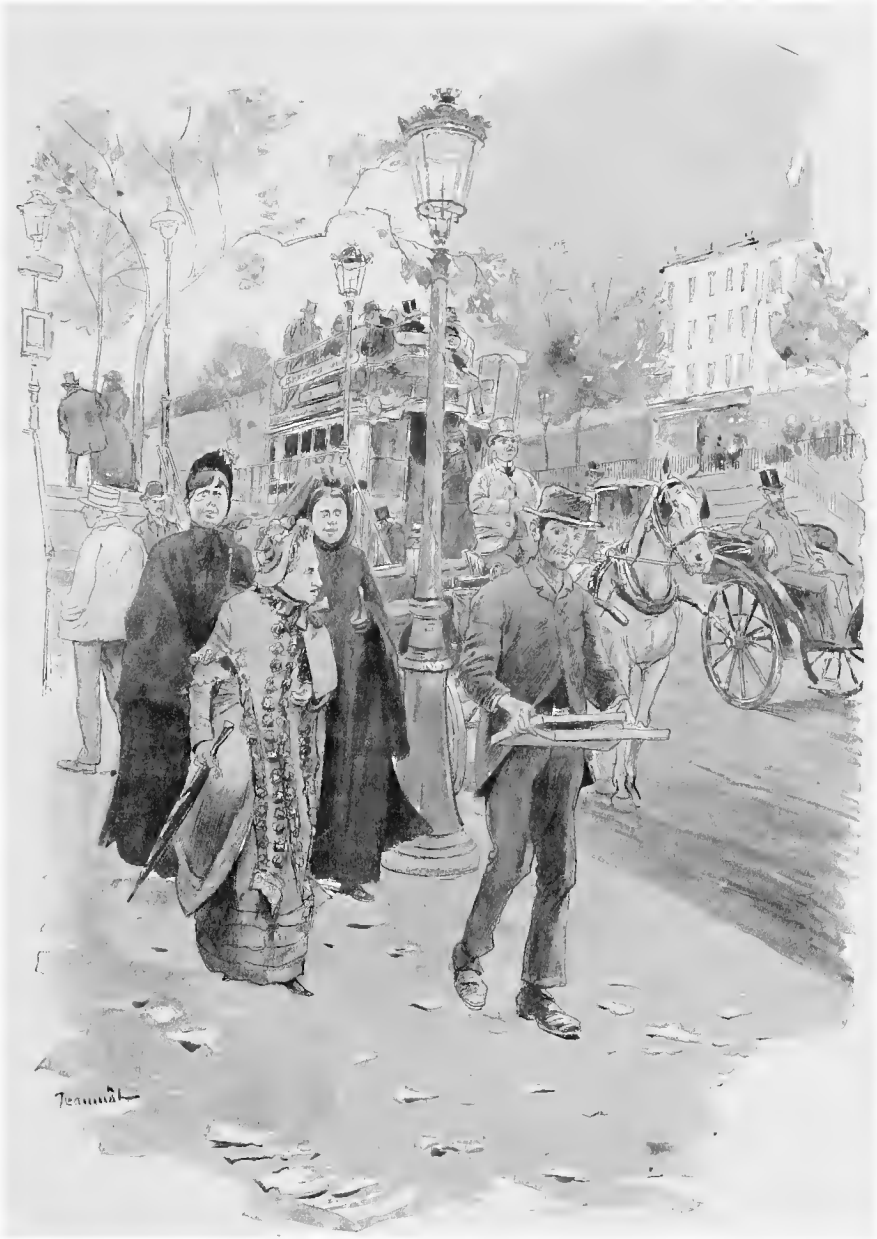
—See the truth about the jobbery of M. Jules Ferry !

—Read the private life of Leo the XIIIth !

All this you hear cried out at the street crossings. These repugnant pamphlets are thrust under your eyes and bawled into your ears. Professional “ barkers ” of defiled sheets soil with their commentaries the ministers of yesterday and those of to-morrow. And the mob hears, listens to, is influenced by such infamous delations. And any foreigner who were to take literally, from the rue du Helder to the rue Montmartre, all that is howled there of disgusting nonsense, would wonder where France had come to, and what sort of a nation it was that allowed evildoers to distribute placards in which the most respectable of its public men and functionaries were thus freely scoffed at.

One o'clock.—People sup, or rather used to sup. For the late supper is tending to disappear from our customs. Under the Empire, our gilded youth were wont to assemble in certain “ high life ” restaurants, toward one o'clock in the morning, with women who were not all of the first order. They would get tipsy on champagne, and it was the thing to break a great deal of crockery. Certain supper parties in the “ big sixteen ” of the Café Anglais are legendary. One could sup, however, with less expense and less rumpus in other establishments, where could always be found numerous and gallant company. These establishments seem, since the siege, to have lost their clients, both men and women, either because these have less money to spend, or because they have become more reasonable. Fashionable young men now pass their nights at the club, while others go virtuously to bed ! There are still noctambulists in Paris, but they are becoming rarer and rarer.

At three o'clock the boulevard is at rest. It is almost deserted ; no more carriages ; here and there a belated wayfarer regaining his



BOULEVARD ST. MARTIN.

home, whose steps resound on the asphalt; or some drunkard who is dozing hidden behind a tree, while the policemen silently stride along the sidewalk. At that hour life begins to awaken at the Halles.

We have had a bird's-eye view of the boulevard. Let us now pass to details. Let us take a walk, glancing, as we pass by, at the shops, the monuments, the restaurants, and the cafés.

The restaurant is one of the glories of our Paris.

II. THE CAFÉS AND THE RESTAURANTS.

WE are very proud, we French, of our cooking; we consider it the best in the world, and this opinion must be founded on fact, since the sovereigns of Europe, as well as the millionaires of America, borrow our cooks and follow our receipts.

Therefore let us set forth, starting from the church of the Madeleine, and advance at a leisurely pace, without hurrying, like good bourgeois to whom the doctor has recommended exercise.

Here is the Grand Café. It is an immense establishment, luxurious, gilded on all sides, ornamented with paintings, and furnished with softly cushioned seats. In the hall that runs along the boulevard stay the peaceful folk who write their correspondence or read the papers while sipping their absinthe. In the rear opens an immense gallery specially appropriated to billiard players; there every day famous professors come for practice, the illustrious Vignaux, the no less celebrated Slosson, his emulator and his rival; the one phlegmatic, slow, and methodical; the other nervous and quick as gunpowder.

The interest in billiards with us is beginning to abate; but a few years ago it used to be a rage, a furor. Whenever a match was going on between two great champions, an enormous crowd would station itself in front of the café and greet the victor's name with exclamations or vociferations, according as he belonged to our

country or to another. Bets were exchanged, and sometimes discussions degenerated into fights.

One evening, I remember, toward 1886, I was returning from the theatre. I was preparing to cross the boulevard, when I saw from afar a great gathering, heard loud shouts, and saw hats thrown in the air. "What is it? Is the Opera house on fire? Has the President of the Republic been assassinated?"

An individual who was passing by gazed at me with an air of pity.

"Don't you know the great news?" he said. "Vignaux is a good first!" And from the glance which he threw me, as he noticed my moderate enthusiasm, I felt that this patriot held me in low esteem.

While the Grand Café is frequented by the billiard-players, the Café de la Paix has as customers the elegant and wealthy young men of Paris, those whom we call in our slang *gommeux*, *pschut-teux*, *bécarre* (for every year we coin some new word). Toward five o'clock they arrive, irreproachably gloved, with wide shirt fronts, spick and span, wearing dazzling silk hats, and toying with



NEWSBOYS ON THE BOULEVARD DES CAPUCINES.

silver-handled sticks. When the temperature is not too cool, they sit out in the open, on the terrace, order a vermouth or a sherry cobbler, and stare motionless, without saying a word, at the Parisiennes hurrying by.

The Café de la Paix is one of the most prosperous in Paris ; all those who have managed it have made fortunes and have retired, at the end of a few years, with pretty savings. One day, when I was dining there with a friend (you dine well, but your purse suffers), I noticed a very solemn gentleman who was moving about between the tables, scrutinizing everything with the eye of a master, and reprimanding the waiters.

“ You see that personage ? ” said my friend.

“ Yes ; undoubtedly he’s the *patron*.”

“ Perfectly. Do you know what the amount of his fortune is ? ”

“ I confess that I don’t.”

“ He enjoys an annual income of five hundred thousand francs.”

“ That’s a very pretty sum ! And doesn’t he consider himself rich enough yet ? Does he continue to work ? ”

“ His story is curious, and I’ll tell it to you. Five years ago, he wished to retire. He had begun as a scullion in a low eating-house ; when he found himself master of several millions he resolved to amuse himself and have a good time. He sold the Café de la Paix, bought a superb hôtel in Paris, a fine château in the provinces, surrounded himself with servants, and for a few weeks imagined that he was the happiest man in the world. Before long he changed his mind.”

“ Really ? ”

“ You will see. The good man had pluckily toiled all his life, he had never had time to occupy himself with anything but his kitchen ; he was entirely illiterate, and his wife was hardly better educated than he. They had no taste either for reading, the theatre, or the museums ; they had nothing to do ; the days began to seem to them cruelly long—in short, they were soon bored to

death. They tried to make friends, but they were ashamed to seek for them in their former class, in the class of cooks and scullery boys. On the other hand, the real bourgeois found no pleasure in associating with vulgar and unpolished upstarts. Our friend and his wife gave exquisite dinners to which nobody came.



LE CARREFOUR DES ÉCRASÉS.
(Boulevard Montmartre.)

They proffered courtesies which nobody returned. At the end of a few months of this mode of life, the *restaurateur* and his wife could stand it no longer: 'I have enough of it,' he said to his better half. 'I feel that I am pining away—I am losing my appetite—I can no longer sleep—I cannot exist without work. I am going to buy back the Café de la Paix.' He bought it back, and

immediately, with work, he recovered his health and spirits. You see him from here. What activity! What animation! He is now making his eleventh million."

"And what will he do with his money?"

"Have no care; he has a son of fifteen who will soon undertake to squander it with actresses and ladies of easy morals."

And while I am speaking of these ladies, I will show you in passing the café where they most do gather—the Café Peters, next to the Vaudeville—every night at midnight, after the theatre, they ascend to the first floor, where they wait for Fortune to appear to them in the shape of a wealthy foreigner.

But enough of that. Let us throw a thankful glance at the Café Napolitain, where you get the best water-ices in Paris, at the restaurant Paillard, whose *maître d'hôtel*, Joseph, had the honor of serving for a year your *richissime* Mr. Vanderbilt, and let us come at once to one of our oldest and most celebrated cafés—the Café Tortoni.

Tortoni! The name does not suggest much to you, but to us Parisians it is full of reminiscences. I have said that this establishment is one of the oldest in Paris. It was founded in 1798 by two Italians, Valloni and Tortoni. It soon became fashionable; gentlemen of the long robe and functionaries frequented it. Among the habitués was a lawyer named Spolor, whose skill at billiards was surprising. Prince Talleyrand had such pleasure in seeing Spolor play, he felt such confidence in his game, that he invited him one day to his house and presented him to one of his friends, the general receiver for the department of the Vosges, also a great billiard-player, and very proud of his talent. A bet was made, a solemn match was engaged between Spolor and the receiver, who lost in a few hours forty thousand francs. . . . You see that it is sometimes useful to know how to play billiards.

One of the most curious types of the Café Tortoni was Prévost, one of the waiters, whose spine was as supple as his conscience, and

who never approached you unless bowed to the ground, and asking in his softest tones :

“Pardon me ! A thousand pardons ! Is monsieur good enough to desire anything ?”

It was exquisite. What was no less so—to him—was that in giving change he kept the best part of it for himself ; if detected by chance he had but to repeat :

“Pardon me ! pardon me ! a thousand pardons !”

Nowadays the Café Tortoni is no longer haunted by diplomats like Talleyrand, but by journalists and men of letters. Toward six o'clock are found now and then gathered around its tables a few men of wit : Albert Wolff, Émile Blavet, Henry Fouquier, and finally Aurélien Scholl, the most brilliant talker of Paris.

Scholl is the living incarnation of what we call French wit—a wit made of lightness, of fantasy, and also of sarcasm. Scholl's bite is cruel ; it is imprudent to irritate him, for sooner or later he wreaks his revenge, and as he handles the sword with rare skill, he is as dangerous on the field as in the newspaper.

If *à propos* of the boulevard I speak to you of Aurélien Scholl, it is because both are intimately related. The boulevard would not exist without Aurélien Scholl ; Scholl could not live without the boulevard. He passes his whole existence on the boulevard ; he lounges, he smokes his cigar, he converses, he breakfasts, he sups (and sups well, too) on the boulevard. For this Parisian is gifted with a formidable appetite, and wields the best fork I know.

Recently I had occasion to make a little trip with him. We had gone, with a few brethren of the press, to hear, at Nice, Glinka's “Life for the Tzar,” on the invitation of the impresario Gunsbourg. We tarried there eight days, and I can say, without exaggeration, that those eight days were spent in eating. The table was constantly set, and what a table ! Twelve dishes at every meal, generous wines, and fine liqueurs.

When we departed we were all ill, our stomachs were on fire,



SUNDAY, ON THE BOULEVARD DU TEMPLE.

("Where shall we dine?")

and when we got into the cars, after a last breakfast more copious even than the others, we heaved a sigh of relief. At last we were to be allowed to fast for a few hours! Scholl was with us, as I

said, and was lugging an enormous valise. Hardly had the train set forth, than Scholl opened his valise and pulled forth, with the most perfect equanimity, a pile of sandwiches and a bottle of pale ale. We stared at him with stupefaction.

“What are you going to do with these provisions?” I asked of him.

“Why, absorb them, with your permission.”

“We have just risen from breakfast.”

“Nothing makes me feel so hollow as a railroad journey.”

It must be that the boulevard makes Aurélien Scholl feel quite as hollow, for he treats himself every night, so I am told, to a wonderful supper at the *Café Riche* or at the *Café Anglais*. The waiters in these establishments quake before him (Scholl is very difficult to please and falls into a violent rage if his roast beef *à la Châteaubriand* is not cooked to the right point), and relieve him of his cane and hat with all the demonstrations of humility and respect.

I mentioned a moment ago the *Café Anglais*. This world-renowned establishment is situated on the Boulevard des Italiens, next to the former *Opéra-Comique*. It is nowadays somewhat neglected by young and elegant society, and is especially frequented by great financiers, by a set of money-changers and bankers. But in old times, thirty or forty years ago, with what splendor shone the *Café Anglais*! and how many memories cling to it! The dining-room of the first floor, the “big sixteen” of which I was telling you a moment ago, has seen all the gentlemen, all the high livers, all the celebrated artists of France and foreign countries pass through it.

But let us go on. Here is the *Maison d’Or*, where our great novelist, Alexandre Dumas the elder, elected for more than a year his residence. Here is Brébant’s, which, during the siege of Paris in 1871, found means, notwithstanding the scarcity of provisions, to furnish its clients with varied dishes, and even with white bread. Here is Désiré Beaurain’s, where you can eat excellent bouilla-



BEFORE THE CAFE RICHE.

baisse ; here is the Café Marguery, the Café Prévost, and finally, at the other extremity, toward the Bastille, the famous Café Turc, where, for my part, I have never seen a Turk, but only a crescent that is figured above the entrance, and thus justified the name of the café.

III. THE SHOPS OF THE BOULEVARD.

You may well imagine that my intention is not to describe in detail all the shops that line the boulevard. A volume would not suffice ; besides I know them very imperfectly, as I enter them as little as possible and prefer to stay at home. But I wish to speak of a few great merchants whose celebrity is European and who participate in the beautifying of our favorite promenade.

In the first rank, I should mention the confectioner Boissier. During eleven months of the year his richly painted shop is fairly quiet and almost deserted ; but from the first of December an immense crowd invades it, and it is impossible to move and secure attention. Two confectioners thus divide fashionable custom : Marquis for chocolates, Boissier for bonbons. Is it that sweets from them are any better than from the corner grocer's ? I would not dare affirm it ; it is the name that is sought for. A gentleman could not decently offer a woman of the world a bag of comfits that came from any other place than Boissier's. Fashion and vanity preclude it. You make a present of a box signed Boissier, it proves that you have paid very dear for it, that you have not looked at expense ; your reputation for gallantry is saved.

You are not ignorant of the influence that a pretty woman's eyes can exert over a purchaser. How resist the charm of a gracious smile ? How put aside the object proffered by a white and dimpled hand ? The manager of the Maison Boissier, who kens the weaknesses of the human heart, is careful to engage, during the holiday season, a whole regiment of pleasing damsels who bewitch the public. These poor girls deserve some credit for preserving

their spirits and gayety, for during two weeks they enjoy but a few hours of rest. All day long they wait on customers ; in the evening they make up parcels and place inside the boxes the visiting cards which they have received.

This work is of the most delicate kind. A moment of distraction, of thoughtlessness, may occasion catastrophes. Last year one of my friends, married to a very jealous woman, had gone into Boissier's to purchase his Christmas presents. He chose two bonbonnières, one for his wife, the other for Mlle. Z., a charming actress of the Théâtre Français ; he left in care of the saleswoman two cards, each with a dedicatory inscription. The poor girl was clumsy enough to make so bad a mistake that the next morning the actress received the present intended for the wife, and the wife received the gift intended for the actress. I need not dwell on the scene that ensued. My friend implored for pardon on both knees, he tore out his hair with despair. The outraged spouse was inflexible and sued for divorce. The most comical part of the adventure was that the unfortunate, rebuffed by the rigor of his wife, fled to the actress for consolation, and that the latter closed her door on him, accusing him of having deceived her. What disasters may a box of bonbons cause !

But let us leave Boissier's and pursue our way. Hardly have we taken a few steps before a succulent odor of truffles, an agreeable smell of cooking, rises to our nostrils. We stand before the establishment of Potel & Chabot. The shop presents nothing extraordinary, it is modest and almost mean ; it contains a few appetizing fowls and some fine fruit. Yet an equipage stops at the door. A busy-looking man alights ; he enters the shop and addresses the *patron*, an imposing personage in white vest and cook's cap.

"Monsieur," he says, "I have had an accident. I am to have thirty people to dinner at once, and my chef has just fallen ill. Can you prepare immediately a dinner of thirty covers ? You have three-quarters of an hour to do it in."

“All right, your dinner will be ready.”

The house of Potel & Chabot is a vast factory ; it gives employment to hundreds of cooks who toil night and day. Last year, when the President of the Republic gave a banquet to the twenty-four thousand mayors of France, he turned to Potel & Chabot, and that gigantic dinner for twenty-four thousand guests was served without the slightest mishap.

Let us go on, passing before the superb palace of the *Crédit Lyonnaise*, and stop at the “*Librairie Nouvelle*.” This is a most interesting little corner, especially in summer, when all our boulevardiers are dispersed to the four winds of heaven. When they return to Paris, between two trips, be it but for three hours, they stop at the *Librairie Nouvelle*, and within five minutes they are up with all that is said, with all that is written in the great city. In the broad daylight of that shop is published an oral chronicle that savors all the gossip of the reporters. The woman of the world, before starting on her travels, alights from her coupé, inspects the new volumes, chooses one and takes it off to Dieppe or to Trouville. The apprentice-actress, fresh from the *Conservatoire*, comes in a straw hat to buy the last monologue which she intends to recite before the sea-side bathers.

A few years ago the manager of the *Librairie Nouvelle* was Achille, a charming fellow, gifted with an astonishing memory, very well up in contemporary literature, and the Providence of men of letters and journalists. Had you any information to ask, Achille was always ready—he allowed himself to be consulted as you would run over the leaves of a dictionary. And if, by chance, he hesitated, you would see rise from one of the corners of the shop a little old man full of amiability, who came to your rescue with a smile on his lips. This old man was named, and is still named, *Gustave Claudin*. He is the man in France who knows the most Parisians and Parisiennes—I mean Parisians and Parisiennes of note. His reminiscences are a mine where all the chroniclers have delved.

It was from him that Jules Claretie had the following anecdote about Blanche d'Antigny :

One day this merry singer, whose talent was contestable but whose beauty was marvellous, comes into the Librairie Nouvelle and asks for the "Récits mérovingiens," the erudite work of Augustin Thierry.

"And why, *grands dieux* ?" asks Claudin.

"Why? Because the composer, Hervé, has given me the chief rôle in his opera bouffe 'Chilpéric,' and I want to enter *dans la peau du personnage*."

Blanche d'Antigny reading the "Récits mérovingiens" to create a rôle in an operetta! It is one of those purely Parisian ironies which we can note in passing, but could not invent.

But I must limit myself; I cannot tarry so long before all the celebrated shops which, in this region of the boulevard, might claim my attention. I must content myself with noticing briefly Barbedienne, the dealer in bronzes, whose shop contains the most perfect masterpieces of contemporary sculpture (M. Barbedienne, who carries his eighty years lightly, and possesses a respectable number of millions, began life as a paper-hanger); the Menagère, a great bazaar known all over the world, where may be found assembled all the objects necessary in everyday life. Here are other shops of less importance, but more picturesque—like the baker of *brioche*s of the rue de la Lune, whose golden cakes are the delight of students and saleswomen.

I come at last to the ultimate regions of the boulevard, on the other side of the Château d'Eau; to the Boulevards du Temple and des Filles du Calvaire. This quarter used to be exceedingly curious, filled with dealers in antiquities and bric-à-brac. Whenever I happened to pass there in the days of my youth, I used to stop before those tempting shops where, hidden beneath the dust, were to be found inestimable treasures which the meagreness of my purse would not let me purchase.

The most astonishing of these shops was that of Mother Vidalenq. Ah! Mother Vidalenq! what memories that name suggests! She was a little old woman, coquettishly clad in a dress of pure silk with shoulder-of-mutton sleeves, and crowned with a cap which seemed at first sight very simple, but was lined with lace of a fabulous price. She would receive you with an affable smile, with somewhat mincing graces, and allow you to glance over her treasures. And what treasures! Flemish tapestries with figures, pieces of ancient brocade; beds of all epochs and all styles, *à la duchesse*, *à la polonoise*; adorably carved arm-chairs, arm-chairs *à poche*, *à cartouche*, *en cabriolet*, *à confessionnal*.

Mother Vidalenq is dead now, and in her newly painted shop is established the industry of a *fin de siècle* cobbler, who soles shoes in thirty minutes for the modest sum of one franc.

This sketch would be incomplete were I not to say a word of what we call here the New Year's "barracks" (*baraques du jour de l'an*).

Every year about the 16th of December Paris is metamorphosed into a vast toy-fair which lasts a full month. From the Bastille to the Madeleine, all along the boulevards, stretches a double row of booths made of planking, a mere space wide or high, where are retailed all those things that can excite the cupidity of children. One-half of Paris descends into the street to sell to the other half mountains of jumping-jacks, pyramids of Punches, and myriads of dolls. For thirty consecutive days you hear floating over the great city an infernal concert, where rattle and pipe play their part, and the penny trumpet mingles its shrill cry with the beating of drums.

How few people realize, as Victor Fournel has ingeniously said, at how many points of contact the world of dolls is related to the world of the living! The doll-fair is like an immense emptying place into which flow, like rivers into the sea, all the characters and

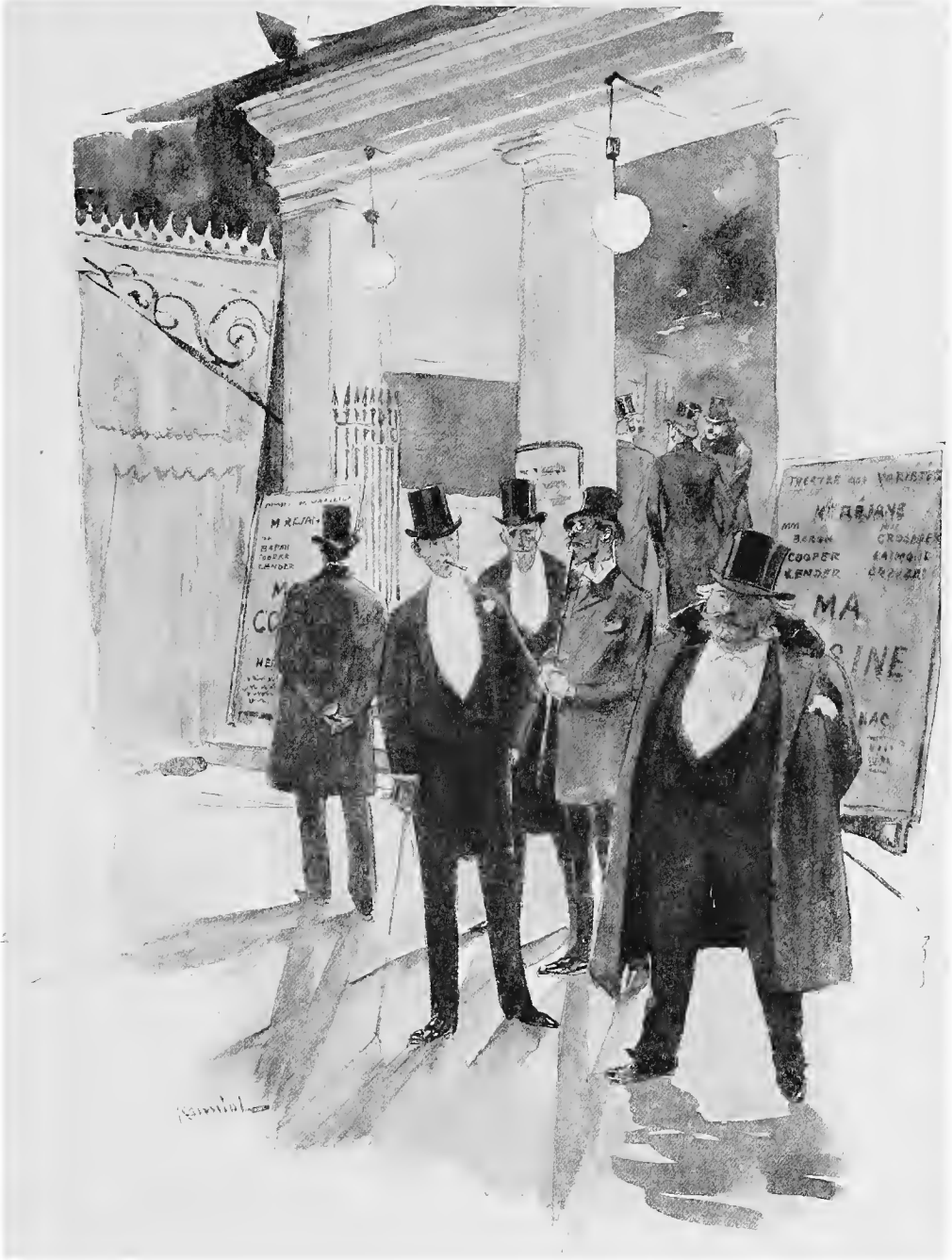
events with which the chroniclers have busied themselves in the course of the year. All the cast-off costumes of contemporary comedy are hung up in the dressing-room. It is with bits of politics, with national traits, and with fragments of history that the puppets that amuse the children are made up. I should be much astonished if General Boulanger did not play his little rôle this year in the thirteen-sou shops.

The toy-fair occupies, as I have said, the whole of the boulevard from the Madeleine to the Bastille, and it reflects by turns the political opinions of the quarters which it traverses. Here we find the reactionary toys, there the republican, democratic, and socialist toys. On the Boulevard des Capucines (the wealthy quarter) are exhibited, in fine satin-lined boxes, luxurious dinner-sets, and dolls that smile disdainfully. On the Boulevard du Temple you are offered pasteboard images of the Republic, wearing the Phrygian cap and clad in scarlet. "Tell me whom you frequent, and I'll tell you who you are," affirms the old proverb; tell me what toys you buy for your son, and I'll tell you what your political opinion is.

All this agitation lasts three weeks. On the morning of the 10th of January the little booths are emptied, unhinged, carried off I know not where; and the same evening the boulevard, after a gigantic sweeping, resumes its accustomed aspect.

IV. THE THEATRES.

I COULD not end this monograph of the boulevards without speaking of the theatres. The theatre is intimately related to Parisian life. It is as impossible to imagine Paris without theatres as a man without a head. There are twelve of them on the boulevards only: the Opéra, the Nouveautés, the Vaudeville, the Variétés, the Gymnase, the Renaissance, the Porte Saint-Martin, the Ambigu, the Folies Dramatiques, Déjazet, the Cirque d'Hiver, and Beaumarchais.



IN FRONT OF THE THÉÂTRE DES VARIÉTÉS—BETWEEN THE ACTS.

Honor to whom honor is due. Let us begin with the Opéra. I need not describe the admirable monument erected by Charles Garnier. Most of those who will read these lines know it, either from having seen it in nature, or through the photograph. It is certainly the most beautiful theatre in the world. None can be compared to it for the harmony of its proportions, the richness of its details, and the perfect taste of its decorations. The auditorium is a marvel of luxury and comfort, the stage is of colossal dimensions.

It is not an easy task, that of director of the Opéra. It requires a versatility, a skill, a sentiment for art, a knowledge of business which are in most men incompatible. MM. Ritt and Gaillard have enriched themselves, it is said. They are accused of having been false to the interests of art. Their predecessor, M. Vaucorbeil, had ruined himself—he was accused of a lack of practical sense.

Poor Vaucorbeil was, unfortunately for himself, a timid man. You smile at this. A timid director of the Opéra is improbable. Yet it is true. Vaucorbeil was modest and timorous; he submitted to the will of his artists instead of imposing his own. It was to him that there happened the comical adventure which a Parisian *chroniqueur* has noted in one of his books.

One day the members of the chorus, who had long been asking higher salaries, declared to Vaucorbeil that they were quite willing to sing, but that they did not intend to make the gestures of their rôles.

“What is it?” exclaimed Vaucorbeil; “I do not quite understand.”

(The fact is that their claims—inadmissible, of course—were difficult to understand.)

“Yet it is very simple,” answered a delegate of the chorus. “We are lyric artists. We are engaged to sing—we will sing—make us sing. But for the gestures, engage supernumeraries who will perform that pantomime. To each his rank.”

This question of gesture, which became for Vaucorbeil a serious subject of worry, puts me in mind of a charming witticism of Labiche, our celebrated dramatic author. He was presiding one day over a literary committee. His two colleagues—Henri de Bornier and Pailleron—had almost simultaneously asked for the floor to treat the question in order.

As Pailleron was beginning to speak first, Bornier, all of a sudden, with his Southern petulance, cried out :

“But, *Monsieur le président*—but it is precisely my proposition that M. Pailleron is developing !”

Then Labiche, with most admirable coolness, answered, smiling :
“Well, then, my friend, do you make the gestures.”

Here is the Vaudeville, where just now there is being played “Le Député Loiseau,” an ironical and satirical comedy by Jules Lemaître, one of our brilliant colleagues in dramatic criticism. Here is the Nouveautés—a theatre of more recent foundation, which is struggling with difficulty against the indifference of the public. Here is the Variétés.

Here I must stop a moment. This stage, one of the smallest in Paris, constructed in 1806, has contributed a brilliant lustre to the history of contemporary dramatic art. The theatre of the Variétés has played most of the master-pieces of Offenbach and of Meilhac and Halévy. Its troupe is excellent ; it comprises such artists as Dupuis, Baron, Raimond, Germain. During three years Mme. Judic shone in the first rank ; she is to-day replaced by Mlle. Réjane, who is one of our superior actresses.

Madame Judic, whose name is so well known in the United States, has never passed here as a comédienne of the first order ; but she is an exquisite genre songstress ; she excels in chansonsnettes and light couplets. It was not at the first attempt and without effort that she attained to fame. Her début was very humble. She was vegetating unknown in the troupe of a suburban theatre ; nobody had faith in her future, but she ventured in a concert to

sing a ballad entitled "La première feuille." Her voice was as timorous as her looks—as her gestures. There was in all the person of the young girl a modest grace which was exquisitely seductive.

*Espoir, amour,
Je suis la première feuille,
Bonjour !*

Charming was this *bonjour*, said in a caressing voice, with a little beseeching smile. Anna Judic was engaged at the Eldorado. And thus began the career of the popular actress, who, twenty years later, was to gain so many dollars in America.

From the Variétés let us pass to the Gymnase. How many reminiscences I might evoke about this theatre, were not my space limited! From the point of view of literary influence, it is the second theatre in Paris, coming immediately after the Comédie Française. It is here that a great part of Scribe's plays and all the first works of Alexandre Dumas *fils* have been presented. It has given a start to a legion of great comedians: Geoffroy, Lesueur, Dupuis, Berton the elder, Mlle. Desclée, Mme. Chéri Montigny, Mme. Pasca. It continues, under the direction of M. Koning, to keep its honorable rank.

I will pass rapidly over the Renaissance, a theatre of modern construction, whose history does not present much interest, and I will come to the Porte Saint-Martin, where now Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt is enthroned.

I suppose that the newspapers have often told you of that artiste, whose agitated life is a matter of legend. For three-quarters of the year she travels about the world; for three months she returns to Paris, not in order to rest, but to play some new piece which she afterward exhibits beyond seas.

In this vagabond life she has spent somewhat of her admirable talent. If she had remained at the Comédie Française, if she had reserved her strength for the interpretation of our masterpieces,

she would have been, with Rachel, the greatest tragédienne of this century. She has succumbed to the temptation of making money; she has overworked herself, wearied herself. However, this woman, so frail in appearance, supports fatigue with superhuman courage. And sometimes, would you believe it? in the midst of her wandering existence she is bored. So at least affirms one of her biographers, Jules Claretie, and he tells the following anecdote, which I reproduce with pleasure.

One day she was rehearsing "Frou-Frou." She was sitting, waiting for her cue, behind a side scene, surrounded by a group that adored her, was subjected by her charm, and deplored her vagaries. All of a sudden, *à propos* of nothing, she arose and said to somebody—author or comedian, I forget:

"Ah! what a life! what a life! It is astonishing how bored I am."

"*Diable!* you are difficult to please," was answered. "There is no existence in our times that can be compared to yours. One must go back to a tzarina like Catherine II. to find a woman who has been obeyed, admired, acclaimed, and adored like you. Of what could you well complain?"

Sarah remained pensive, but she smiled and said: "It is true, I am very exacting!" Then suddenly, becoming serious:

"Yes, it is all very fine! But the end? Ah! the end! The thing is to end well! The climax should be dramatic and stirring! Suppose that Rochefort—whose death I do not wish, understand me—had been killed by a bullet at the moment of his escape! What an admirable death! There is a climax! A fine fifth act! I should like to end that way! Gambetta ended well—drama, mystery. Come, tell me, how do you think I shall end?"

Nobody answered.

There were many *pensées de derrière la tête*, to use Sainte-Beuve's expression, in the glances that were exchanged behind Sarah, close to the side scene. Then a very young comedian,

almost a supernumerary, who played in "Frou Frou" an insignificant rôle, that of a domestic, shrugged his shoulders and answered his directress—his directress!—with the thick and mocking accent of the Paris street-boys.

"You? How you will end, you? It isn't hard to guess! You will end as a box-opener!"

And do you think that Sarah got angry with her pupil? Well, I should say so! She burst into laughter. She found the answer amusing. Box-opener! . . . *Gavroche, va!* She must have told the story herself.

She was always ready to laugh at everything. In her dressing-room, the money which she received daily evaporated like gold dissolved by *aqua regia*. There went on, between the acts, on the nail, as it were, a daily distribution of her salary by fractions, by hundreds and twenties of francs. Her fifteen hundred francs would be brought to her. Quick the pillage, the division, the quarry! Poor woman: . . . "This for you, Madame G——! A bouquet to be paid for. Good! . . . Here! take this, you! Carry it to the hair-dresser! Ah! an instalment to X——! . . . So much to Z——! . . . Good! . . . What else? . . . T—— has written this morning. I send him this, he'll have to be patient." . . . And still laughing: "What is left me now? Fifteen francs! Bah! with fifteen francs one need not starve! But get change for this five-franc piece, I need it for the carriage!"

And a similar scene was enacted almost nightly in Sarah's dressing-room.

Close to the Porte Saint-Martin arises the Ambigu theatre, where are successfully played blood-and-thunder dramas in which vice is always punished and virtue rewarded. A little further we find the Folies Dramatiques, resounding every day with merry tunes. Finally, the Théâtre Déjazet and the Théâtre Beaumarchais end the list; they are both very far from the centre, and elegant Parisians hesitate to venture into these desert wastes.

I have finished my walk. I have attempted in these few pages to give you an idea of the boulevards. Have I succeeded? I hardly flatter myself that I have. To become well acquainted with the boulevards there is but one way, and that is to come and see them. Come, then, and if you need another authority than mine to be tempted, remember Heinrich Heine's profound reflection :

“Lorsque Dieu s'ennuie dans le ciel,” he said, *“il met la tête à la fenêtre et regarde ce qui se passe sur le boulevard.”*

This judgment requires no commentary ; it is all the more flattering to our vanity, that it was formulated by a stranger, by a Parisian who was not of Paris.

THE CORSO OF ROME

BY W. W. STORY

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY ETTORE TITO



THE FLOWER-SELLERS.

THE CORSO OF ROME

OF all the historic streets the great cities of the world possess, none can surpass, if indeed any can vie with, the so-called Corso of Rome. Shorn as it is now of its ancient and mediæval glories, it is haunted by trains of memories which consecrate it to every student. In our own times, even in Rome, upstart rivals, of modern growth—and one in particular, the Via Nazionale—assume to compare with it. It exceeds it in length and in breadth; it has many modern arts and graces and conveniences that the narrow and dear old Corso lacks. Larger and newer buildings are ranged along its sides. Broader paths for foot-passengers have there been constructed. Gay shops, with larger windows, flaunt their goods and invite the world of purchasers. Tramways have there been laid down, and the sound of the trumpet from the tramway omnibuses warns the carriages and foot-passengers to clear the road. All is new, modern, and the birth of to-day. But there are no memories there, no gleams and visions of old days and customs and persons such as cling about the narrow length of the old and world-famous street. There are no haunting spirits, no historic reminiscences, no legends of the old, no figures of the past. There is all the difference between these two streets that there is between the gay young girl just entering into life, full of thoughtless gayety and looking forward into the future, and the staid old matron, in her

serene age, who lives more in the past than in the present, and who has delightful stories of the times gone by, and the glories and splendors of her youth. Could the Corso be incarnated, with what delight should we hang upon her lips and listen to her old-world tales, and live over with her the long-vanished past!

Even within our own days, and the memories of many now living, a great change has come over the Corso. Not so much practically, though many changes and improvements have been made, as in respect to the customs and usages of a half-century ago, many of which have now vanished. The thump of the tamborello and the jingle of its little cymbals that used once to beat and ring everywhere, while gay girls in costume circled about the little piazze and in all the nooks and corners of the city, dancing the saltarello, are seen and heard no more. The very costumes they wore are gone. The pretty and characteristic songs and ballads, and "rispetti" and serenades which once echoed through the streets by day, as well as by night, are over. So are all the little ritornelli. We hear no more such little songs as this,

" Fior di ginestra.
La vostra mamma non vi marita apposta
Per non levar quel fior dalla finestra."

Ah no! This belongs to the "days that are no more." We have grown wise and dull of late, the glad abandonment to whim and unreasoning jollity has given way to sad, serious cares, and the world is less happy and more anxious, and duller.

The Corso, prosaically considered, is a very narrow street of about a mile in length, extending from the Porta del Popolo to the Palazzo de Venezia. Except for its palaces, monuments, various churches, the post-office, and a few other large buildings which have lately been erected, it is for the most part a low line of unimportant and irregular houses, crowded with balconies jutting upon the street, but of no special note, beauty, or interest, saving for the



THE BUSIEST PART OF THE CORSO.

memories attached to some of them, as having been occupied by men and women of distinction in ancient and modern times. The lower stories of these houses are all devoted to shops—which of late



ENTRANCE OF THE PALAZZO SCIARRA.

days have been greatly enlarged and embellished—with plate-glass windows through which may be seen a vast variety of objects of all kinds. Gas and electric lights flare through them, and at night the whole street is brilliantly illuminated and thronged by crowds.

The old candles and oil-lamps, that once through dusky panes shed but a feeble and inefficient light, are of the past, and the street has become very much like any other in a great city, except that it is narrow and haunted by memories. Fortunately, the intolerable tramway—intolerable at least to all who are not using it—has not been laid down, for the street is not wide enough to permit it; but sidewalks for foot-passengers, of which there were none in the old days, have been made, and many another modern improvement has been introduced.

But few of the great palaces of Rome, and still fewer remains of antiquity, are found along the Corso. Among the palaces which abut upon it, however, are the Palazzo Ruspoli, in which is a great café and a Roman club, frequented by the Italian nobility, where much money is lost, won, and many a game of billiards is played; the Palazzo Sciarra, where many interesting pictures are to be seen by distinguished masters, among which may be mentioned, in passing, the "Vanity and Modesty" of Leonardo da Vinci; a splendid portrait by Titian; Raffaele's "Violin-Player," and landscapes by Claude; the Palazzo Bonaparte, formerly the property of Madame Mère, the mother of Napoleon; the Palazzo Torlonia, where, in a cabinet by itself, stands Canova's famous group of Hercules throwing Lycas into the sea; the Palazzo Doria Pamphili, interesting to all English visitors; and the huge, battlemented and castellated Palazzo di Venezia, where the Austrian ambassador resides.

The Palazzo Ruspoli was built on the site of the old Rucellai Gardens, and has passed through various hands. After the Rucellai family it became the property of the Gaetani, and was, while in their possession, the scene of a tragedy in which a member of this house was killed at the main entrance by one of the Orsini, since which event that door has been closed. It was lost at the gaming-table by the then owner, and won by the banker Ruspoli, in whose family it still remains.

Other palaces also adorn the Corso, as for instance the Palazzo

Chigi, built by Giacomo della Porta, and completed by Carlo Maderno ; the Palazzo Bernini, with its strange statue of "Calumny" by Bernini, and its still more strange inscription by that artist, inveighing against the world, and speaking of his sufferings from its slanders ; the Palazzo Piombino, the Palazzo Ferraioli, the Palazzi Salviati, Fiano, Verospi, and Theodoli, which are of little consequence or interest to strangers, but which form a feature of the street.

In the good old times—and by the good old times we all of us mean the days that are passed and are no more ; the days of our youth, which we remember with a sad pleasure, and the joys of which we exaggerate perhaps, while the pains we forget—the Carnival in the Corso, which, alas ! is now almost a thing of the past, was a spectacle and an experience full of delight. On that week of saturnalia the old sights and sounds, the old hubbub and gayety and license was renewed, every folly was indulged in, and a careless gladness animated the world. Every window and balcony was draped with carpets, tapestries, and flowers ; gay faces looked out everywhere, and glad laughter filled the air. There were masks and harlequins and punchinelli and masquerading and strange costumes and singing and mock gallantry and cries of joy on all sides. It was the duty of everyone to be gay. The god Momus reigned. All the world flocked in from the country, and the old dresses and costumes which in every town in the vicinity of Rome were then worn daily, were to be seen. Now those costumes have for the most part utterly disappeared, and are only to be seen now and then, or on the persons of the models who pose for the artists. They were very gay, very various, and it was a pleasure to see them. Now they have given way to the commonplace and shabby dresses of to-day. But in the old Carnival they were everywhere to be seen. Improvised balconies and stagings were erected all along the Corso, and these were filled with country girls in their costumes. Up and down the street, in double files, slowly, and at snail's pace, throngs

of open carriages followed each other, filled with flowers which the occupants scattered right and left, laughing the while they pursued their slow way through the dense crowds that filled the streets. Flowers and confetti showered upon them as they passed, and there was a general hubbub of jollity and confusion and madness, as if old Rome's descendants were still alive and shouting in triumph. In the midst of all this riot and gayety, as the shadows of night-fall drew near, a trumpet sounded. The mounted gendarmes, who



THE LITTLE FLOWER-GIRL.

all day had been stationed at the corners of the streets to preserve a certain decency of order in all this disorder, advanced, and all the carriages were turned out of the Corso.

Then daily came the races, from which the Corso takes its name. The prize for the winner of these was formerly a rich piece of velvet, a mantle, a "Pallio," or Pallium. From this fact these races were commonly called the Pallio Races. As soon as the street was cleared of carriages these took place. Covered with spangles, and with dangling spurs that beat against their sides and drove them madly forward, came rushing on, unmounted, at full gallop, and cheered loudly as they passed by the crowd that lined the sides of the street, the wild horses called the *Barberi*. They ran from the Piazza del Popolo to the end of the Corso, where the street is narrowed by a wing of the Venetian Palace. There, at a street called the Ripresa dei Barberi, they were generally stopped by a large sheet spread across it, so that they might not dash themselves against the wall, but find only a yielding obstacle to bar their further progress, and thus they were caught and restrained.

The week of Carnival was ended by the so-called Moccoletti, when, as night came on, thousands of little wax tapers were lighted and danced about everywhere, like fire-flies, and everybody was shouting and striving to put out his neighbor's light. *Moccolo, moccolo, moccolo*, all cried, as they held up their tapers, and strove to keep them out of the reach of extinction; and equally everywhere was heard the cry of *Senza moccolo, senza moccolo*, and shrieks of laughter as any lights were extinguished. It was all very foolish, if you please, but it was immensely diverting. The wise man knows the charm of jollity, and of all things nothing is so foolish as not to recognize the necessity of sometimes being foolish. A laugh is the best clearer of the brain and the best aid to digestion. Man was made to laugh, so *evviva* absurdity and gayety! and *evviva carnevale*, which swept away, at least for a time, the sad worries of daily life and the exasperating cares of what is called business.

An attempt is now talked of to renew the old customs of the carnival, and large preparations are to be made to re-establish it in all its characteristic features. The races of the Barberi are not to be allowed, on account of the supposed danger attending them. They were prohibited, indeed, several years ago on account of a serious accident involving the life of several persons, the horses in their fright having deviated from the street and rushed into the crowd. In their stead, races are proposed to be made in cars, and the populace are to be defended by a railing along the street. Whether, in the revival of this festival, it will be carried on with the old spirit, remains to be seen; *Speriamo!*



TRAMONTANA—THE COLD WIND OF ROME.

At the Palazzo di Venezia the Corso, properly so called, ends, but formerly it probably was continued to the Capitol, and it fitly should thus be continued. The name of Corso is of comparatively late date, and was given to it on account of the races of unmounted horses which take place during the Carnival. Formerly it was called the Via Flaminia, or the Via Lata, and was a continuation

of the great Flaminian way, built in 534-533 B.C. by the Consul Flaminius, who fell in the battle of Thrasymene, and extending far beyond the gates of Rome. Augustus, subsequently, had the grand idea—for the Romans at that time had grand ideas—of continuing it as far as Fano and beyond, on both sides of Rome, so as to make it practicable from one sea to the other, across the whole continent; thus marrying the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. In this he simply followed the scheme of the great Cæsar, who, to use his own words cited by Suetonius, designed “*Viam munire a mare supero per apennini dorsum ad Tiberim usque.*” It was not until the comparatively late day of Pope Paul II., who built the apostolic palace of St. Mark at the beginning of this street, that the *Pallio Races*, so called in the Corso, were instituted, and then it was that the name of Corso was first given to this street, in view of this fact. Up to this time it had, as has been said before, the name of *Via Lata*, and this name is still preserved in the Church of *Sta. Maria in Via Lata*. The name of *Via Lata*, which translated is simply the *Broadway* (for, singularly enough, in this appellation it but anticipated the great street of New York), was in all probability given to it on account of its magnificent breadth and dimensions; and over it went in ancient days the grand processions and triumphs of Rome, with all their splendor and pomp—entering the Flaminian gate, which, if it did not occupy the same exact position as the present *Porta del Popolo*, was very near to it, and proceeding through the full length of it to the Capitol.

A great change has come over the Corso since those old days. Ruin and desolation have for centuries effaced the great features of the city and of the *Via Lata*; and now the old name of *Via Lata*, or *Broadway*, would be most inappropriate to the narrow street which is its successor. But looking back with historic eyes into the past, one can easily summon up the splendid processions of triumph that once entered the city at this gate and passed along this great way—the *Via Lata*.

The victor to whom the honor of a triumph was accorded was obliged to stand at the gate until a deputation was sent to him to grant him permission to enter. There at the rising of the sun, clad in his purple embroidered robes, and crowned with laurel, he waited, and when the permission was granted, mounted on a magnificent car drawn by four white horses, and sometimes even by elephants, he made his triumphal progress, preceded by the senate, and accompanied by an immense crowd of citizens all dressed in white robes. The air was rent by the blowing of trumpets and horns and flutes and every kind of instrument then known. Flags and standards flouted the air. Cars laden with the spoils of war rattled along the pavement, and behind them, with shaven heads and fet-



THE KING'S GUARDSMAN.

ters on their hands and feet, came the chiefs of the enemies whom the victor had conquered. These were followed by the oxen and other beasts which were to be immolated in honor of the occasion ; their gilded horns crowned with flowers, and conducted by

their executioners, who were naked to the waist and bore on their shoulders the expiatory axes. The car on which the victor stood was of ivory, with rich chisellings and reliefs of gold, and behind it walked the slave or other person who, from time to time, uttered these warning words: "Remember that you are a man"—"Respicens post te hominem memento te." Then came the phalanxes of soldiers in military dress, crowned with laurel and singing, and shouting "Io triumphe," and indulging in the broadest satires and jests; for all things were permitted to them on this occasion, as afterward in our days in the crowds at Carnival.

At the Capitol, when the victor arrived, two white bulls were sacrificed to Jove, and the victor took from his head his laurel wreath and placed it on the statue of the god.

The Carnival of later days in some respects is a singular travesty of this. There is the same license accorded to the crowd, and until within late days the Carnival was also opened by a sacrifice. In the Piazza del Popolo, on the first day, if there were any person under sentence of death in Rome, he was then executed and decapitated, as a warning to all who were about to indulge in the festivities of the coming week to restrain their passions, and remember that the axe of justice and retribution was waiting to punish crime.

The Romans, under the popes, were not behind their imperial ancestors in their love of pomp and processions and festivals; and the solemn and splendid processions which were made in the mediæval times were nearly, if not quite, as splendid as the ancient triumphs. The Corso of those days was the scene of many of these triumphal celebrations, upon the entrance through the gate of some returning pope or some distinguished king or prince. When, for instance, Cardinal Chiaramonti was elected to the papal chair (to mention one of these instances), his reception at his entrance into the city was as magnificent almost as an ancient triumph. Rome had then suffered under many political afflictions, and the election

of Pius VII. was hailed by the whole people with exultation and unrepressed joy, and it was through the gate of the Piazza del Popolo and along the Corso that this pageant awaited him, on July 3, 1799. The scene that then took place, and the arrangements and decorations of the streets, are fully described by Cancellieri in his history, and were celebrated by the striking of a medal in honor of the event, with the effigy of the pope on one side and a triumphal arch on the other. The nobility, senate, and people were unanimous in their rejoicing, and by their order was erected, at the opening of the Corso from the Piazza del Popolo, a great triumphal arch spanning the street and joining together the two churches of the Madonna dei Miracoli and Sta. Maria di Monte Santo, which flank on either side the entrance of the Corso. Upon this were placed colossal statues, and it was decorated with inscriptions and emblems and elaborate ornaments. In the Piazza itself were erected two long lines of stagings and seats for the accommodation of the people, and also for four orchestras, and ranged along it were long lines of Neapolitan soldiers. The streets were all hung with rich draperies and tapestries, and nothing was spared to make the reception of the pope as splendid as possible. General Bourchard, with a *cortège* of officers and five hundred men, went out as far as the Ponte Molle to meet the incoming pope. There he assumed his grand papal robes and mounted into a magnificent gilt coach drawn by six horses. Such was the enthusiasm of the people that they begged to be allowed to draw the carriage themselves, but this the pope declined—and escorted by crowds of rejoicing Romans, and long lines of cavalry and foot-soldiers, the pope entered the city. All the bells of all the churches clanged their welcome for an hour and a half. From the Castle of St. Angelo, where the pontifical standards were displayed, the peals of cannon were constant, and the bands never ceased playing; and thus Pius VII. first entered Rome as Pope.

Again, on his return from Paris, where he went to crown Napo-

leon in 1805, his reception was equally splendid, and accompanied by all the cardinals, prelates, and priests in full dress, and by all the carriages of the nobility, and large bodies of infantry and cavalry, and the mounted Noble Guard, and crowds of the shouting and cheering populace, he again made his entrance into the city, passing over the same streets and going first to St. Peter's, where he was received by the Sacred College and all the Roman court and senators. There he recited the "Te Deum." Then mounting again into his carriage, the Cardinal York opening the door, he was borne on to the Quirinal, where he was again received by the palatine cardinals and the Roman princes and nobility. When the shadows of night came on there was a general illumination of the city, and the cupola of St. Peter's blazed with light, and the gorgeous girandoles sprang into the air, and showered like a fountain of stars over the Castle of St. Angelo.

Nor did this suffice. For a third time, on May 29, 1814, a still more magnificent and imposing reception awaited him on his return to Rome after five years of exile. Again he entered the city through the Porta del Popolo and passed through the Corso. Arches of triumph were erected along the streets that he passed. All the houses were richly adorned with hangings and tapestries, and flowers and ornaments of every kind, and the streets themselves were strewn with laurel and myrtle. Every window was crowded by eager spectators, who threw flowers upon him as he passed. Arches were also erected all the way outside the city from Papa Giulio, so called, to the gate, decorated with statues of Rome and Religion, and adorned with the pontifical arms and flowers and wreaths and inscriptions of welcome and honor. A colonnade was also built leading from the Porta del Popolo to the Corso. In the Piazza de Venezia a most elaborate and costly arch of the Doric order was erected by the mercanti di Campagna, with groups of statues and emblems and inscriptions; and among those who lent their services to this was Thorwaldsen. And thus again, for the third time, the

pope, accompanied by crowds of the people, the nobility, the papal court, the bands playing, the bells ringing, the cannon pealing from St. Angelo, and the crowd cheering, made his triumphal entrance into Rome.

It is useless to recount more of these great processions and triumphs of the Corso, though they might be continued almost indefinitely. Even within our own days, whenever Pope Pius IX. passed, it was a little triumph. Seated in a gilt carriage drawn by four horses, with outriders in brilliant livery, and accompanied by the Noble Guard on horseback, in full dress, the beneficent face and figure of the kindly old man might often be seen in the Corso, smiling upon the crowd through which he passed, and holding out his hand with three fingers spread (on one of which was the great papal ring), in benediction of the people, who, as he went by, prostrated themselves before him. This is



A BOOK-STALL ON THE CORSO.

This is

now, alas! a thing of the past. For many a year no papal carriage has passed through the Corso, or elsewhere in the city, and not even a gilded coach of any cardinal, such as used, in the times gone by, so often to be seen. The farce of prisoner in the Vatican is still going on, and yet—and yet, if the Pope were now to reappear in



STATE CARRIAGE OF THE QUEEN OF ITALY.

the Corso and along the streets of Rome as he was once wont, and as he is free as air to do, if he so wills, the people would again prostrate themselves before him and ask his benediction; for though times have changed, politics have changed, and royalty reigns, and the people are loyal to their king, and satisfied with his rule, they are still Catholics, and the papal power reigns, at least, in their religion; and even the king and queen and the whole

court would, as he passed, bow down before him as the representative of a power above this world.

Now, instead of Pope and Cardinals, one often sees the King, in a simple equipage, driving or driven, and accompanied by some gentleman of the Court, bowing constantly and lifting his hat in response to the salutations of the world of Rome—or the Queen, with her outriders, smiling graciously, and looking, as she is, sweet, gentle, kind, and extremely intelligent; and it may be added that she is, as she deserves to be, adored by her people.

Other spectacles I have seen in this old street of the Corso, the reverse of triumph, within our own days; it was the custom, when a thief was taken and convicted, to lead him publicly through this street with an iron-spiked gorget on his neck to prevent him from bending down his head and hiding his face, so that the whole world might see him and know him. Two men with a drum and fife, which they constantly beat and played upon to attract attention, accompanied him. This custom has now gone out of use; but I am doubtful whether it was not as efficient, and perhaps even more so, in deterring persons from the crime of theft than a simple imprisonment for a few weeks; for, after all, the sense of shame is in the human heart as strong in its effect, if not stronger, than punishment or imprisonment.

Still other scenes here occasionally meet the eyes. It may be, perhaps, a baptism, or a wedding, or a funeral procession. If it is a baptism, in the first carriage, triumphant, dressed in costume, with her long ear-rings in her ears, her gold chain on her neck, her filigree pin in her hair, sits the nurse, the commander of the occasion, with the infant in her arms swaddled in white. You may know if it be a girl or a boy by the color of the ribbon that is attached to its dress, which the nurse takes proud care shall be full in sight. If it is a boy, the ribbon is red—if a girl, it is blue, for that is the color which belongs specially to the Madonna. You are not left in the condition of the man who has to guess the sex. “You have had a

child born to you this morning—what is it, a girl or a boy?” once said an Irishman, rather a foolish one, be it confessed, to his friend. “Guess,” was the answer. “It is a boy.” “No, guess again.” “It is a girl.” “Ah! somebody tauld you,” was the reply. This ribbon saves you the guessing and proclaims the truth to the world. At the side of the nurse, somewhat obliterated, and playing, as a rule, a most secondary part, sits the “commare,” or godmother, and two of the nearest female relatives of the infant. After this carriage comes another, in which sit the male relations, who are, of course, relegated to the second plane, as of far less consequence on this grand occasion. The crowd in the street stops at the church door as this party descend and enter the sacred precincts, when the holy water is sprinkled on the child; and if startled by this operation it cries out, it is a good sign, for it shows that the innate devil which is always born in us has been driven away by the sacramental blessing.

Sometimes, again, it is a marriage, more or less ceremonious according to the rank of the parties—the bride dressed in white, and the bridegroom more sadly in black, as if he were giving himself away. A long train of carriages follows, with all the friends and relations.

Sometimes, again, it is a funeral, and the pomp and ceremony of this depends also on the rank of those who are to be buried. Among the middle and poorer classes—indeed, generally, unless the rank is high—the coffin is borne on the shoulders of *facchini* hired for the occasion, who are clad in a long, black, shabby sort of gown, that comes nearly down to the feet; but it is not so long as not to show the soiled trousers below it. Their heads and faces are covered with a black hood of the same material, so that they cannot be recognized. The parish priest precedes the procession in his official and sacred robes, holding on high a tall crucifix, and after the coffin, as well as before it, slowly marches a long line of priests, or Capuchins, or members of some religious community,

each carrying a lighted torch or candle—for this is an essential part of the ceremony, and is not omitted even by the poorest classes. As they move along they chant, in a low, monotonous tone, the prayers and responses appropriate to the occasion, and with, it must be confessed, apparently little or no sense of their meaning. After



A PROCESSION OF SEMINARISTS.

bearing the body to the church they leave it there. Their function is fulfilled, and when night has cast its shadow over the world, it is borne away by the *facchini* to its final resting-place, and buried without pomp, prayer, or ceremony.

Sometimes long lines of some confraternity of monks may be seen marching along, in monkish dresses and cowls, or one of the begging community of Franciscans or Capuchins passes by, carry-

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The Corso of Rome

ing a basket on his arm and holding in his hand a little tin box, with a crucifix on one side and a picture of the Madonna on the other. This he shakes in your face as he passes, and the copper coins in it jingle as he craves alms, either of money or of kind. If you prefer to give money, you drop a little copper into the slit in



MORNING ON THE CORSO.

the tin box. But he not only begs of the passers on the street, but enters many a shop and shakes the tin box there, where he often receives alms of kind—as fruit, or vegetables, or anything else—which is placed in his basket and thankfully accepted, whatever it is.

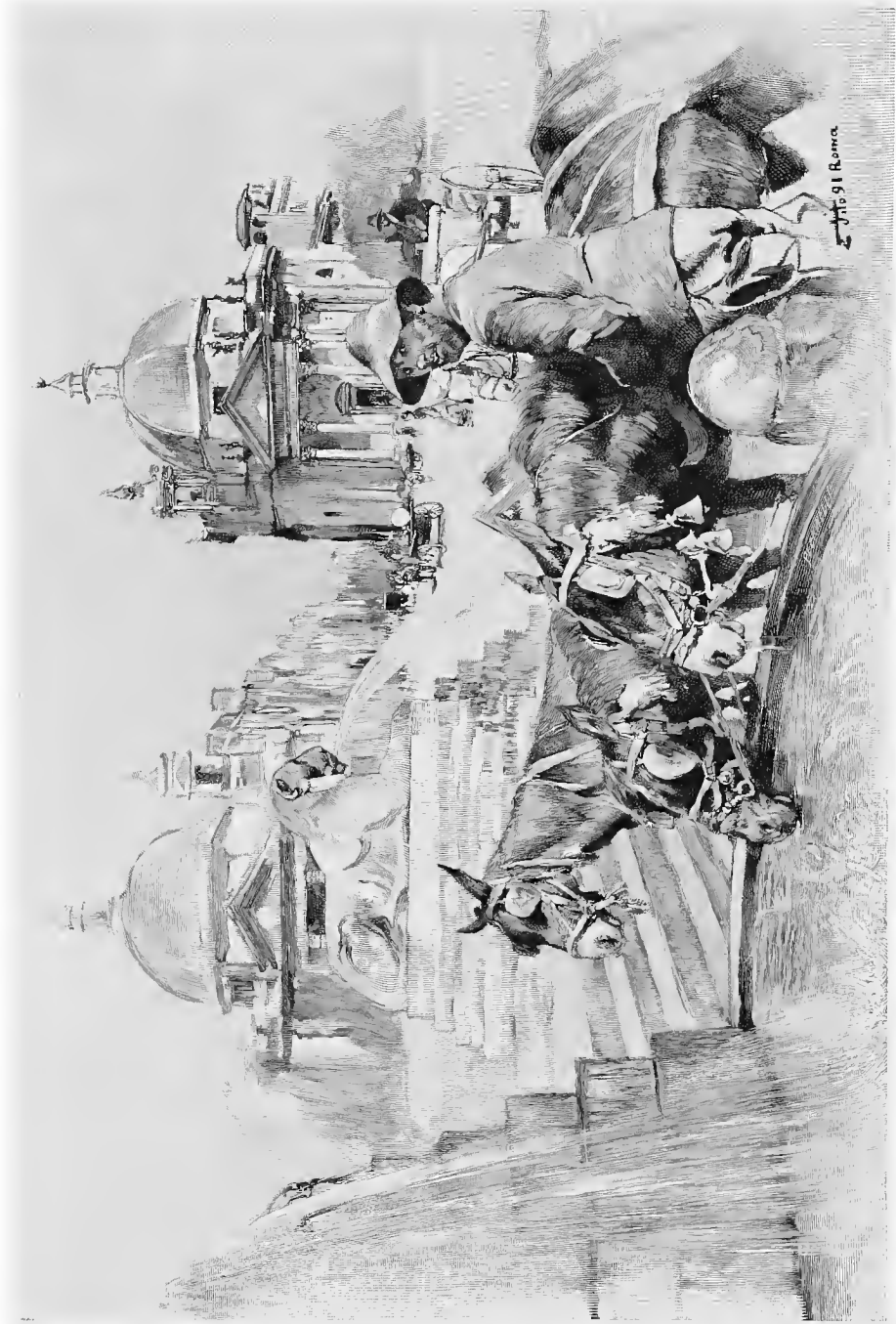
Occasionally, too, may be seen a figure in a white monastic dress and cowl, covering his entire person—head and face—so as to render

him utterly unrecognizable, and with two small holes in front of his cowl through which you may, if near him, see two sharp black eyes peering forth. He also carries a similar tin box which he shakes as he passes for alms. Who he is you cannot divine, but you cannot be sure that he is not some Roman friend or nobleman, whom you last met at some gay reunion, or ball, or party, and who is now doing penance by carrying about publicly the beggar's tin box; for there are penitents, so called, who may belong to the highest of the nobility in Rome.

Then, again, you will, especially in the month of May, which is dedicated to the Madonna, meet long trains of little girls dressed in white, with garlands, and accompanied by some nun or conventual sister, who are celebrating some festival in the Madonna's honor; or, again, long lines of little school-boys, in black dress-coats and tall hats, under the guidance of their priestly tutor, and taking their walk solemnly and with little fun, except what they find in their childish chatter.

But let us, too, make our entrance, not triumphantly, indeed, but with the curiosity of strangers, through the gate of the Piazza del Popolo, and open our eyes to what is to be there seen. This is one of the principal gates of Rome, and is one of the most imposing. Until the railway was built, which now lands all travellers at the Piazza dei Termini, near the vast remains and ruins of the Baths of Diocletian, this was the chief entrance into the city for all who came from the north of Italy. Here passports were examined, for none could enter Rome without them, and here the luggage was overhauled, to make it sure that no contraband goods were concealed. The annoyance of all this was very great, and this, thank God and the new government, is now over, and one of the things of the past not to be regretted.

The gate itself is said to have been designed by Michel Angelo; but inasmuch as Michel Angelo is, by popular belief, supposed to have designed nearly everything, little credence can be given to this



PIAZZA DEL POPOLO, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CORSO.

statement. But whether it was originally designed by him or not, nothing of his work now remains, for it was rebuilt by Barozzi da Vignola, in 1564, and since then has suffered many a change, all the interior façade having been made by Bernini.

This gate has also revolutionary memories, for it was fortified, barricaded, armed with cannon, and was attacked and defended during the French invasion of 1849, and it was through it that General Oudinot entered with the French troops—an entrance which, so far, at least, as the republican party and the Triumvirate of Rome were concerned, certainly did not correspond to the inscription which accompanied the various ornaments and devices placed over it by Alexander VII., in 1655, on the occasion of the grand entry of Queen Christina of Sweden—"Felici faustoque ornata ingressui."

Entering this gate you find yourself in the large and noble Piazza del Popolo, in the centre of which, surrounded by living fountains, stands the old obelisk of Egypt, that has looked down upon so many generations, and which was erected by Rhamses I., in front of the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, and which may have thrown its shadow over Moses himself. The piazza itself is like the nave of a wheel, from which radiate, like spokes, the three streets of the Babuino, the Ripetta, and the Corso, which is the central one, and which is flanked on either side by the twin churches of Sta. Maria in Monte Santo, and Sta. Maria dei Miracoli. Above it, on the left, rises the Pincio, and looks down upon it from its terraces. These charming walks were once the old Domitian Gardens, and here, in or close beside the Piazza del Popolo, the restless, cruel, cowardly, violent, and luxurious lover and murderer of Poppæa, and son of the imperious Agrippina, the half-madman, artist, and musician, Nero, cowardly even in his death, was finally laid to rest; for he was one of the Domitian family. The church of Sta. Maria del Popolo, close by the gate, is said, according to the traditions of the Church, to have been the site of his tomb. Whether this is founded

on fact is questionable, but it is certain that, if not exactly there, it was in its close vicinity. No fragment of it now remains, however, for Pasquale II., urged by the prayers of the Roman people, effaced



even the last fragments of it, yielding to the then universal superstition that the tomb was haunted by evil spirits and demons, who

LOUNGERS ON THE STEPS OF THE CHURCH OF STA. MARIA DEL POPOLO.

assailed everyone who passed near it. These malignant spirits were supposed to dwell in the branches of a great nut-tree which grew out of the top of this tomb; and this, together with the tomb, Pope Pasquale II., in 1099, utterly destroyed after a fast and prayers of

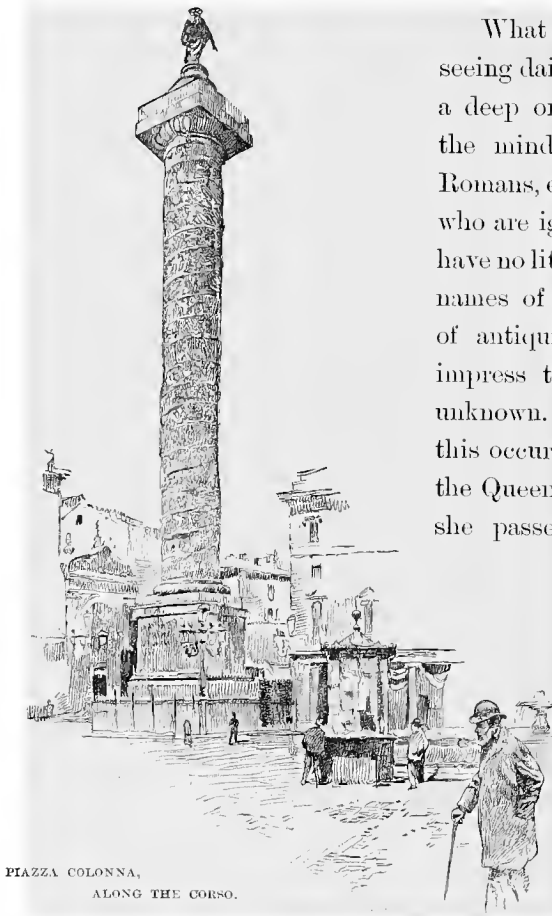
three days, leaving not a vestige of it, throwing the ashes of Nero into the Tiber, sanctifying the spot, and building thereon the church which still stands there. Alexander VI., the Borgian Pope, was affected by the same superstition, and, centuries after, he decorated the church, and, among other things, caused a representation in stucco to be made of the tomb of Nero and the nut-tree, and the evil spirits that dwelt therein, and there it still may be seen.

While at this end of the Corso there is this sad tradition, at the other end is another tradition, as dear to the Christian world as this is detestable. The Church of Sta. Maria in Via Lata, which stands by the side of the Doria Palace, is supposed to have been built on the site of the house where St. Paul lodged with the centurion, and in the subterranean church is a spring of water, miraculous in its origin, and which is traditionally supposed to have suddenly burst forth to enable St. Paul to baptize his disciples.

Besides the obelisk of Rhamses I. there is another remnant of the ancient world in the Corso, which is still in admirable preservation. This is the column of Antonine, so called—which was formerly supposed to be that of Antoninus Pius—but now is known properly to be that of one of the purest and best of all the royal race whose lives history has recorded; of the emperor and philosopher Marcus Aurelius, whose “Meditations” are inspired by the noblest sentiments of honor, justice, and truth, and of an abnegation of self which is supposed to be only Christian. Here, too, among the bas-reliefs on its sides which figure the conquests of the Marcomannic wars, is one which represents what was supposed to be a miracle effected by the prayers of the Christian legion. Jupiter is here seen, with water falling from his outspread arms, in answer to the prayers for water which this legion were requested to make at a time when the army was greatly distressed for want of it. The tradition is founded upon a passage in Eusebius, and a letter of Justin Martyr, and though great suspicion attaches to the authenticity of the last, the Church has accepted it as true, and his-

torians have constantly repeated it. Why the Christians should pray to Jupiter—and why Jupiter should answer—is not explained, but miracles are rarely explicable.

What we are in the habit of seeing daily soon ceases to make a deep or sharp impression on the mind, and to many of the Romans, even of the better class, who are ignorant of history and have no literary training, the very names of the relics and remains of antiquity, which so deeply impress the stranger, are often unknown. An odd instance of this occurred on the first visit of the Queen of Italy to Rome. As she passed for the first time through the Corso and caught a glimpse in passing of this column of Aurelius, she eagerly turned to the gentleman who accompanied her (who was one of the gentlemen of the court) and



PIAZZA COLONNA,
ALONG THE CORSO.

asked, "What is that column?" "Ah, that," hesitatingly replied the person addressed, "that—oh! that is the colonna of Piazza Colonna."

There is also another reminiscence of Marcus near the Via della

Vita, and this is an inscription on the wall recording the fact that here once stood the triumphal arch of this great emperor, which was entirely destroyed by order of Pope Alexander VI.; and this inscription, strangely enough, recording his barbarous act, was placed there by the Pope himself, as if it had been a glory, not a shame.

The arch of Claudius was near the Piazza Sciarra, to the right of the church of the *Cara Vita*, which belongs to the Jesuits. There is no vestige of it now remaining, nor of the other arches of Domitian, Claudius, and Gordian, which once spanned the *Corso*; but the church of the *Cara Vita*, which stands on or near the spot where once stood the arch of Claudius, is perhaps in some respects as characteristic of modern times and the Catholic Church, as were these triumphal arches of ancient days of the Roman Empire. The church is small and of no special interest in itself, but during Lent an extraordinary penitence takes place there, which, however it may conflict with our notions of a kind and beneficent God of mercy and love, is at least singular and interesting. Here, when the shadows of night come on and darken entirely the whole church, so that nothing definite can be seen, an exhortation from the priest is heard coming out of the silence, imploring those who have been guilty of sins of commission and omission to repent and expiate them by self-flagellation. A bell is then rung, and these words in Italian are heard in the darkness: "Show your penance; show your sense of Christ's sacrifice; show it with the whip." After which, for some fifteen minutes, the penitents, stripped naked to the waist, scourge themselves with strings of knotted whipcord, crying out, "Blessed Virgin Mary, pray for us." The severer the scourging the greater the expiation, and the bleeding backs of the penitents attest their faith in this strange and melancholy mode of pacifying an angry God, or at least a God who is pleased by the sufferings self-inflicted of his creatures.

Among the other churches in the *Corso* may be mentioned that

of the St. Giacomo degli Incurabili, of the Augustine church of Gesù e Maria, and St. Lorenzo in Lucina. This church is interesting as being the burial-place of Nicholas Poussin, and as containing a remarkable picture by Guido representing the Crucifixion, which is thus spoken of by Mr. Browning, in "The Ring and the Book," as the piece

"Of Master Guido Beni, Christ on cross,
Second to naught observable in Rome."

And again :

"This San Lorenzo seems
My own particular place. I always say
I used to wonder, when I stood scarce high
As the bed here, what the marble lion meant,
Eating the figure of a prostrate man."

But here there is neither time nor space to linger much longer among those churches. Still there is one more, that of Sta. Maria del Popolo in the Piazza, into which a glance at least must be given at some of the interesting things it contains. Here, then, are noble pictures by Pinturicchio, and a chapel built by Giovanni delle Rovere, and decorated by the same artist, and an Assumption by Carlo Maratta, and a chapel designed by Raffaello, in which he manifests himself in the triple character of architect, painter, and sculptor—for the design of the mosaic on the ceiling, as well as the architecture, is by him—and also a marble group below of Jonah sitting on a whale. Here, too, is a work by Sebastian del Piombo, who is buried in this church. And there are other things of interest which we must now pass by.

Close by this church is the Augustine Convent belonging to it, in which Luther made his home while he was in the Eternal City. Here he celebrated mass. Here he prostrated himself, and cried out, "Hail, sacred Rome, thrice sacred for the blood of the martyrs shed here." But before he left Rome his opinion changed, his

Catholic faith was sapped, and from being a devoted ally he became, as all the world knows, the most determined opponent of the Church.

Here we must take leave of the Corso, with its obelisks and fountains and palaces and shops; its remains of antiquity and its modern sights; its ancient triumphs and its modern processions; of its living populace and its equally living ghosts that haunt it, and whisper to the memory and imagination. At all these visions of the dead and of the living we can but cast here a hurried glance, for fully to record them would far exceed the limits of a paper like this.



A BOY FLOWER SELLER.

THE GRAND CANAL

BY HENRY JAMES

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALEXANDER ZEZZOS



THE GRAND CANAL FROM A TERRACE.

THE GRAND CANAL

THE honor of representing the plan and the place at their best might perhaps appear, in the City of St. Mark, properly to belong to the splendid square which bears the patron's name, and which is the centre of Venetian life so far (this is pretty well all the way indeed), as Venetian life is a matter of strolling and chaffering, of gossiping and gaping, of circulating without a purpose, and of staring—too often with a foolish one—through the shop-windows of dealers whose hospitality makes their doorsteps dramatic, at the very vulgarest rubbish in all the modern market. If the Grand Canal, however, is not quite technically a "street," the perverted Piazza is perhaps even less of one; and I hasten to add that I am glad not to find myself studying my subject under the international arcades, or even (I will go the length of saying) in the solemn presence of the church. For indeed, in that case, I foresee I should become even more confoundingly conscious of the stumbling-block that inevitably, even with his first few words, crops up in the path of the lover of Venice who rashly addresses himself to expression. "Venetian life" is a mere literary convention, even though it be an indispensable figure. The words have played an effective part in the literature of sensibility; they constituted, thirty years ago, the title of Mr. Howell's delightful volume of impressions; but in using them to-day one owes some frank amends to one's own lucidity.

Let me carefully premise, therefore, that so often as they shall again drop from my pen, so often shall I beg to be regarded as systematically superficial.

Venetian life, in the large old sense, has long since come to an end, and the essential present character of the most melancholy of cities resides simply in its being the most beautiful of tombs. Nowhere else has the past been laid to rest with such tenderness, such a sadness of resignation and remembrance. Nowhere else is the present so alien, so discontinuous, so like a crowd in a cemetery without garlands for the graves. It has no flowers in its hands, but as a compensation, perhaps—and the thing is doubtless more to the point—it has money and little red books. The everlasting shuffle, in the Piazza, of these irresponsible visitors is contemporary Venetian life. Everything else is only a reverberation of that. The vast mausoleum has a turnstile at the door, and a functionary in a shabby uniform lets you in, as per tariff, to see how dead it is. From this *constatation*, this cold curiosity, proceed all the industry, the prosperity, the vitality of the place. The shopkeepers and gondoliers, the beggars and the models, depend upon it for a living; they are the custodians and the ushers of the great museum—they are even themselves to a certain extent the objects on exhibition. It is in the wide vestibule of the square that the polyglot pilgrims gather most densely; Piazza San Marco is like the lobby of the opera in the intervals of the performance. The present fortune of Venice, the lamentable difference, is most easily measured there, and that is why, in the effort to resist our pessimism, we must turn away both from the purchasers and from the venders of *ricordi*. The *ricordi* that we prefer are gathered best where the gondola glides—best of all on the noble waterway that begins in its glory at the Salute and ends in its abasement at the railway station. It is, however, the cockneyfied Piazzetta (forgive me, shade of St. Theodore—has not a brand new café begun to glare there, electrically, this very year?) that introduces us most directly to the great

picture by which the Grand Canal works its first spell, and to which a thousand artists, not always with a talent apiece, have paid their tribute. We pass into the Piazzetta to look down the great throat, as it were, of Venice, and the vision must console us for turning our backs on St. Mark's.

We have been treated to it again and again, of course, even if we



ENTRANCE OF THE GRAND CANAL.

have never stirred from home ; but that is only a reason the more for catching at any freshness that may be left in the world of photography. It is in Venice, above all, that we hear the small buzz of this vulgarizing voice of the familiar ; yet perhaps it is in Venice, too, that the picturesque fact has best mastered the pious secret of how to wait for us. Even the classic Salute waits, like some great lady on the threshold of her saloon. She is more ample and serene, more seated at her door, than all the copyists have told us, with her

domes and scrolls, her scalloped buttresses and statues forming a pompous crown, and her wide steps disposed on the ground like the train of a robe. This fine air of the woman of the world is carried out by the well-bred assurance with which she looks in the



A GIRL OF THE PEOPLE.

direction of her old-fashioned Byzantine neighbor ; and the juxtaposition of two churches so distinguished and so different, each splendid in its sort, is a sufficient mark of the scale and range of Venice. However, we ourselves are looking away from St. Mark's—we must blind our eyes to that dazzle ; without it, indeed, there are brightnesses and fascinations enough. We see them in abundance, even while we look away from the shady steps of the Salute.

These steps are cool in the morning, yet I don't know that I can justify my excessive fondness for them any better than I can explain a hundred of the other vague infatuations with which Venice sophisticates the spirit. Under such an influence, fortunately, one needn't explain—it keeps account of nothing but perceptions and affections. It is from the Salute steps, perhaps, of a summer morning, that this view of the open mouth of the city is most brilliantly amusing. The whole thing composes as if composition were the chief end of human institutions. The charming architectural promontory of the Dogana stretches out the most graceful of arms, balancing in its hand the gilded globe on which revolves the delightful satirical figure of a little weathercock of a woman. This Fortune, or Navigation, or whatever she is called—she surely needs no name—catches the wind in the bit of drapery of which she has divested her rotary bronze loveliness. On the other side of the Canal twinkles and glitters the long row of the happy palaces which are mainly expensive hotels. There is a little of everything everywhere, in the bright Venetian air, but to these houses belongs especially the appearance of sitting, across the water, at the receipt of custom, of watching, in their hypocritical loveliness, for the stranger and the victim. I call them happy because even their sordid uses and their vulgar signs melt somehow, with their vague sea-stained pinks and drabs, into that strange gayety of light and color which is made up of the reflection of superannuated things. The atmosphere plays over them like a laugh, they are of the essence of the sad old joke. They are almost as charming from other places as they are from their own balconies, and share fully in that universal privilege of Venetian objects which consists of being both the picture and the point of view.

This double character, which is particularly strong in the Grand Canal, adds a difficulty to any control of one's notes. The Grand Canal may be practically, as an impression, the cushioned balcony of a high and well-loved palace—the memory of irresistible evenings, of the sociable elbow, of endless lingering and looking; or it

may evoke the restlessness of a fresh curiosity, of methodical inquiry, in a gondola piled with references. There are no references, I ought to mention, in the present remarks, which sacrifice to accident, not to completeness. A rhapsody on Venice is always in



GANZER—A RETIRED BOATMAN WHO ASSISTS GONDOLAS AT LANDING-PLACES.

order, but I think the catalogues are finished. I should not attempt to write here the names of all the palaces, even if the number of those I find myself able to remember were less insignificant.

There are many that I delight in that I don't know, or at least that I don't keep apart. Then there are the bad reasons for preference that are better than the good, and all the sweet bribery of associ-

ation and recollection. These things, as one stands on the Salute steps, are so many delicate fingers to pick straight out of the row a dear little featureless house which, with its pale green shutters, looks straight across at the great door and through the very keyhole, as it were, of the church, and which I needn't call by a name—a pleasant

American name—that everyone in Venice, these many years, has had on grateful lips. It is the very friendliest house in all the wide world, and it has, as it deserves to have, the most beautiful position. It is a real *porto di mare*, as the gondoliers say—a port within a port; it sees everything that comes and goes, and takes it all in with practised eyes. Not a tint or a hint of the immense iridescence is lost upon it, and there are days of exquisite color on which it may fancy itself the heart of the wonderful prism. We wave to it, from the Salute steps, which we must decidedly leave if we wish to get on, a grateful hand across the water, and turn into the big white church of Longhena—an empty shaft beneath a perfunctory dome—where an American family and a German party, huddled in a corner upon a pair of benches, are gazing, with a conscientiousness worthy of a better cause, at nothing in particular.

For there is nothing particular, in this cold and conventional temple, to gaze at save the great Tintoretto of the sacristy, to which we quickly pay our respects, and which we are glad to have, for ten minutes, to ourselves. The picture, though full of beauty, is not the finest of the master's; but it serves again as well as another to transport (there is no other word) those of his lovers for whom, in far-away years when Venice was an early rapture, this strange and mystifying painter was almost the supreme revelation. The plastic arts may have less to say to us than in the hungry years of youth, and the celebrated picture, in general, be more of a blank; but more than the others any fine Tintoret still carries us back, calling up not only the rich particular vision but the freshness of the old wonder. Many things come and go, but this great artist remains for us, in Venice, a part of the company of the mind. The others are there in their obvious glory, but he is the only one for whom the imagination, in our expressive modern phrase, sits up: The Marriage in Cana, at the Salute, has all his characteristic and fascinating unexpectedness—the sacrifice of the figure of our Lord, who is reduced to the mere final point of a clever perspective, and

the free, joyous presentation of all the other elements of the feast. Why, in spite of this queer one-sidedness, does the picture give us no impression of a lack of what the critics call reverence? For no other reason that I can think of than because it happens to be the work of its author, in whose very mistakes there is a singular wisdom. Mr. Ruskin has spoken with sufficient eloquence of the serious loveliness of the row of heads of the women, on the right, who talk to each other as they sit at the foreshortened banquet. There could be no better example of the roving independence of the painter's vision, a real spirit of adventure, for which his subject was always a cluster of accidents; not an obvious order, but a sort of peopled and agitated chapter of life, in which the figures are submissive pictorial notes. These notes are all there, in their beauty and heterogeneity, and if the abundance is of a kind to make the principle of selection seem in comparison timid, yet the sense of "composition," in the spectator (if it happen to exist), reaches out to the painter in peculiar sympathy. Dull must be the spirit of the worker tormented, in any field of art, with that particular question, who is not moved to recognize, in the eternal problem, the high fellowship of Tintoretto.

If the long reach from this point to the deplorable iron bridge which discharges the pedestrian at the Academy—or, more comprehensively, to the painted and gilded Gothic of the noble Palazzo Foscari—is too much of a curve to be seen at any one point as a whole, it represents the better the arched neck, as it were, of the undulating serpent of which the Canalazzo has the likeness. We pass a dozen historic houses, we note in our passage a hundred component "bits," with the baffled sketcher's sense, and with what would doubtless be, save for our intensely Venetian fatalism, the baffled sketcher's temper. It is the early palaces, of course, and also, to be fair, some of the late, if we could take them one by one, that give the Canal the best of its grand air. The fairest are often cheek-by-jowl with the foulest, and there are few, alas, so fair as to have



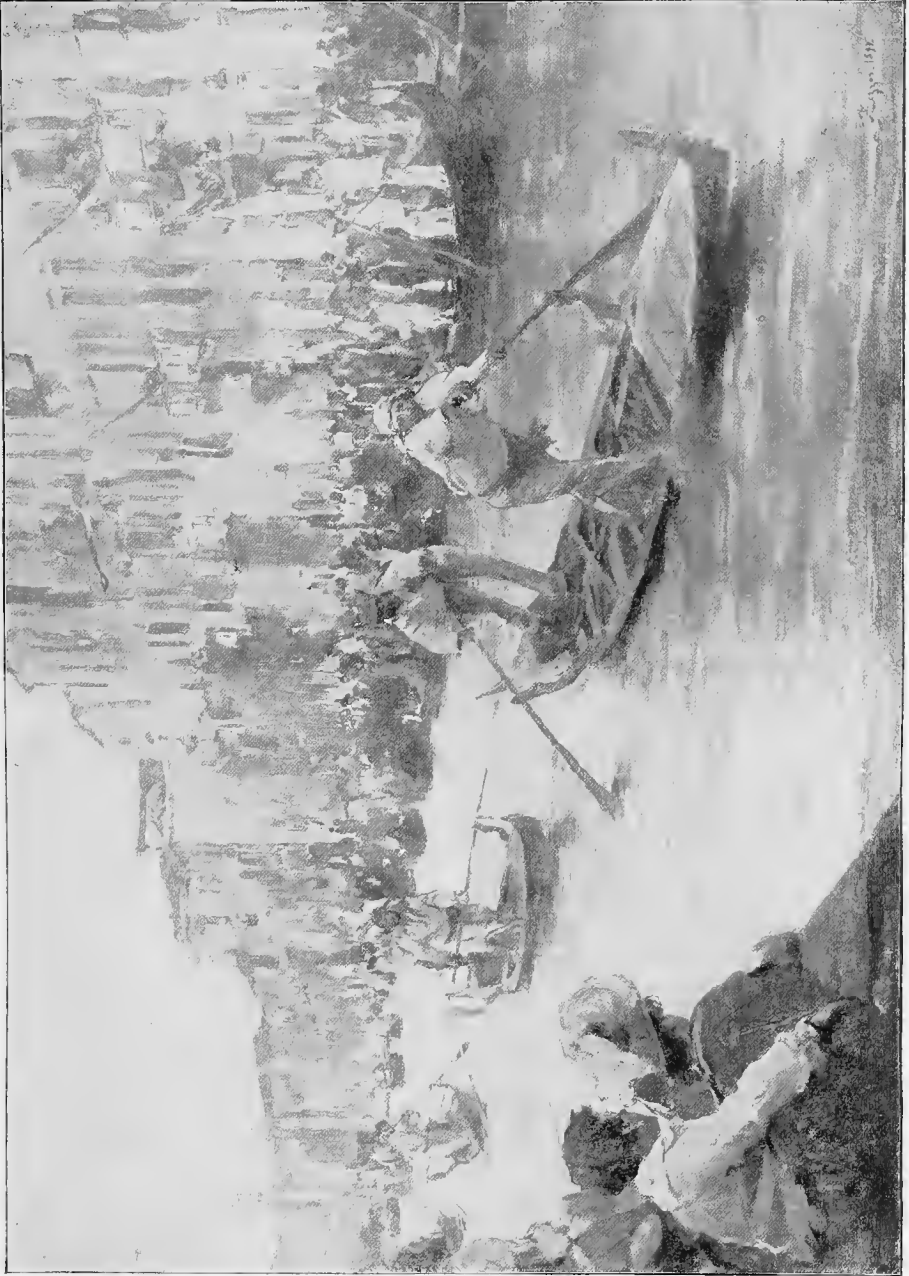
AN OLD VENEZIAN BOAT RICHLY DECKED WITH SILKS AND SATINS, AND ROWED BY GONDOLERS DRESSED IN THE ANCIENT FASHION.

been completely protected by their beauty. The ages and the generations have worked their will upon them, and the wind and the weather have had much to say ; but disfigured and dishonored as they are, with the bruises of their marbles and the patience of their ruin, there is nothing like them in the world, and the long succession of their faded, conscious faces makes of the quiet water-way they overhang a *promenade historique* of which the lesson, however often we read it, gives, in the depth of its interest, an incomparable dignity to Venice. We read it in the Romanesque arches, crooked to-day in their very curves, of the early middle-age, in the exquisite individual Gothic of the splendid time, and in the cornices and columns of a decadence almost as proud. These things at present are almost equally touching in their good faith, they have each in their degree so effectually parted with their pride. They have lived on as they could and lasted as they might, and we hold them to no account of their infirmities, for even those of them whose blank eyes, to-day, meet criticism with most submission, are far less vulgar than the uses we have mainly managed to put them to. We have botched them and patched them and covered them with sordid signs ; we have restored and improved them with a merciless taste, and the best of them we have made over to the peddlers. Some of the most striking objects in the finest vistas, at present, are the huge advertisements of the curiosity-shops.

The antiquity-mongers, in Venice, have all the courage of their opinion, and it is easy to see how well they know they can confound you with an unanswerable question. What is the whole place but a curiosity-shop, and what are you here for yourself but to pick up odds and ends ? “ We pick them up *for* you,” say these honest Jews, whose prices are marked in dollars, “ and who shall blame us if, the flowers being pretty well plucked, we add an artificial rose or two to enhance the bouquet ? ” They take care, in a word, that there be plenty of relics, and their establishments are huge and active. They administer the antidote to pedantry, and

you can complain of them only if you never cross their thresholds. If you take this step you are lost, for you have parted with the correctness of your attitude. Venice becomes, frankly, from such a moment, the big, depressing, dazzling joke in which, after all, our sense of her contradictions sinks to rest—the grimace of an overstrained philosophy. It's rather a comfort, for the curiosity shops are amusing. You have bad moments, indeed, as you stand in their halls of humbug and, in the intervals of haggling, hear, through the high windows, the soft splash of the sea on the old watersteps, for you think with anger of the noble homes that are laid waste in such scenes, of the delicate lives that must have been, that might still be, led there. You reconstruct the admirable house according to your own needs; leaning on a back balcony, you drop your eyes into one of the little green gardens with which, for the most part, such establishments are exasperatingly blessed, and end by feeling it a shame that you yourself are not in possession. (I take for granted, of course, that as you go and come you are, in imagination, perpetually lodging yourself and setting up your gods; for if this innocent pastime, this borrowing of the mind, is not your favorite sport, there is a flaw in the appeal that Venice makes to you.) There may be happy cases in which your envy is tempered, or perhaps I should rather say intensified, by real participation. If you have had the good fortune to enjoy the hospitality of an old Venetian home, and to lead your life a little in the painted chambers that still echo with one of the historic names, you have entered by the shortest step into the inner spirit of the place. If it didn't savor of treachery to private kindness, I should like to speak frankly of one of these delightful, even though alienated, structures, to refer to it as a splendid example of the old palatial type. But I can only do so in passing, with a hundred precautions, and, lifting the curtain at the edge, drop a commemorative word on the success with which, in this particularly happy instance, the cosmopolitan habit, the modern sympathy, the intelligent, flexible at-

titude, the latest fruit of time, adjust themselves to the great, gilded, relinquished shell, and try to fill it out. A Venetian palace that has not too grossly suffered, and that is not overwhelming by its mass, makes almost any life graceful that may be led in it. With cultivated and generous contemporary ways it reveals a pre-established harmony. As you live in it, day after day its beauty and its interest sink more deeply into your spirit; it has its moods and its hours, and its mystic voices, and its shifting expressions. If in the absence of its masters you have happened to have it to yourself for twenty-four hours, you will never forget the charm of its haunted stillness, late on the summer afternoon, for instance, when the call of playing children comes in behind from the campo, nor the way the old ghosts seemed to pass on tip-toe on the marble floors. It gives you practically the essence of the matter that we are considering, for beneath the high balconies Venice comes and goes, and the particular stretch you command contains all the characteristics. Everything has its turn, from the heavy barges of merchandise, pushed by long poles from the patient shoulder, to the floating pavilions of the great serenades, and you may study at your leisure the admirable Venetian arts of managing a boat and organizing a spectacle. Of the beautiful free stroke with which the gondola, especially when there are two oars, is impelled, you never, in the Venetian scene, grow weary; it is always in the picture, and the large, profiled action with which the standing rowers throw themselves forward with a constant recovery has the double value of being, at the fag-end of greatness, the only energetic note. The people from the hotels are always afloat, and, at the hotel pace, the solitary gondolier (like the solitary horseman of the old-fashioned novel) is, I confess, a somewhat melancholy figure. Perched on his poop without a mate, he re-enacts perpetually, in high relief, with his toes turned out, the comedy of his odd and charming movement. He always has a little the look of an absent-minded nursery-maid pushing her small charges in a perambulator.



REGATTA DAY ON THE GRAND CANAL.

But why should I risk too free a comparison, where this picturesque and amiable class are concerned? I delight in their sunburnt complexions and their childish dialect; I know them only by their merits, and I am grossly prejudiced in their favor. They are interesting and touching, and alike in their virtues and their defects human nature is simplified, as with a big effective brush. Affecting above all is their dependence on the stranger, the whimsical stranger who swims out of their ken, yet whom Providence sometimes restores. The best of them, at any rate, are in their line great artists. On the swarming feast-days, on the strange feast-night of the Redentore, their steering is a miracle of ease. The master-hands, the celebrities and winners of prizes (you may see them on the private gondolas in spotless white, with brilliant sashes and ribbons, and often with very handsome persons), take the right of way with a pardonable insolence. They penetrate the crush of boats with an authority of their own. The crush of boats, the universal sociable bumping and squeezing, is great when, on the summer nights, the ladies shriek with alarm, the city pays the fiddlers, and the illuminated barges, scattering music and song, lead a long train down the Canal. The barges used to be rowed in rhythmic strokes, but now they are towed by the steamer. The colored lamps, the vocalists before the hotels, are not, to my sense, the greatest seduction of Venice; but it would be an uncandid sketch of the Canal-azzo that should not touch them with indulgence. Taking one nuisance with another, they are probably the prettiest in the world, and if they have, in general, more magic for the new arrival than for the old Venice-lover, they at all events, at their best, keep up the immemorial tradition. The Venetians have had, from the beginning of time, the pride of their processions and spectacles, and it's a wonder how, with empty pockets, they still make a clever show. The carnival is dead, but these are the scraps of its inheritance. Vauxhall on the water is of course more Vauxhall than ever, with the good fortune of home-made music, and of a mirror that

reduplicates and multiplies. The feast of the Redeemer—the great popular feast of the year—is a wonderful Venetian Vauxhall. All Venice, on this occasion, takes to the boats for the night, and loads them with lamps and provisions. Wedged together in a mass, it sups and sings; every boat is a floating arbor, a private *café-concert*. Of all Christian commemorations it is the most ingenuously and



DINNER TIME—TYPE OF GONDOLIER.

harmlessly pagan. Toward morning the passengers repair to the Lido, where, as the sun rises, they plunge, still sociably, into the sea. The night of the Redentore has been described, but it would be interesting to have an account, from the domestic point of view, of its usual morrow. It is mainly an affair of the Giudecca, however, which is bridged over from the Zattere to the great church. The pontoons are laid together during the day—it is all done with extraordinary celerity and art—and the bridge is prolonged across

the Canalazzo (to Santa Maria Zobenigo), which is my only warrant for glancing at the occasion. We glance at it from our palace windows; lengthening our necks a little, as we look up toward the Salute, we see all Venice, on the July afternoon, so serried as to move slowly, pouring across the temporary footway. It is a flock of very good children, and the bridged Canal is their toy. All Venice, on such occasions, is gentle and friendly, not even all Venice pushes anyone into the water.

But from the same high windows we catch, without any stretching of the neck, a still more indispensable note in the picture, a famous pretender eating the bread of bitterness. This repast is served in the open air, on a neat little terrace, by attendants in livery, and there is no indiscretion in our seeing that the pretender dines. Ever since the *table d'hôte* in "Candide," Venice has been the refuge of monarchs in want of thrones—she wouldn't know herself without her *rois en exil*. The exile is agreeable and soothing, the gondola lets them down gently. Its movement is an anodyne, its silence is a philtre, and little by little it rocks all ambitions to sleep. The proscrip't has plenty of leisure to write his proclamations, and even his memoirs, and I believe he has organs in which they are published; but the only noise he makes in the world is the harmless splash of his oars. He comes and goes along the Canalazzo, and he might be much worse employed. He is but one of the interesting objects it presents, however, and I am by no means sure that he is the most striking. He has a rival, if not in the iron bridge, which, alas, is within our range, at least (to take an immediate example) in the Montecuculi Palace. Far descended and weary, but beautiful in its crooked old age, with its lovely proportions, its delicate round arches, its carvings and its disks of marble, is the haunted Montecuculi. Those who have a kindness for Venetian gossip like to remember that it was once, for a few months, the property of Robert Browning, who, however, never lived in it, and who died in the splendid Rezzonico, the residence of his son and a

wonderful cosmopolitan "document," which, as it presents itself, in an admirable position, but a short way farther down the Canal, we can almost see, in spite of the curve, from the window at which we stand. This great seventeenth century pile, throwing itself upon the water with a peculiar florid assurance, a certain upward toss of its cornice which gives it the air of a rearing sea-horse, decorates



TRAGHETTO—A PASSAGEWAY OF THE GRAND CANAL.

immensely (and within, as well as without) the wide angle that it commands.

There is a more formal greatness in the high, square, Gothic Foscari, just below it, one of the noblest creations of the fifteenth century, a masterpiece of symmetry and majesty. Dedicated to-day to official uses (it is the property of the state), it looks conscious of the consideration it enjoys, and is one of the few great houses with-

in our range whose old age strikes us as robust and painless. It is visibly "kept up;" perhaps it is kept up too much; perhaps I am wrong in thinking so well of it. These doubts and fears course rapidly through my mind (I am easily their victim when it is a question of architecture), as they are apt to do to-day, in Italy, almost anywhere, in the presence of the beautiful, of the desecrated, or the neglected. We feel at such moments as if the eye of Mr. Ruskin were upon us; we grow nervous and lose our confidence. This makes me inevitably, in talking of Venice, seek a pusillanimous safety in the trivial and the obvious. I am on firm ground in rejoicing in the little garden directly opposite our windows (it is another proof that they really show us everything), and in feeling that the gardens of Venice would deserve a page to themselves. They are infinitely more numerous than the arriving stranger can suppose; they nestle, with a charm all their own, in the complications of most back-views. Some of them are exquisite, many are large, and even the scrappiest have an artful understanding, in the interest of color, with the waterways that edge their foundations. On the small canals, in the hunt for amusement, they are the prettiest surprises of all. The tangle of plants and flowers climbs over the battered walls, the greenness makes an arrangement with the rosy, sordid brick. Of all the reflected and liquefied things in Venice, and the number of these is countless, I think the lapping water loves them most. They are numerous on the Canalazzo, but wherever they occur they give a brush to the picture, and in particular, it is easy to guess, they give a sweetness to the house. Then the elements are complete—the trio of air and water and of things that grow. Venice without them would be too much a matter of the tides and the stones. Even the little trellises of the *traghetti* count charmingly as reminders, amid so much artifice, of the woodland nature of man. The vine-leaves, trained on horizontal poles, make a roof of chequered shade for the gondoliers and ferrymen, who doze there, according to opportunity, or chatter or hail the ap-

proaching "fare." There is no "hum" in Venice, so that their voices travel far; they enter your windows and mingle even with your dreams. I beg the reader to believe that if I had time to go into everything, I would go into the *traghetti*, which have their manners and their morals, and which used to have their piety. This piety was always a *madoninna*, the protectress of the passage—a quaint figure of the Virgin with the red spark of a lamp at her feet. The lamps appear for the most part to have gone out, and the images doubtless have been sold for *bric-a-brac*. The ferrymen, for aught I know, are converted to Nihilism—a faith consistent, happily, with a good stroke of business. One of the figures has been left, however—the Madonnetta, which gives its name to a *traghetto* near the Rialto. But this sweet survivor is a carven stone, inserted ages ago in the corner of an old palace, and doubtless difficult of removal. *Pazienza*, the day will come when so marketable a relic will also be extracted from its socket and purchased by the devouring American. I leave that expression, on second thought, standing; but I repent of it when I remember that it is a devouring American—a lady long resident in Venice and whose kindnesses all Venetians, as well as her country people, know, who has rekindled some of the extinguished tapers, setting up especially the big brave Gothic shrine, of painted and gilded wood, which, on the top of its stout *palo*, sheds its influence on the place of passage opposite the Salute.

If I may not go into those of the palaces this devious discourse has left behind, much less may I enter the great galleries of the Academy, which rears its blank wall, surmounted by the lion of St. Mark, well within sight of the windows at which we are still lingering. This wondrous temple of Venetian art (for all it promises little from without) overhangs, in a manner, the Grand Canal, but if we were so much as to cross its threshold we should wander beyond recall. It contains, in some of the most magnificent halls (where the ceilings have all the glory with which the imagination of Venice alone could over-arch a room), some of the noblest pictures in the



A TEMPORARY BRIDGE ACROSS THE CANAL OF THE REDEEMER (REDEENTORE).
[Built annually for the Feast of the Redeemer—to give easy access to the church.]

world ; and whether or not we go back to them on any particular occasion for another look, it is always a comfort to know that they are there, for the sense of them, on the spot, is a part of the furniture of the mind—the sense of them close at hand, behind every wall and under every cover, like the inevitable reverse of a medal, of the side exposed to the air reflecting, intensifying, completing the scene. In other words, as it was the inevitable destiny of Venice to be painted, and painted with passion, so the wide world of picture becomes, as we live there, and however much we go about our affairs, the constant habitation of our thoughts. The truth is, we are in it so uninterruptedly, at home and abroad, that there is scarcely a pressure upon us to seek it in one place more than another. Choose your standpoint at random and trust the picture to come to you. This is manifestly why I have not, I become aware, said more about the features of the Canalazzo which occupy the reach between the Salute and the position we have so obstinately taken up. It is still there before us, however, and the delightful little Palazzo Dario, intimately familiar to English and American travellers, picks itself out in the foreshortened brightness. The Dario is covered with the loveliest little marble plates and sculptured circles ; it is made up of exquisite pieces (as if there had been only enough to make it small), so that it looks, in its extreme antiquity, a good deal like a house of cards that hold together by a tenure that it would be fatal to touch. An old Venetian house dies hard, indeed, and I should add that this delicate thing, with submission in every feature, continues to resist the contact of generations of lodgers. It is let out in floors—it used to be let as a whole—and in how many eager hands (for it is in great requisition), under how many fleeting dispensations have we not known and loved it ? People are always writing in advance to secure it, as they are to secure the Jenkins's gondolier, and as the gondola passes we see strange faces at the windows (though it's ten to one we recognize them), and the millionth artist coming forth with his traps at the water-gate. The

poor little patient Dario is one of the most flourishing booths at the fair.

The faces at the window look out at the great Sansovino—the splendid pile that is now occupied by the Prefect. I feel decidedly that I don't object as I ought to the palaces of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Their pretensions impose upon me, and the imagination peoples them more freely than it can people the interiors of the prime. Was not, moreover, this masterpiece of Sansovino once occupied by the Venetian post-office, and thereby intimately connected with an ineffaceable first impression of the author of these remarks? He had arrived, wondering, palpitating, twenty-three years ago, after nightfall, and, the first thing on the morrow, had repaired to the post-office for his letters. They had been waiting a long time and were full of delayed interest, and he returned with them to the gondola and floated slowly down the Canal. The mixture, the rapture, the wonderful temple of the *poste restante*, the beautiful strangeness, all humanized by good news—the memory of this abides with him still, so that there always proceeds from the splendid water-front I speak of a certain secret appeal, something that seems to have been uttered first in the sonorous chambers of youth. Of course this association falls to the ground—or rather splashes into the water—if I am the victim of a confusion. Was the edifice in question twenty-three years ago the post-office, which has occupied since, for many a day, very much humbler quarters? I am afraid to take the proper steps for finding out, lest I should learn that, for all these years, I have misdirected my emotion. A better reason for the sentiment, at any rate, is that such a great house has surely, in the high beauty of its tiers, a refinement of its own. They make one think of colosseums and aqueducts and bridges, and they constitute doubtless, in Venice, the most pardonable specimen of the imitative. I have even a timid kindness for the huge Pesaro, far down the Canal, whose main reproach, more even than the coarseness of its forms, is its swaggering size, its want of considera-

tion for the general picture, which the early examples so reverently respect. The Pesaro is as far out of the frame as a modern hotel, and the Cornaro, close to it, oversteps almost equally the modesty



FISHMONGERS.

of art. One more thing they and their kindred do, I must add, for which, unfortunately, we can patronize them less. They make even the most elaborate material civilization of the present day seem woefully shrunken and *bourgeois*, for they simply (I allude to the biggest palaces) cannot be lived in as they were intended to be.



The modern
tenant may take in
all the magazines, but
he bends not the bow of Achilles.

He occupies the place, but he
doesn't fill it, and he has guests from the neighboring inns with
ulsters and Bädakers.

THE BRIDGE OF THE RIALTO.

We are far, at the Pesaro, by the way, from our attaching window, and we take advantage of it to go in rather a melancholy mood to the end. The long straight vista from the Foscari to the Rialto, the great middle stretch of the Canal, contains, as the phrase is, a hundred objects of interest, but it contains most the bright oddity of its general deluged air. In all these centuries it has never got over its resemblance to a flooded city; for some reason or other it is the only part of Venice in which the houses look as if the waters had overtaken them. Everywhere else they reckon with them—they have chosen them; here alone the lapping seaway seems to confess itself an accident.

There are persons who think this long, gay, shabby, spotty perspective, in which, with its immense field of confused reflection, the houses have infinite variety, the dullest expanse in Venice. It was not dull, we imagine, for Lord Byron, who lived in the midmost of the three Mocenigo palaces, where the writing-table is still shown at which he gave the rein to his passions. For other observers it is sufficiently enlivened by so delightful a creation as the Palazzo Loredan, once a masterpiece and at present the Municipio, not to speak of a variety of other immemorial bits whose beauty still has a kind of freshness. Some of the most touching relics of early Venice are here (for it was here she precariously clustered), peeping out of a submersion more pitiless than the sea. As we approach the Rialto, indeed, the picture falls off and a comparative commonness suffuses it. There is a wide paved walk on either side of the Canal, on which the waterman—and who, in Venice, is not a waterman?—is prone to seek repose. I speak of the summer days—it is the summer Venice that is the visible Venice. The big tarry barges are drawn up at the *fondamenta*, and the bare-legged boatmen, in faded blue cotton, lie asleep on the hot stones. If there were no color anywhere else, there would be enough in their tanned personalities. Half the low doorways open into the warm interior of waterside drinking-shops, and here and there, on the quay, beneath the bush

that overhangs the door, there are rickety tables and chairs. Where in Venice is there not the amusement of character and of detail? The tone in this part is very vivid, and is largely that of the brown plebeian faces looking out of the patchy, miscellaneous houses—the faces of fat undressed women and of other simple folk who are not aware that they enjoy, from balconies once doubtless patrician, a view the knowing ones of the earth come thousands of miles to envy them. The effect is enhanced by the tattered clothes hung to dry in the windows, by the sun-faded rags that flutter from the polished balustrades (they are ivory-smooth with time); and the whole scene profits by the general law that renders decadence and ruin in Venice more brilliant than any prosperity. Decay, in this extraordinary place, is golden in tint, and misery is *couleur de rose*. The gondolas of the correct people are unmitigated sable, but the poor market-boats from the islands are kaleidoscopic.

The Bridge of the Rialto is a name to conjure with, but, honestly speaking, it is scarcely the gem of the composition. There are of course two ways of taking it—from the water or from the upper passage, where its small shops and booths abound in Venetian character; but it mainly counts as a feature of the Canal when seen from the gondola or even from the awful *vaporetto*. The great curve of its single arch is much to be commended, especially when, coming from the direction of the railway station, you see it frame with its sharp compass-line the perfect picture, the reach of the Canal on the other side. But the backs of the little shops make, from the water, a graceless collective hump, and the inside view is the diverting one. The big arch of the bridge—like the arches of all the bridges—is the waterman's friend in wet weather. The gondolas, when it rains, huddle beside the peopled barges, and the young ladies from the hotels, vaguely fidgeting, complain of the communication of insect life. Here indeed is a little of everything, and the jewellers of this celebrated precinct (they have their immemorial row), make almost as fine a show as the fruiterers. It is a universal

market and a fine place to study Venetian types. The produce of the islands is discharged there, and the fishmongers announce their presence. All one's senses indeed are vigorously attacked, the whole place is violently hot and bright, and odorous and noisy. The churning of the screw of the *vaporetto* mingles with the other sounds—not indeed that this offensive note is confined to one part



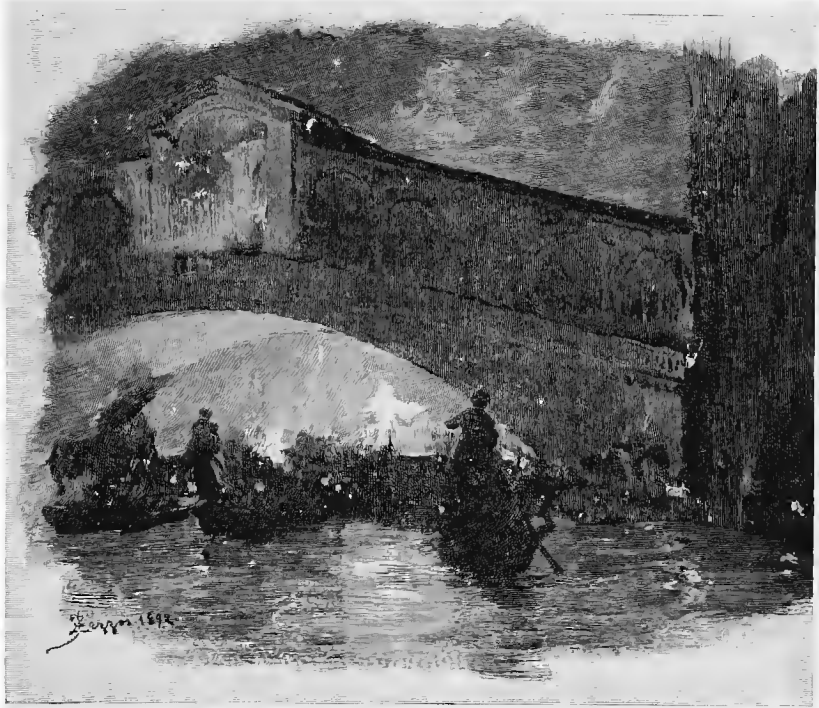
VAPORETTO—SMALL PASSENGER STEAMER ON THE GRAND CANAL.

of the Canal. But just here the little piers of the resented steamer are particularly near together, and it seems, somehow, to be always kicking up the water. As we go farther down we see it stopping exactly beneath the glorious windows of the Ca' d' Oro. It has chosen its position well, and who shall gainsay it for having put itself under the protection of the most romantic façade in Europe? The companionship of these objects is a symbol; it expresses supremely the present and the future of Venice. Perfect, in its prime, was the marble Ca' d' Oro, with the noble recesses of its *loggie*, but

even then it probably never "met a want," like the successful vapor-etto. If, however, we are not to go into the Museo Civico—the old Museo Correr, which rears a staring, renovated front far down on the left, near the station, so also we must keep out of the great vexed question of steam on the Canalazzo, just as, a while since, we prudently kept out of the Accademia. These are expensive and complicated excursions. It is obvious that if the *vaporetti* have contributed to the ruin of the gondoliers, already hard pressed by fate, and to that of the palaces, whose foundations their waves undermine, and that if they have robbed the Grand Canal of the supreme distinction of its tranquillity, so, on the other hand, they have placed "rapid transit," in the New York phrase, in everybody's reach, and enabled everybody (save indeed those who wouldn't for the world) to rush about Venice as furiously as people rush about New York. The suitability of this consummation need not be pointed out.

Even we ourselves, in the irresistible contagion, are going so fast now that we have only time to note in how clever and costly a fashion the Museo Civico, the old Fondaco dei Turchi, has been reconstructed and restored. It is a glare of white marble without, and a series of showy majestic halls within, where a thousand curious mementos and relics of old Venice are gathered and classified. Of its miscellaneous treasures I fear that I perhaps frivolously prefer the series of its remarkable living Longhis, an illustration of manners more copious than the celebrated Carpacciò, the two ladies with their little animals and their long sticks. Wonderful indeed, to-day, are the museums of Italy, where the renovations and the *belle ordonnance* speak of funds apparently unlimited, in spite of the fact that the numerous custodians, frankly, look starved. What is the pecuniary source of all this civic magnificence (it is shown in a hundred other ways), and how do the Italian cities manage to acquit themselves of expenses that would be formidable to communities richer and doubtless less æsthetic? Who pays the bills for the expressive statues alone, the general exuberance of

sculpture, with which every *piazzetta* of almost every village is patriotically decorated? Let us not seek an answer to the puzzling question, but observe instead that we are passing the mouth of the populous Canareggio, next widest of the water-ways, where the race of Shylock abides, and at the corner of which the big colorless church of San Geremia stands gracefully enough on guard. The Canareg-



A MOONLIGHT SERENADE—AT THE RIALTO BRIDGE.

gio, with its wide lateral footways and humpbacked bridges, makes, on the feast of St. John, an admirable noisy, tawdry theatre for one of the prettiest and the most infantile of the Venetian processions.

The rest of the way is a reduced magnificence, in spite of interesting bits, of the battered pomp of the Pesaro and the Cornaro, of the recurrent memories of royalty in exile which cluster about the Palazzo Vendramin Calergi, once the residence of the Comte de

Chambord, and still that of his half-brother, in spite too of the big Papadopoli gardens, opposite the station, the largest private grounds in Venice, but of which Venice in general mainly gets the benefit in the usual form of irrepressible greenery climbing over walls and nodding at water. The rococo church of the Scalzi is here, all marble and malachite, all a cold, hard glitter and a costly, curly ugliness, and here too, opposite, on the top of its high steps, is San Simeone Profeta, I won't say immortalized, but unblushingly misrepresented, by the perfidious Canaletto. I shall not stay to unravel the mystery of this prosaic painter's malpractices; he falsified without fancy, and as he apparently transposed at will the objects he reproduced, one is never sure of the particular view that may have constituted his subject. It would look exactly like such and such a place if almost everything were not different. San Simeone Profeta appears to hang there upon the wall; but it is on the wrong side of the Canal and the other elements quite fail to correspond. One's confusion is the greater because one doesn't know that everything may not really have changed, even beyond all probability (though it's only in America that churches cross the street, or the river), and the mixture of the recognizable and the different makes the ambiguity maddening, all the more that the painter is almost as fascinating as he is bad. Thanks, at any rate, to the white church, domed and porticoed, on the top of its steps, the traveller emerging for the first time upon the terrace of the railway station, seems to have a canaletto before him. He speedily discovers, indeed, even in the presence of this scene of the final accents of the Canalazzo (there is a charm in the old pink warehouses on the hot *fondamenta*), that he has something much better. He looks up and down at the gathered gondolas; he has his surprise after all, his little first Venetian thrill; and as the terrace of the station ushers in these things we shall say no harm of it, though it is not lovely. It is the beginning of his experience, but it is the end of the Grand Canal.

UNTER DEN LINDEN

BY PAUL LINDAÚ

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. STAHL



F. ST

FLENSMANN

A MESSENGER.

UNTER DEN LINDEN

THE streets of aristocratic West Berlin, the Thiergarten, are unquestionably more cheerful and agreeable, and the great business artery of the city itself, Leipziger Strasse, beats with a quicker life, than Unter den Linden—that is the somewhat old-fashioned, though pleasant and pretty, name which the greatest street of Berlin still bears officially ; but the Linden, as we usually call it for convenience, has nevertheless remained the representative, the most characteristic and important street in the capital of Prussia and of the German Empire. The Linden is indicative of Berlin in its original design and in its transformation ; significant in its reminders of the past and memorials of the present ; in what has been preserved and done away with, in what has been overthrown and created. It is a monumental image of our city and national life ; an epitome of Prussian history in enduring stone and also in cheap stucco.

The Linden cuts straight as a line through the heart of the city. The founders of Berlin must have been extraordinarily far-seeing and clever people, or they could not have given this particular street, anticipating its future at the very outset, the essential conditions for a principal thoroughfare : a suitable width, and a termination, at one end of impressive architecture, and at the other of attractive landscape. For it is only very recently, by reason of the

enormous advance which Berlin has made in the last twenty-five years, the new quarter which has sprung up toward the west, and the radical change in the ground plan of the city, that the Linden has gained that central position which rightfully belongs to the most important and significant street.

The growth of Berlin is unparalleled in Europe. To find its counterpart, we must cross the ocean and behold those infant prodigies, the American cities, which, while as yet babies scarcely out of the cradle, attain the stature, the strength, and together with these, of course, the requisite consciousness of manhood.

In my boyhood the Linden marked the outermost limits of the city proper. Then—I am speaking of forty years ago—the glory of Berlin ceased altogether at the Brandenburg Gate. In the Thiergarten, on the bank of the Spree, were a couple of big factories; and all around were public-houses, open simply in the summer, where family-parties could boil the coffee that they brought themselves. There under the trees sat the respectable townsmen, drinking thin coffee or still thinner beer, the wives and daughters with knitting and embroidery; and everybody, after the burden and heat of the day, gulped down the dust which the slightest breath of wind raised in thick columns along the then unpaved sandy roads.

The principal place of amusement at that time, Kroll's establishment, was still "outside," in idyllic proximity to the beer-gardens, "*die Zelten*." In the more northern part of the Thiergarten, toward Potsdamer Strasse, the houses were almost without exception small and simple, hidden away in quiet little gardens, and very generally were unoccupied in winter, being used as summer residences through the hot weather. The whole Thiergarten had a thoroughly rural, un-citified air. The adjoining districts, Moabit and Lützow, were villages. All this modest rusticity and provinciality has been mowed down by the last twenty years. Imposing quarters of the city, with great wide streets and huge buildings, have shot up out of the ground, joined themselves on to the limits of the older Berlin, and



"UNTER DEN LINDEN."

now form with it one unbroken whole. At present, consequently, the Linden lies actually in the very centre of the city.

Straight, therefore, as the alignment at parade—as befits the Prussian capital—runs the Linden from the west, the Thiergarten, and the Brandenburg Gate, toward the east and the Royal Castle. In speaking of the Linden, I always include its eastern extremities, the Opernplatz, the Schlossbrücke, and Lustgarten, which are an integral part of it and form its natural conclusion.

The beginning and the end of the Linden are equally indicative of our Prussian personality. No sooner have we passed through the haughty pillars of the Brandenburg Gate—crowned by its trophy, Victory in her four-horse chariot—than we are greeted, in the little Greek wing upon the right, by the Guard-house. The name of the square that forms, in a certain sense, the portico of the Linden, Pariser Platz, brings before us the entrance into Paris, the triumphant close of the War of Liberation, 1813–1815. And if the designation has grown so familiar that we are inclined to overlook its implication, we shall be reminded of it by the name of the first stately residence that we now behold. It is the Blücher Palace. We saunter along. At our left the eye is met by a striking building of huge proportions. From its open windows officers are gazing, who here permit themselves the luxury of half-unbuttoned coats. That is the Academy of War. When we reach the end of the Linden, we shall see the severe Roman architecture of the Main Guard-house, one of Schinkel's well-known works, and close to it the wonderful Renaissance building of Schlüter, perhaps the most beautiful structure in all Berlin, called formerly the Arsenal, but now the Hall of Fame.

A trophy of victory at the beginning, soldiers at the right, soldiers at the left, soldiers at the end, and a temple of trophies for conclusion; can one imagine a street more indicative of the monarchical militarism of our State?

In perfect harmony with this are the monuments that adorn the

Linden. On the Pariser Platz there is as yet no statue. The Berliners believe that sooner or later Bismarck and Moltke are to



THE KAISER, UNTER DEN LINDEN.

be here immortalized in marble and bronze. For a while yet, perhaps, we are scarcely willing to inconvenience the French Embassy — whose palace has been assigned by an irony of fate to this place of all places, upon a square whose very name tells of the overthrow

of the nation represented by that Embassy—by thrusting under its nose the statues of the two men most feared and hated by every living Frenchman. As soon, however, as we enter the middle promenade of the Linden, we see in the distance Rauch's equestrian statue of Frederick the Great, towering upon a huge pedestal, and overtopping a crowd of generals, the four most famous of whom leap out on horseback from the four corners. The native wit of the Berliners naturally observed at once that the great intellectual heroes of Frederick's time—Immanuel Kant and Gotthold Ephraim Lessing—have found their place on the side turned toward the Brandenburg Gate, under the tail of the horse.

The other statues, too, which adorn the Linden and its extremities, glorify exclusively the monarchical and military Prussia. The figure of Frederick William III. stands somewhat at one side, concealed in the pretty grounds of the Lustgarten. More in keeping with the Linden itself, and in proper proportion to the honors paid by the nation, is the prominence given to the statues of the generals who during the reign of Frederick William III. won those immortal victories; Blücher, a masterpiece of Rauch, on the Opernplatz, near York and Gneisenau, all three in bronze; and upon the other side, to the right and left of the Main Guard-house, the marble figures of Bülow and Scharnhorst.

Unter den Linden is the king of streets, and likewise the street of kings. A royal palace upon the Boulevards would seem odd in the French capital, where during the last century the sovereigns never, as it were, played anything but limited engagements, longer or shorter. In the capital of Prussia, however, which owes its development and greatness to the personal qualities of its monarchs—to their ability on the battle-field and in affairs of state, their prudence and economy—the palaces of its rulers must naturally be the most important and noteworthy buildings upon its principal street. And we find actually in Unter den Linden the royal residences of more than one generation of our kings; of father, son, and grandson.

Each of the three emperors, whom the fatal year 1888 saw upon the Prussian throne, has his own palace on the Linden. The massive, gloomy, vast structure of the old Castle—essentially the work of the foremost German architect, Andreas Schlüter—whose giant proportions bear witness to the immutable confidence of the founders of the monarchy in the future grandeur of their country, gives to our great street an architectural conclusion that is at once forcible and defiant. In the oldest part of the Castle, which brings a slight breath of the middle ages into a city otherwise so modern, in the round, green-roofed tower and the mossy walls, mirrored dimly in the gray water of the lazy-flowing Spree, one can still recognize that this magnificent royal seat has sprung from the old Hohenzollernburg. The round tower, called the “green hat,” which leans against the haughty, huge pile, symbolizes in a certain fashion the whole history of our Prussian kings, and reminds us that our young German Emperor, who has made the old Castle a royal residence once more, traces his ancestry to the Burgraves of Zollern.

The father of our Emperor, the deeply lamented, unfortunate Frederick III., lived, when he was Crown Prince, in the finely situated palace, of somewhat questionable architecture, which we find upon the left, opposite the Hall of Fame, when we come from the Castle across the bridge, and approach the Linden proper. Everybody calls it the Crown Prince’s Palace, and here, as “Crown Prince Fritz,” the ill-fated man spent the sunniest and happiest days of his life. As Emperor, devoted to a certain death, he entered it but a very few times, amid the indescribably touching acclamations of his beloved Berliners, who, upon tidings that the suffering Emperor had left his sick-room at Charlottenburg, and wished to see once more his old residence, the Linden, and the Berliners, streamed together from every quarter of the city into Unter den Linden with lightning-like rapidity, in masses so dense that life was endangered, and in delirious outcries gave heart-rending expression to their veneration and love for the noble sovereign. Some of

the chief data for our street-chronicle are furnished by those June days of 1888. At present the Crown Prince's Palace is for the most part deserted. The Empress Frederick does not feel at home in those splendid apartments, where everything reminds her of her husband.

Upon the same side, the first building on the real Linden, stands a plain, entirely unpretentious house, of tasteful proportions and of the simplest utilitarian style. There is but a single full story above the ground-floor. The windows of the servants' quarters in the low uppermost story are concealed as much as possible by unobtrusive ornamentation. Above the two corner pillars of the house the eagle lifts itself upon unfolded wings. The entrance is under a portico, which forms also a balcony for the upper story. That is the residence of our great Emperor William and Empress Augusta, and was called formerly the Palace of the Prince of Prussia, later the Royal, and at last the Imperial Palace. It is an ambitious name for a very modest affair. The Imperial Palace is surpassed in size and splendor by many private houses of men who are—or would like to be—members of our Council of Commerce. The Emperor—when we speak of “the Emperor” without further designation, we always mean Emperor William I., just as among the common people “the Chancellor” still is Bismarck, and “the Field-marshal” is ever Moltke—the Emperor occupied the ground floor, while the apartments of the Empress Augusta, and also the reception-rooms for small assemblies, were upon the floor above. On the corner, looking out upon the Opernplatz and the Linden, was the working-room—plain as the house itself, though crammed full of all sorts of personal remembrances and gifts—where the Emperor used to pass the greater part of the day. It was here that he used to show himself at the window, the famous “corner-window,” as it was called; in fact quite regularly, at the stroke of twelve, when the soldiers on duty were relieved at the Royal Guard-house, and marched past to the music of drum and fife under the eyes of their sovereign. At this

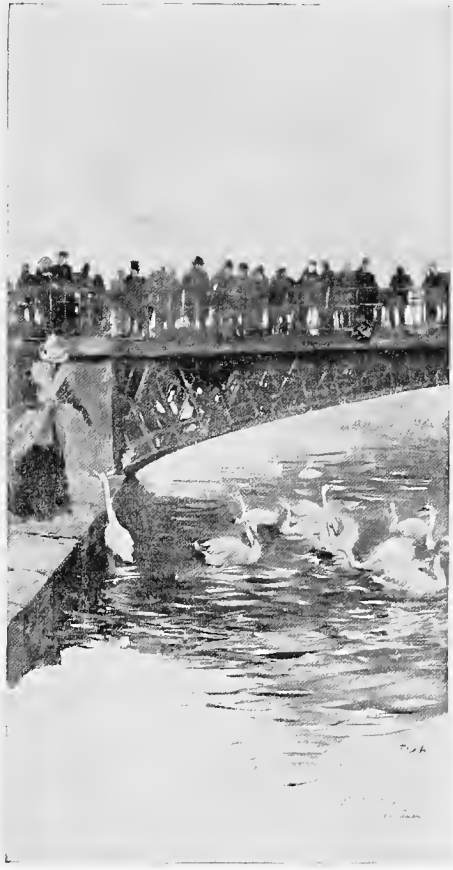
hour of the day thousands of people always gathered in front of the Palace, and when the Emperor appeared, gave him a clamorous, hearty greeting. Occasionally these popular assemblages had the demonstrative character of an homage peculiarly deferential and sincere. Especially was this the case whenever the Emperor returned from his summer journey or from visiting another sovereign, and also on the festal days of the royal family, particularly his own birthday.

In the closing years of Emperor William's life, when inexorable old age shook that gnarled trunk, and he was now and then compelled, by his physical condition and the commands of the attendant physicians, to depart from those life-long customs which had grown so familiar to all Berliners, the gathering of the people in front of the corner-window had an especial significance. When the report ran : "The Emperor is ill," "The Emperor must keep his bed," the crowds around the statue of Frederick the Great were heaped together in impenetrable masses. When the ring of the guards' marching music was heard in the distance, everybody gazed with longing and feverish expectation toward that window ; and if the guards marched past without the monarch showing himself, a deep depression, yes, a real dejection, took possession of the entire population of Berlin. But if the venerable, sympathetic, noble face, with its serious, beautiful blue eyes, was after a few days visible again, then the multitude broke out in veritable storm ; hats were flung up, handkerchiefs waved, and such was the tumult of the shouting that you feared the bronze statue of the Emperor's great ancestor overhead might totter to its fall !

Close by the working-room is the bedchamber—unspeakably plain, and, considering all the circumstances, even insufficiently furnished—where the simple, great Emperor died. From the small iron campaign-bed his body was carried to the Cathedral, there to be laid in state, and the coffin which enclosed the mortal remains of the dead followed the same road which the Emperor drove over al-

most every day of his life—in rain or sunshine, in his light open carriage, wrapped in his big gray cloak, by his side the adjutant on duty, and upon the box the coachman and groom, while the Emperor returned in his grave, friendly way the respectful, affectionate greetings of his subjects.

We cannot take a step in Unter den Linden without being forced to remind ourselves that we are in the capital of a military State, of the State of the Hohenzollerns. The three streets that cross the Linden bear the names of Hohenzollern princes ; Wilhelm - Strasse, Friedrich-Strasse, Charlotten-Strasse—the last named after Sophie Charlotte, the first queen of Prussia. On reaching the end of the street, and crossing the beautiful bridge that leads to the Schlossplatz, we shall see in the eight monumental groups that adorn its piers still another ocular demon-



SWANS IN AN ARM OF THE SPREE.

stration to the faithful citizen of Berlin and of the State, that the highest calling of the good Prussian is to fight, to conquer, and if need be to die, for the Fatherland. Our royal line sees in Unter den Linden an image of its whole existence, from “the first bath,” as Goethe called baptism, to the coffin.

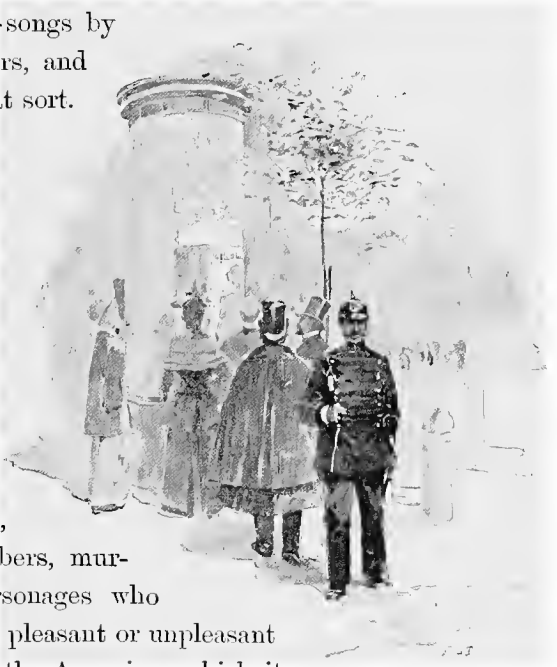
If the strictly monarchical character of our State, its sense of power, its confidence in the force of its ruling dynasty and in the strength of its army, finds in Unter den Linden a most clear expression, it is still true that if the great street illustrated merely the monarchical and military consciousness, it would give a one-sided picture of the city and the nation.

In truth, however, the Linden is a Prussian microcosm. Some of its proudest and most beautiful buildings give one a timely reminder that even with us the sabre is not always clanking; that on the contrary, we strive earnestly to remove international difficulties, if possible, through the courteous channels of written explanation, and under the conciliatory conditions furnished by agreeable personal intercourse; that the prudent administrator of internal affairs has an important place by the side of the gallant warrior; that popular education is the basis of every healthy State; that a high culture alone can maintain a civilized nation at the summit of its power; and that the service of the beautiful, the refreshment and elevation of the individual through works of art, is an indispensable factor of civilization; while commerce must create the conditions for material prosperity. Crowded together, therefore, in the comparatively brief space of this single street, we see the Foreign Embassies—indeed, as it happens, the representatives of the very nations whose present relation to our own leaves most to be desired, Russia and France. It is a topographical realization, at least, of De-roulède's dream! Here too we see the Ministries of the Interior, of Public Instruction and Culture, the Royal University, the Royal Library—with the inscription *Nutrimētum Spiritus*, so much mocked at for its venturesome Latinity—the Academy of Fine Arts, the Opera House, great banks, and the brilliant emporiums of luxury and fashion.

For amusements also, and what people call amusements, there is plenty of provision in Unter den Linden. A huge private theatre is just now in process of erection, and is intended to surpass in beauty

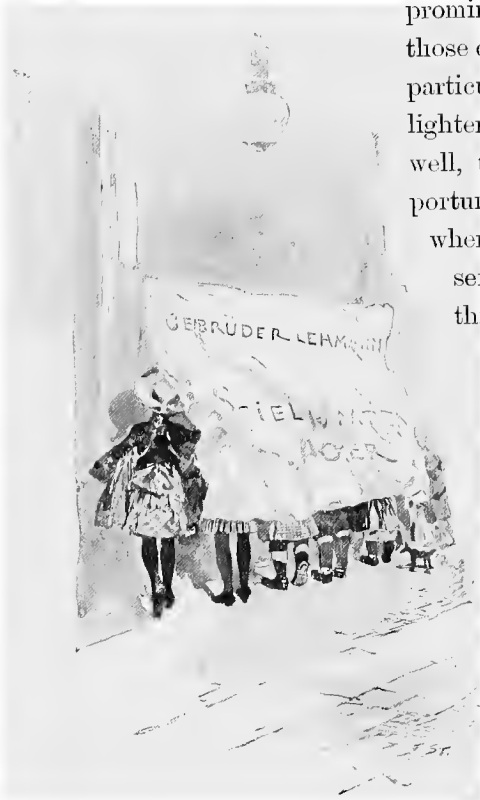
all the existing play-houses of Berlin. Higher aims than this, to be sure, the new theatre—which is built by a Vienna speculator—will scarcely aspire to. It will content itself with allowing its patrons to take their pleasure comfortably in so-called specialties; the break-neck feats of acrobats and gymnasts, the professional dexterities and generous displays of dancers, the rendition of folk-songs by scantily-arrayed singers, and other attractions of that sort.

Upon the Linden, likewise, are those two places of entertainment visited by every stranger, but scarcely known to the Berliners. One is the Panopticum, with its wax reproductions of all the notabilities of this world—princes, heroes, statesmen, poets, artists, swindlers, robbers, murderers, and other personages who have gained a name in pleasant or unpleasant fashion. Then there is the Aquarium, which, it ought to be said, is most excellently equipped and carried on. Here also are to be found the last remnants of the pleasure places of Old Berlin. One of them is Habel's wine-rooms, the resort of Berliners of the genuine antique variety—officials, artists, and merchants—who still empty their glasses in the tiny rooms, eat from bare tables, and consider every stranger who accidentally wanders in as an unauthorized intruder. Another is Kranzler's far-famed Conditorei on the corner of Friedrich-Strasse, which is really the last of its type, and has gallantly resisted all the attacks



A PILLAR FOR ADVERTISE-
MENTS.

of modernness. The proudest representative of the Vienna café, that new conqueror which has driven the old Conditorei from the fields, is the Café Bauer, just across the street, on the other side of Friedrich-Strasse. On the Linden, too, are found the best and most



THE TOY-SHOP WINDOW—A SUNDAY AFTERNOON
SCENE.

prominent fashionable restaurants; those of Dressel, Hiller, and Uhl being particularly well known. But for the lightening of more modest purses, as well, the Linden offers abundant opportunity in a long line of hosteries, where one can get Bavarian and Pilsener beer. Indeed, whoever knows this street thoroughly—fashionable though it be—and can scent out what is concealed from view, finds there even at this day some hidden cellars of the baser sort, whose bills of fare offer scarcely anything except ham, sausage, and sour cucumbers—particularly garlic-sausages, called *Knobländer*—and where they sell thin native beer and a good deal of spirits. They are veritable *Bums*, you will see—to use the characteristic word which the Berliners apply to

this kind of public-house. Reputable droschke-drivers resort thither, and besides them, somewhat dubious characters—which is not saying, to be sure, that there are none of these latter in the more aristocratic establishments. I shall speak of that later.

As a matter of course, the most interesting street in the city must endeavor to give a hospitable reception to the stranger who

wishes to apprehend the peculiar quality of Berlin, that which is most individual and beautiful in it, as quickly and thoroughly as possible. The Linden hotels used to be by far the best of the city, and were the most popular. That is no longer so. The vast new hotels—the Kaiserhof, Central Hotel, Hotel Continental, Hotel Monopol, Grand Hotel Alexanderplatz, have decentralized the patronage of visitors. The most important hotels upon the Linden, the Hotel Royal, Hotel Petersburg, Hotel du Nord, Hotel de Rome, Victoria Hotel, and others, still enjoy a firmly established reputation and a steady business, but they have not been able to keep pace with the development of the city, and the first-named hotels have taken the lead. However, two new ones are just building, the Minerva and the Bristol, which aim to meet the most fastidious demands of the most pampered modern.

The typical character of the Linden is also clearly expressed in its architecture. It is the widest street of the capital. In the middle there is a broad, unpaved, but excellently cared for promenade, bounded upon one side by a riding-path, and upon the other by a stone-paved road, designed particularly for heavy vehicles that might interrupt traffic. Enclosing this central avenue and the two side ones are four rows of lindens, which have given the street its name. But you must not think of the huge, wonderful lindens of our Northern Germany. The old trees have suffered a great deal from time and the hostile influences of a great city, especially from the gas—always fatal to vegetation—and they are now a very shabby, mean, and melancholy sight. The electric light has here for some years dispossessed its rival, and gleams down from tall, beautifully-shaped posts, that are really ornamental. Parallel with the outermost rows of lindens there are two more roadways, asphalt on one side and excellently paved upon the other, and also a broad sidewalk on both sides; so that the street has consequently seven divisions: two sidewalks, three roads for vehicles, a bridle-path, and a promenade.

The whole history of German, or, if I may use the expression, specifically Prussian architecture, passes before us when we walk along the Linden from the Castle to the Thiergarten.

At the very beginning of the saunter we find ourselves at the Castle, face to face with a remnant of oldest Berlin, the beautiful fragments of the Hohenzollernburg upon the Spree. In the vast Castle itself, the powerful genius of Andreas Schlüter has given monumental expression—in a most finished form—to the idea of majesty, of royal strength, dignity, and grandeur; and the same master's Arsenal, now known as the Hall of Fame, with its wonderful decorations of trophies and of masks of dying warriors, is unquestionably one of the most perfect specimens of architecture at the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century.

From the period of Frederick the Great we must give the first mention to the Opera House, by Knobelsdorff. The Opera House now before our eyes, was indeed built by the younger Langhans after the fire in 1845, but he followed Knobelsdorff's old plan throughout. Upon the exterior, the building is certainly rather unimpressive and monotonous, but in its internal arrangements is very convenient and beautiful. The Royal University is next worthy of notice; a finely proportioned structure, though barren-looking. The fact was, the State had no money. Upon the court of the University, which opens toward the Linden, statues of the Humboldt brothers were erected not long ago. The two brother-savants are of course represented in a sitting posture, so as not to overtop the neighboring generals! As something indicative of the scanty means then at the disposal of the Prussian monarchy, as well as of the inefficient sentimentalism of the Romanticist upon the throne, Frederick William IV., we have yet to mention the pitiful Cathedral in the Lustgarten, with its bashful dome, together with the still uncompleted beginnings of the Campo Santo laid out around it—one of the dreams of the king.

The Brandenburg Gate, severely antique in style, masterful and imposing in effect, built by the elder Langhans in 1789–1793, is a unique creation in that period of architectural paltriness and degeneracy. Above the entablature, which is supported by Doric columns, rises a superstructure in the Attic style, crowned by Victory standing in her four-horse car. Napoleon carried this Prussian Victory to Paris in 1806, where it adorned for a while the Place du Carrousel in front of the Tuileries. We brought it back again in 1814.

We find characteristic work of the genuinely Prussian architect, Carl Friedrich Schinkel—an antagonist of the prevailing degeneracy in style and an adherent of the classics—in two of his most important creations: the old Museum, with its imposing porch, and the Royal Guard-house, which is built like a Roman fortified gate, and is provided, like the Museum, with a portico. The unpretending, but simple, beautiful, and finely executed Imperial Palace is by the younger Langhans. I said above that the majority of our least important Councillors of Commerce had at their disposal more opulent dwellings than did our greatest Emperor; and the explanation is simple. The Hohenzollerns have always been close calculators, and Frederick William III., the Emperor's father, would grant under no circumstances more than 300,000 thalers—rather more than 200,000 dollars—for the erection of the present Palace.

The Linden has been almost entirely cleansed of that ugly utilitarian architecture in vogue from the beginning to the middle of this century; those monotonous barracks built in what people here call the "Privy Councillor's style." They have been cleared away with especial thoroughness in the last few years. And our latest style, which I admit may fairly be accused of almost everything—a somewhat too Romantic coquetry with the German Renaissance, with lions that stick their tongues out, turrets, balconies, and round, bulging little bottle-glass window-panes—has nevertheless the undeniable excellence of handling its materials in a bolder,



AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE PASSAGE.

fresher, freer, and more pleasing fashion than did the architects of a former generation, with their anxious, parsimonious economies. More than all, it works with more enduring and valuable material than was once used. It has erected splendid new buildings, with some questionable details, certainly, and yet always interesting; of noble dignity, though insolent here and there; and of decidedly imposing proportions, even if—as I think, fortunately—they have not reached the enormous, fabulous dimensions of the colossal American houses in New York and Chicago.

The Linden bears most vivid testimony, therefore, both in the juxtaposition and medley of its architecture, to the evolution of our city from the very beginning up to the present time; testimony to the taste which determined the different epochs of development; and to the available opportunity for architectural culture offered by our city life. We meet at the outset the remarkable union of immutable confidence and royal power with the old poverty of means. Following that we see a growing prosperity, still accompanied always by the ruling anxiety about expenditures; and at last we rejoice in a cosmopolitan outlook and in a generous wealth. Yet even now, in the midst of all the luxury and magnificence of the new city, which never speaks more impressively to us than just here in this beautiful street, the horrid sandstone posts, with the rude iron rails, which enclose the middle promenade, and the mean wooden benches placed on the walk itself, remind us of the frugal poverty and ugliness of the good old times.

You cannot make a great street. The most cunningly premeditated architectural plans are of no avail; nor is money, though it flow never so richly. With all that you can create the form but not the contents. We have only to think of Munich. The great street makes itself—“*da se*”—as said Victor Emmanuel of Italy.

The majority of the significant events in the life of our city have taken place in the Linden; events good and evil, ennobling and

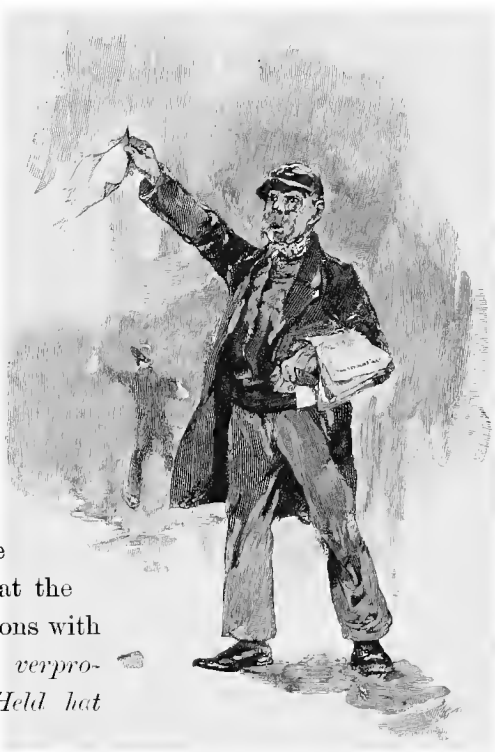
humiliating, important and ridiculous. If anything happens anywhere to set the popular waves in motion, they flow together in Unter den Linden. A complete catalogue of the things that have occurred here would grow into a history of Berlin and Prussia. These sketches, however, have no such end in view. I prefer to speak of a few events only, which abide in the memories of us all, and which rise visibly before our imaginations once more whenever we enter Unter den Linden, their arena.

There, in front of the Castle, on March 18, 1848, was fired that first, and even yet mysterious, shot which gave the signal for the revolution. In Unter den Linden, on the morning of the 19th, the aroused populace weltered against the Palace of the then Prince of Prussia, and with shrieks, howls, and yells threatened it with destruction. For he, who was afterward the most loved and venerated of all emperors, was then the most hated man of his time. The work of demolition would very probably have been carried out, had it not been for the presence of mind of the National Guardsman on duty, who wrote upon the door in huge letters with a piece of chalk: "*National-Eigenthum.*"* The historic witticism stood for months upon the doorway of the present Imperial Palace.

Upon the corner of Friedrich-Strasse, ordinarily known as Kranzler's corner, were held those mass-meetings—in part so burlesque in character—where, in the spring of 1848, under the pretext of conferring about the popular welfare, the good Linden-Müller, Held, Eichler, and other friends of the people pronounced pompous orations, while the wildest kind of fun raged all around. Here arose those grotesque popular chimeras, the most unbelievable yarns about the "approach of the Russians," who had been summoned by the Prince of Prussia to encircle and starve out Berlin, in order to bring that dangerous nest of demagogues to reason and to restore the royal authority! Nowadays one puts his hands to his head and roars with laughter when he realizes what degree of political imma-

* National property.

turity and childish knowledge of the world a faith in silly fables of that sort presupposes ; for this nonsense really found in its day a ready acceptance. Held, the man of the people, a gigantic figure with a finely-cut face—framed by a long, full beard—and a stentorian voice, who was for some weeks the idol of the Berlin rabble, had hatched the ridiculous story. Of course there were plenty of reasonable folk who got huge merriment out of it, and while on Kranzler's corner the oratory was kindling into flame the childish terror of the on-coming Cossacks—the tallow-candle-eaters who were going to smoke out the Berliners and outrage the women—the newsboys were at the same time crying extra editions with the witty head-lines : *Berlin, verproviantire dir, dein jrosser Held hat Hunger !* *



THE LATEST NEWS.

Dear, dear ! It was really unnecessary to summon the Cossacks of the Don in order to re establish royal authority in Berlin. On November 9, 1848, Field-marshal Wrangel with his troops of the Mark, who had temporarily abandoned Berlin, made his entry through the Brandenburg Gate without encountering any resistance whatever. That they had felt prepared for it, however, even in military circles, is made clear by the universally familiar remark of Wrangel, who, just before the

* Berlin, provision yourself, your great hero (Held !) is hungry !

troops entered, in speaking about his wife to a comrade, said—with his characteristic negligence of German grammar—“*Ich bin blos neugierig, ob sie ihr gehenkt haben!*”^{*} Frau von Wrangel, it should be said, had remained in the palace of the commander-in-chief of the Mark, on the Pariser Platz. That ugly old dwelling also has been torn down since then, and upon its site appears a splendid great building, whose ground-floor is occupied by one of the most aristocratic clubs of Berlin, the Casino, frequented mainly by diplomats and officers.

By the way, they had not hung the Field-marshal's wife. The participants and friends of the March revolution had decided upon passive resistance, and the troops, with Wrangel at their head, passed in perfect stillness through the Linden, which was absolutely deserted by humankind. No one was visible. All windows were closed. It was like a city of dead men.

How different was the entry of the troops after the fortunate campaigns of 1864, 1866, and above all, 1871! The Linden was in holiday dress, and never was a triumphal street more lovely. Architecture, sculpture, and painting had united in the creation of a street picture of incomparable beauty. Huge stands were erected upon the squares, all the houses had gala decorations of flowers, banners, pennants, and flags, and across the whole breadth of the Linden great awnings were stretched, which our leading artists had adorned with paintings, some of them magnificent. Anton von Werner owes his reputation to his awning. The foremost sculptors, Begas, Siemering, Huntrieser, and others, fired with enthusiasm, improvised wonderful statues representing war and victory. The “*Germania*,” by Reinhold Begas, the famous frieze, by Siemering, were masterpieces that are not yet forgotten.

Yet the most beautiful ornament, an ornament unique, never seen before that day, and perhaps never to be repeated in the history of the world, was the trophies: the pile of cannon, steeple-

^{*} “I am only curious to know whether they have hung her!”

high ; the four-fold lane of cannon, reaching from Königgrätzer Strasse to the Castle, so close together, wheel on wheel, that the axles touched ; thousands on thousands of cannon and mitrailleuses, all of them captured from the enemy ! And then the men, the hundreds of thousands flowing through the streets in dark waves touched with white, all sweeping toward the Linden ! The masses of humanity crowded together into an impenetrable wall ; many a venturesome fellow upon every tree ; every window occupied, in three or four tiers of heads ; every balcony full as it would bear ; thousands in the new buildings, in break-neck positions ; thousands upon the roof-tops, clinging to the chimneys ! And at the first trumpet peal from the oncoming victors, from every mouth a cry and a hurrah, a jubilation, a waving and beckoning, an enthusiasm so genuine, so fiery, so universal, so affecting, as can scarcely be equalled in all the annals of history ! And there they came, in the clearest, brightest sunshine ; Bismarck, Roon, and Moltke in front, then the Emperor, followed by the Crown Prince and Prince Friedrich Karl, Crown Prince Albert, of Saxony, now the King, and all the princes and generals who had glorious part in the incomparable campaign. That was a day ! Whoever saw it will never forget it.

Here, in Unter den Linden, the people have given a supreme revelation of their purest and highest activity, in the most genuine patriotic enthusiasm ; yet here, likewise, has raged atrocious baseness and depravity, the insanity that seeks to strike down great men. On the southern side, right in front of the palace of the Russian Embassy, young Blind fired his murderous bullet at the hated Minister of State, von Bismarck. For the first time in the world, perhaps, the man whose assassination was attempted was the one to capture the assassin. Bismarck grasped Blind with his own hand and gave him up to the soldiers, who just then came marching by. Blind atoned for his crime by a self-inflicted death.

Not far away, upon the same side of the street, the weak-minded, brutish journeyman-tinker Hödel, half-insane with politi-

cal delirium and in frenzied hatred of greatness, shot at the Emperor. Since the beginning of his reign, the King and Emperor had not signed a death-warrant. Though a pardon was not in accordance with the general desire, it might not have been out of the question, if a second and more serious attempt upon the life of the venerable monarch had not been made a short time afterward, and again in *Unter den Linden*. From No. 18—a building now torn down, in which was situated the well-known restaurant "*Zu den drei Raben*"—Nobiling, who belonged to the educated class, fired both barrels of a shot-gun at the Emperor, as the latter was driving by in an open carriage. His aim was unfortunately so good that the aged sovereign fell back upon the cushion streaming with blood, and in the first consternation people had the terrible fear that the crime had been successful. The populace forced its way into the ill-omened house. The door was barred; it was broken down. There was a brief struggle between the enraged crowd and the assassin, who, after mortally wounding one of his captors, directed the weapon against himself. Nobiling also died of his wounds.

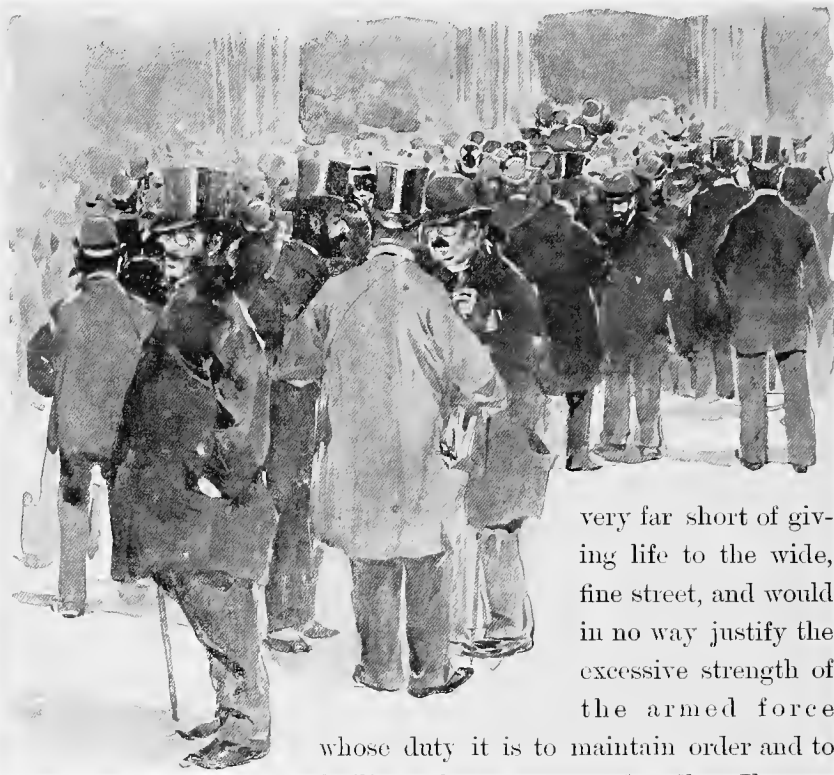
On that day the *Linden* presented a unique and dreadful picture. The venerable Emperor, unconscious from the great loss of blood, and supported by his faithful groom, was driven slowly back to the Palace. In a few minutes the *Linden* was black. The rapidity with which the street fills, when something important happens, is perfectly incomprehensible. No one knows where the people come from. Thousands upon thousands surrounded the Palace and filled every avenue as far as the *Pariserplatz*. And the horror of it was, that from these close-packed masses there came no sound. It was a gloomy silence, like that of the coffin; as though all felt the weight of the leaden cover. There was something dreadful in it, and at the same time something infinitely touching. Alarm about the Emperor's fate had caught each man by the throat, and choked every sound. Such a unanimity of feeling and mood, in such a throng of tens of thousands of people, one

would have thought impossible. For weeks the Linden lay in deep mourning, and it would have been difficult to find anywhere such a great, splendid street giving a similar impression of cheerlessness, desolation, and distress.

And melancholy, though in another fashion—not speechless with horror, but lamenting sorrowfully as if over the consummation of an unavoidable doom, was the Linden on that cold, snowy March day in 1888—the Linden with its long streaming pennants of crape, the houses decked with black, the gas burning by day and the posts black-draped, the black catafalque with the branches of its lofty palms all drooping, and with its dark laurel—as they bore him out—the gray hero and statesman—while from the summit of the Brandenburg Gate there echoed with a mournful beauty the parting salutation of the Berliners to the most revered of all their sovereigns : “ *Vale, Senex Imperator.*”

The Linden chronicles in stone the history of Prussian kings and the Prussian people ; it also epitomizes in a peculiar way the daily activities of Berlin. It is significant that the beautiful broad street, so particularly adapted for saunterers, should on week-days have scarcely any life until the early hours of the afternoon. Berlin is then hard at work. We have in Berlin no counterpart of the *boulevardier* of Paris. Those fashionable loungers—who hold serious conferences with their valets as to which shade of attire will appear to greater advantage in that day’s sunlight ; who grow absorbed in the selection of a proper cravat ; who, when they have brushed their teeth and trimmed their nails in the morning, have about finished their day’s work ; who earn not a penny and spend a great deal—those worthy, amiable eccentrics who give such a pleasant variety to the appearance of a street, are not found here at all. During business hours you will see in Unter den Linden really nobody except provincials, foreigners, and—of the city population—representatives of the wealthy classes only, particularly ladies who are shopping in

the most expensive places. Upon the middle promenade there will be maids and nurses with children playing around them, and upon the benches, besides old pensioned officials, the more doubtful figures of clerks out of work and pleasure-seekers. But all these come



ON THE BOURSE.

very far short of giving life to the wide, fine street, and would in no way justify the excessive strength of the armed force whose duty it is to maintain order and to facilitate the movement of traffic. For one sees, every ten paces, the dark-blue uniform of a policeman; and in the middle of the crossings, sitting their horses firmly as bronze statues, the mounted police, the pride of the department. Really these fellows present a striking appearance. They have excellent horses, strong, sure-footed, and swift; and they are all picked men, giants in fact, most of them with long, waving full beards.

Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon a decided movement toward the west is apparent, both upon the sidewalks and in the carriages. The Bourse has closed, and since the greater bankers and financiers, almost without exception, live in the western quarter of Berlin, particularly the Thiergarten, there is a natural current from the Burgstrasse, through the Linden, toward the Brandenburg Gate. As the day advances, the Linden grows more animated, although under ordinary conditions it never affords anything comparable to the variegated picture made by the street life of southern cities. The greater part of the Linden, from the entrance to the Kaiser-galerie—which runs through to the next parallel street to the south, Behren-Strasse, and is filled with attractive shops, a café, and various places of amusement—from the Kaiser-galerie to the Brandenburg Gate, and upon the opposite side as well, and also on the east from Charlotten-Strasse to the Castle on both sides, is perfectly deserted in the later hours of the evening. But it grows all the noisier and livelier at the crossing of Friedrich-Strasse, especially upon Kranzler's corner. Here, during the late evening and night, Berlin has in fact a thoroughly cosmopolitan character, and its evening holiday is longer than that of the other great European centres, Paris, London, and Vienna.

At this famous corner there is something going on until four or five o'clock in the morning. It never ceases, really, and the gay ending of the night's frolic, and the gay beginning of the day's, touch hands. Stanch, conservative old Kranzler, who would have the best situated establishment in the city for the entertainment of nocturnal rovers from the so-called higher classes, stands fast by the respectable principles of the olden time, and shuts up his place punctually at twelve o'clock. It is otherwise with the resort across the way, the Café Bauer, whose architectural design and artistic decorations are of a magnificent character, and which has attained a fame that reaches far beyond the precincts of the city.

The "café" is an importation from Vienna which established

itself among us some twenty years ago, and which has completely driven out the old Berlin Conditorei. It is indeed difficult to say what it is that distinguishes the one from the other. In the Conditorei the principal articles of consumption were pastry and ices, which play a less important rôle in the café. But the ancient patrons of the Berlin Conditoreien visited them chiefly, after all, in order to drink their afternoon coffee there, and to read the newspapers. And that is really the chief purpose of the Vienna café also, only that the hours of patronage are not limited to a definite period; that from the earliest hour in the morning to the corresponding hour of the next morning one is always sure of finding people there; and that in addition to coffee and the other drinkables served in the Conditorei, such as punch, spirits, and liqueurs of various kinds, one can also order beer.

The old Conditoreien, even the most noted of them, such as the famous ones—now no more—kept by Stehely and Spargnapani, had, besides the shop with its tempting big pastry-table, only the most modest little quarters—two or three rooms of ordinary size—for the accommodation of their coffee-drinkers. They kept on file most of the Berlin papers, the more important provincial, and a couple of foreign ones. They had their regular circles of patrons, who gathered unfailingly at the appointed hour, chatted about the events of the day, read the newspapers, and played dominoes. Some of these circles were actually famous. The greatest masters in art and science formed there a sort of club, of their own choice and with no regulations. It was very sociable and very simple.

But now, early in the seventies, on the most crowded corner of the capital, opposite Kranzler's, a huge café was opened, able to accommodate on its first floor alone as many guests as could all the Conditoreien of Berlin together. It was built of the choicest materials, and by artist hands. The walls were decorated with original paintings by the director of our Academy, Anton von Werner. In-

stead of the surly, leisurely service to which the patrons of the *Conditorei* had accustomed themselves, were the nimble Vienna waiters, with their excessive, sometimes even intrusive, promptness. Overseers and directors marched gravely through the rooms to see that the waiters did their duty, and that guests were shown comfortable seats when they came in. Behind the tall counter sat attractive young women, simply but tastefully dressed, who delivered to the waiters whatever the guests ordered to eat and drink, and who carefully entered every particular in the big registers. In the upper story was the very best equipment for billiards, convenient card-tables, and a reading-room of such ample variety as had never been dreamed of. In fact, all the daily, weekly, and monthly periodicals of the old and new worlds were brought together there. The *Café Bauer*, in which one was better housed than was possible in any *Conditorei*, was better served, and could satisfy every desire more easily and at no greater expense, came at once into fashion. At first the Berliners were allured by curiosity to inspect what was to them a new species of public-house; and then it became the customary resort of all those who had formerly frequented the *Conditoreien*, and of the great number of strangers and new-comers to the city who could get amusement from the visit.

The *Café Bauer*, therefore, is really always well filled, and in the afternoon, evening, and far into the night, it is even crowded. For a while there were permanent little circles formed here also, particularly of authors and artists, who desired, no doubt, to perpetuate the dear old customs of the moribund *Conditorei*; but the noisy surroundings, the constant coming and going and moving about, the rattling of cups and sugar-bowls, the ceaseless striking of the call-bell upon the buffet—in a word, the clamorous activity of the place—was hostile to their design. It was not suited for having your talk out leisurely. The *Café Bauer* has throughout an air of restlessness; it is a halting-place for passers-by, not a spot in which to settle down comfortably. It is only the latest night patrons who

make an exception to this. They remain glued to the same chair, it is true, hour after hour.

The guests of the Café Bauer are from all classes of society, so far as their outward appearance does not give offence to sensitive people; that is to say, they must be respectably dressed. More than this it would be scarcely reasonable to demand of them. The uniformed Cerberus at the door, or else the black-coated purists who preside over the interior, sternly refuse entrance to people of the lower classes who are carelessly dressed, or whose clothes are perhaps worn out in honorable toil, to noisy persons who in consequence of drink are in altogether too



NURSES FROM THE SPREEWALD.

high spirits, and to women who wish to enter the place without escort. In addition to the numerous strangers, one finds representatives of the best Berlin society casually dropping in there. For a while our most fashionable women, in returning from the theatre or from a party, used to frisk into the Café Bauer and take a final

“nightcap.” But that did not last long and nowadays it is exceptional. Nevertheless the most cautious, punctilious society-man can enter the café without fear at any hour of the day or evening. He may be entirely sure of finding his equals there—the higher officials, officers, well-known scientists and artists, leading merchants, and others of that class.

Toward midnight the younger generation is in the predominance. Students, young academicians, youthful civil servants, and clerks are sitting there at the round tables. But if one ever visits the café in company with an experienced criminal officer, his attention will be called to this or that gentleman, quietly and even elegantly dressed, who figures as confidence-man, cheat, swindler, and worse, in the rogues' album. The strict regulation that ladies shall be admitted to the café only under masculine escort, does not, of course, prevent the fact that at night the majority of the feminine visitors—as a tolerably experienced eye can detect at a glance—belong to exactly that class which it is the intention of the regulation to exclude. But they are unobtrusive in behavior, and are lost in the crowd. By far the greater part of visitors to the Café Bauer are perfectly harmless. They are just that sort of people who pass the day with a cup of coffee, the evening with Vienna beer, and the night around a punch-bowl; who smoke, chat, and end their day as late as possible. For this café, it should be said, is open all the year round, and while the latest lingering guests are paying their reckoning at dawn, and the earliest ones are already taking their seats for morning coffee, then, at the hour when the café is least patronized, come the scrubbing and dusting women, who sprinkle the floor, sweep out, brush away the dust, wipe off the tables, and remove the untidy traces of yesterday that they may set the establishment in order for a new day.

Sylvester Evening is the only exception in the year. From ten o'clock in the evening of December 31st until two o'clock in the morning of January 1st, the café is closed by order of the police.

Everybody knows that the Berliners have the immemorial custom of ending the old year and greeting the new in a most boisterous fashion, which often degenerates into intolerable rudeness. Just as at every other popular demonstration the corner of Friedrich-Strasse and the Linden served as a magnet to draw the crowd together from the remotest quarters of the city, here, in the midnight hours of the last day of the year, there were the very wildest performances. Particularly prominent among the howling, surging masses here crowded upon one another were half-grown louts of the most disagreeable variety, who had added to the joys of Sylvester-tide a slight intoxication, and who found a peculiar pleasure in annoying every decently dressed passer with jeers and abusive words—which served upon this occasion for wit—and sometimes with actual violence. Toward tall silk hats they had especial designs. For some incomprehensible reason, the harmless silk hat, universally worn by gentlemen of the wealthier classes, was all at once, upon Sylvester Evening, considered outlawed. No sooner did an unlucky man appear in a tall black hat, than a crowd of half-drunken vagabonds fell upon him, and with vigorous fists knocked it over his ears. While this rudeness was going on, there echoed from all sides a chorus of wishes for a Happy New Year!

Brawls came of it, and often bloody fights. The Sylvester nuisance lasted for decades before the police were able to root it out. It was increased, if possible, by savage Jew-baiting, and for some years the popular disorder had even a confessional character. The chief arena of this shocking license was just at Kranzler's corner, and also, as a matter of course, at the Café Bauer close by. There too it came to blows. The windows were smashed by stones, and all these scenes were thoroughly fitted, as one may see, to damage materially the good name of the respectable coffee-house. Undoubtedly, therefore, the police have met the wishes of the proprietor in ordering the café closed, in recent years, upon Sylvester Evening.

The civil authorities have shown great energy of late in posting

an extraordinary number of officers upon the dangerous Friedrich-Strasse corner during that uproarious night. They have made various arrests, followed by the infliction of penalties, and as a consequence the Sylvester riot is practically suppressed. Nowadays, as the bells sound the first stroke of midnight, one hears nothing more than loud cries of "*Prosit Neujahr!*" and other harmless greetings which trouble nobody.

It is not much to our credit to be obliged to confess that these brutalities upon Sylvester Evening really represent the last popular festival of the Berliners. But even those who are in other respects jealous of police interference do not regret that the strong arm of the law put an end to it.

Upon ordinary days, too, it cannot be denied that the police have taken from the nocturnal street scenes upon the Linden much that was characteristic. "Berlin by night," with all its peculiar excesses, was formerly more recognizable in Unter den Linden than anywhere else. Kalisch sang in his farce, written as late as 1849 :

*“ Seht Ihr dort Unter den Linden
Grisette und Commis?
Sie wissen sich zu finden,
Und leise flüstert sie :
‘ Zu Hause will ich schreiten.’
Der Jüngling flüstert sacht :
‘ Ach, dürft ich Sie begleiten ?’
Das ist Berlin bei Nacht ! ”*

The word "Grisette," which Kalisch uses here, is only a discreet circumlocution for a less poetical species of the sex, which one used to meet by the hundred upon Unter den Linden and Friedrich-Strasse. These women are forbidden absolutely to enter those two streets, and the other main thoroughfares, and our police, concerning whose failure to apprehend the most dangerous criminals a good many uncomplimentary things have been said very lately, have been thoroughly successful in maintaining decency upon the

streets—particularly upon Unter den Linden. The light-footed game has been scared off, and with it the hunters. This explains the quiet and sobriety of the beautiful street during the hours of the night.

A single noisy exception is the Friedrich-Strasse crossing. There, indeed, is a combination of all the types that characterize Berlin life. There are the fat news-women; there is the legless cripple who offers wax tapers for sale—and by the way, in spite of his terrible mutilation, he is one of the strongest men I have ever seen in my life, a veritable giant when roused. There the most delicate flowers are sold by boys and girls who are already old in crime. Particularly well known among these is the tall lank rascal, who calls out in his hoarse voice to every passer, following him a couple of steps: ‘*Herr Baron, Koofen Se mir doch Veilchen ab! Bitte, Herr Jraf! Durchlauchtigster Fürst! Für Ihre Frau Majestätin!*’*

And if even this rapid elevation in rank does not allure the purchaser, he turns away with a muttered “*Ruppsack!*” † or some other amiable expression. The noble youth comes, for that matter, from a good family; he is the son of the Widow Quinche, who was executed for killing Professor Gregy; being a small boy at the time, he was sent out of the house to fetch liquor, while his mother was committing the murder. These boy and girl flower-sellers exhibit in most shameless fashion one of the least pleasant traits of the Berliners, the so-called *Unverfrorenheit*. ‡

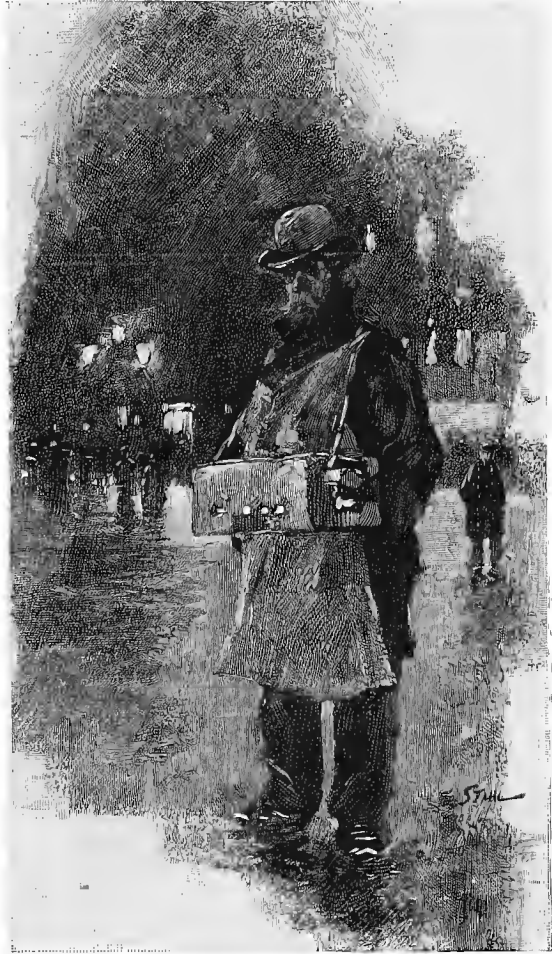
There too are the itinerant peddlers; the white-aproned venders of pastry and sausages. The pastry-man, whose basket contains fritters, Berlin pancakes, and other local specialties of doubtful quality, goes popularly by the name of “Kranzler”—after the proprietor of the famous Conditorei; while his colleague with the

* “Baron, won't you buy my violets! Please, Count! Most Serene Highness! Buy them for Her Majesty, your wife!”

† “Ragamuffin.”

‡ Brass.

brightly polished brass chafing-dish, beneath which the bluish flame of alcohol keeps hot those sausages concerning whose origin and composition the wise man does not reflect, is called, by a like analogy, "Niquet"—after the best-known sausage firm of Berlin. And there one sees, finally, in little groups of two or three, upon the corner of Friedrich-Strasse and upon the promenade, those utterly despicable characters: young fellows from twenty to twenty-five years old, afraid of work, coquettishly fresh from the barber, with cravats in striking colors and big scarf-pins, their hands covered with real and imitation



HOT SAUSAGES !

jewels; those extravagant caricatures of the prevailing fashion, of the most disgusting kind, who owe their existence and their elegance to the friendship of those feminine personages who have now been swept out of the Linden—to infamy doubled by idleness.

Unter den Linden, therefore, in its monumental public structures and private buildings, in its design and execution, its greatness and wretchedness, magnificence and depravity ; in its history and architecture, and in its reality and symbolism, is the most faithful, the most complete image of the Prussian capital, characteristic in everything, and perhaps more significant and comprehensive in its many-sidedness than is the great street of any other metropolis.



THE NÉVSKY PROSPÉKT

BY ISABEL F. HAPGOOD

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY ILYA EFIMOVITCH RÉPIN



A VENDOR.

THE NÉVSKY PROSPÉKT

THE Névsky Prospékt! From the time when, as children, we first encounter the words, in geographical compilations disguised as books of travel, what visions do they not summon up! Visions of the realm of the Frost King and of his Regent, the White Tzar, as fantastic as any of those narrated of tropic climes by Scheherezade, and with which we are far more familiar than we are with the history of our native land.

When we attain to the reality of our visions, in point of locality at least, we find a definite starting-point ready to our hand, where veracious legend and more veracious history are satisfactorily blended. It is at the eastern extremity of the famous broad avenue—which is the meaning of Prospékt. Here, on the bank of the Nevá, tradition alleges that Alexander, Prince of Nóvgorod, won his great battle—and, incidentally, his surname of Névsky, and his post of patron saint of Russia—over the united forces of the Swedes and oppressive Knights of the Teutonic Order, in the year 1240.

Nearly five hundred years later the spot was occupied by Rhitowa, one of the forty Finnish villages scattered over the present site of St. Petersburg, as designated by the maps of the Swedes, whom Peter the Great—practically Russia's second patron saint—expelled anew when he captured their thriving commercial town, on the shore of the Nevá, directly opposite, now known as Málaya

Ókhta, possessed of extensive foreign trade, and of a church older than the capital, which recently celebrated its two-hundredth anniversary.

It was in 1710 that Peter I. named the place "Victory," in honor of Prince-Saint Alexander Névsy's conquest, and commanded the erection of a Lávra, or first class monastery, the seat of a Metropolitan, and of a theological seminary. By 1716 the monastery was completed, in wood, as engravings of that day show us, but in a very different form from the complex of stone buildings of the present day. Its principal façade, with extensive, stiffly arranged gardens, faced upon the river, the only means of communication in that town—planted on a bog, threaded with marshy streams—being by boat. In fact, for a long time horses were so scarce in the infant capital, where reindeer were used in sledges even as late as the end of the last century, that no one was permitted to come to Court, during Peter the Great's reign, otherwise than by water. Necessity and the enforced cultivation of aquatic habits in his inland subjects, which the enterprising Emperor had so much at heart, combined to counsel this regulation.

The bones of Prince Alexander were brought to Petersburg, from their resting-place in the Vladímír Government, in 1724, Peter the Great occupying his favorite post, as pilot and steersman in the Saint's state barge, and they now repose in the monastery cathedral, under a canopy, and in a tomb of silver, 3,600 pounds in weight, given by Peter's daughter, the devout Empress Elizabeth. In the cemetery surrounding the cathedral, under the fragrant firs and birches, with the blue Nevá rippling far below, lie many of the men who have contributed to the advancement of their country in literature, art, and science, during the last two centuries.

Of all the historical memories connected with this monastery none is more curious than that relating to the second funeral of Peter III. He had been buried by his wife, in 1762, with much simplicity, in one of the many churches of the Lávra, which con-

tains the family tombs and monuments not only of members of the Imperial family, but of the noble families most illustrious in the eighteenth century. When Paul I. came to the throne, in 1796, his first care was to give his long-deceased father a more fitting burial. The body was exhumed. Surrounded by his court, Pável Petrovitch took the Imperial crown from the altar, placed it on his own head, then laid it reverently on his father's coffin. When Peter III. was transferred immediately afterward, with magnificent ceremonial, to the Winter Palace, there to lie in state by the side of his wife, Katherine II., and to accompany her to his proper resting-place among the sovereigns of Russia, in the cathedral of the Peter-Paul fortress, Count Alexéi Grigorévitch Orlóff was appointed, with fine irony, to carry the crown before his former master, whom he had betrayed, and in the necessity for whose first funeral he had played the part of Fate. It was with considerable difficulty that he was hunted up, while Emperor and pageant waited, in the obscure corner where he was sobbing and weeping; and with still greater difficulty was he finally persuaded to perform the task assigned to him in the procession.

Outside the vast monastery, which, like most Russian monasteries, resembles a fortress, though, unlike most of them, it has never served as such, the scene is almost rural. Pigeons, those symbols of the Holy Ghost, inviolable in Russia, attack with impunity the grain-bags in the acres of storehouses opposite, pick holes, and eat their fill undisturbed.

From this spot to the slight curve in the Prospekt, at the Známskaya Square, a distance of about a mile, where the Moscow Railway Station is situated, and where the train of steam tram-cars is superseded by less terrifying horse-cars, the whole aspect of the avenue is that of a provincial town, in the character of the people and the buildings, even to the favorite crushed-strawberry and azure washes, and green iron roofs on the countrified shops. Here and there, not very far away, a log-house may even be espied.

During the next three-quarters of a mile the houses and shops are more city-like, and, being newer than those beyond, are more ornamented as to the stucco of their windows and doors. Here, as elsewhere in this stoneless land, with rare exceptions, the buildings are of brick or rubble, stuccoed and washed, generally in light yellow, with walls three feet or more apart, warmly filled in, and ventilated through the hermetically sealed windows by ample panes in the centre of the sashes, or by apertures in the string-courses between stories, which open into each room. Shops below, apartments above, this is the nearly invariable rule.

It is only when we reach the Anítchkoff Bridge, with its graceful railing of sea-horses, adorned with four colossal bronze groups of horse-tamers, from the hand of the Russian sculptor, Baron Klodt, that the really characteristic part of the Névsy begins.

It is difficult to believe that fifty years ago this spot was the end of the Petersburg world. But at that epoch the Névsy was decorated with rows of fine large trees, which have now disappeared to the last twig. The Fontánka River, or canal, over which we stand, offers the best of the many illustrations of the manner in which Peter the Great, with his ardent love of water and Dutch ways, and his worthy successors, have turned natural disadvantages into advantages and objects of beauty. The Fontánka was the largest of the numerous marshy rivers in that Arctic bog selected by Peter I. for his new capital, which have been deepened, widened, faced with cut granite walls, and utilized as means of cheap communication between distant parts of the city, and as relief channels for the inundating waves of the Gulf of Finland, which rise, more or less, every year, from August to November, at the behest of the southwest gale. That this last precaution is not superfluous is shown by the iron flood-mark set into the wall of the Anítchkoff Palace, on the southern shore of the Fontánka, as on so many other public buildings in the city, with "1824" appended—the date of one celebrated and disastrous inundation which attained in

some places the height of thirteen feet and seven inches. This particular river derived its name from the fact that it was trained to carry water and feed the fountains in Peter the Great's favorite Summer Garden, of which only one now remains.

At the close of the last century, and even later, persons out of favor at Court, or nobles who had committed misdemeanors, were banished to the southern shores of the Fontánka, as to a foreign land. Among the amusements at the *dáchas*—the wooden country houses—in the wilder recesses of the vast parks which studded both shores, the chase after wild animals, and from bandits, played a prominent part.

The stretch which we have traversed on our way from the monastery, and which is punctuated at the corner of the canal and the Prospekt by the pleasing brick and granite palace of the Emperor's brother, Grand Duke Sergiúi Alexandrovitch, which formerly belonged to Prince Byelosélsky-Byelozérsky, was the suburb belonging to Lieutenant-Colonel Anítchkoff, who built the first bridge, of wood, in 1715. As late as the reign of Alexander I. all persons entering the town were required to inscribe their names in the register kept at the barrier placed at this bridge. Some roguish fellows having conspired to cast ridicule on this custom, by writing absurd names, the guards were instructed to make an example of the next jester whose name should strike them as suspicious. Fate willed that the Imperial Comptroller, Baltazár Baltazárovitch Kampenhausen, with his Russianized German name, should fall a victim to this order, and he was detained until his fantastic cognomen, so harsh to Slavic ears, could be investigated.

By day or by night, in winter or summer, it is a pure delight to stand on the Anítchkoff Bridge and survey the scene on either hand. If we gaze to the north toward what is one of the oldest parts settled on the rivulet-riddled, so-called "mainland," in this Northern Venice, we see the long, plain façade of the Katherine Institute for the education of the daughters of officers, originally

built by Peter the Great for his daughter Anna, as the "Italian Palace," but used only for the palace servants, until it was built over and converted to its present purpose. Beyond, we catch a glimpse of the yellow wings of Count Scheremétiéff's ancient house and its great iron railing, behind which, in a spacious court-yard, after the Moscow fashion so rare in thrifty Petersburg, the main building lies invisible to us. If we look to the south, we find the long ochre mass of the Anítchkoff Palace, facing on the Névsy, upon the right shore; on the left, beyond the palace of Sergiéli Alexandrovitch, the branch of the Alexander Névsy Monastery, in old Russian style, with highly colored saints and heads of seraphim on the outer walls; and a perspective of light, stuccoed building—dwellings, markets, churches—until the eye halts with pleasure on the distant blue dome of the Tróitzky cathedral, studded with golden stars. Indeed it is difficult to discover a vista in St. Petersburg which does not charm us with a glimpse of one or more of these cross-crowned domes, floating, bubble-like, in the pale azure of the sky. Though they are far from being as beautiful in form or coloring as those of Moscow, they satisfy us at the moment.

If it is on a winter night that we take up our stand here, we may catch a distant glimpse of the numerous "skating gardens," laid out upon the ice cleared on the snowy surface of the canal. The ice-hills will be black with forms flitting swiftly down the shining roads on sledges or skates, illuminated by the electric light; a band will be braying blithely, regardless of the piercing cold, and the skaters will dance on, in their fancy-dress ball or prize races, or otherwise, clad so thinly as to amaze the shivering foreigner as he hugs his furs.

By day the teamsters stand upon the quay, with rough aprons over their ballet-skirted sheepskin coats, waiting for a job. If we hire one of them, we shall find that they all belong to the ancient Russian Artél, or Labor Union, which prevents competition beyond a certain point. When the price has been fixed, after due and in-

evitable chaffering, one *lomovói* grasps his shapeless cap by its worn edge of fur, bites a kopék, and drops it in. Each of the other men contributes a marked copper likewise, and we are invited to draw lots, in full view, to determine which of them shall have the job. The master of the Artél sees to it that there is fair play on both sides. If an unruly member presumes to intervene with a lower



TEAMSTERS ON THE QUAY.

bid, with the object of monopolizing the job out of turn, he is promptly squelched, and, though his bid may be allowed to stand, the man whose kopék we have drawn must do the work. The winner chee-ee-eeps to his little horse, whose shaggy mane has been tangled by the loving hands of the *domovói* (house-sprite) and hangs to his knees. The patient beast, which, like all Russian horses, is never covered; no matter how severe the weather may be, or how hot he may be from exercise, rouses himself from his real

or simulated slumber, and takes up the burden of life again, handicapped by the huge wooden arch, gayly painted in flowers and initials, which joins his shafts, and does stout service despite his sorry aspect.

But the early summer is the season when the Fontánka is to be



A FISH-SHOP.

seen in its most characteristic state. The brilliant blue water sparkles under the hot sun, or adds one more tint to the exquisite hues which make of the sky one vast, gleaming fire-opal on those marvellous "white nights" when darkness never descends to a depth beyond the point where it leaves all objects with natural forms and colors, and only spiritualizes them with the gentle vagueness of a translucent veil. Small steamers, manned by wooden-faced, blond Finns, connect the unfashionable suburban quarter, lying near

the canal's entrance into the Nevá on the west, with the fashionable Court quarter on the northern quays at its other entrance into the Nevá, seven versts away. They dart about like sea-gulls, picking their path, not unfraught with serious danger, among the obstructions. The obstructions are many: Washing-house boats (it is a good old unexploded theory in Petersburg that clothes are clean only when rinsed in running water, even though our eyes and noses inform us, unaided by chart, where the drainage goes); little flotillas of dingy flat-boats, anchored around the "Fish-Gardens," and containing the latter's stock in trade, where persons of taste pick their second dinner-course out of the flopping inmates of a temporary scoop-net; huge, unwieldy wood barks, put together with wooden pegs, and steered with long, clumsy rudders, which the poor peasants have painfully poled—tramp, tramp, tramp, along the sides—through four hundred miles of tortuous waterways from that province of the former haughty republic, "Lord Nóvgorod the Great," where Prince Rúrik ruled and laid the foundations of the present Imperial Empire, and whence came Prince-Saint Alexander to win his surname of Névsy, as we have seen, at the spot where his monastery stands, a couple of miles, at most, away.

The boatmen, who have trundled all day long their quaint little barrows over the narrow iron rails into the spacious inner courtyards of the houses on the quay, and have piled up their wood for winter fuel, or loaded it into the carts for less accessible buildings, now sit on the stern of their barks, over their coarse food—sour black bread, boiled buckwheat groats, and salted cucumbers—doffing their hats and crossing themselves reverently before and after their simple meal, and chatting until the red glow of sunset in the north flickers up to the zenith in waves of sea-green, lilac, and amber, and descends again in the north, at the pearl-pink of dawn. Sleep is a lost art with these men, as with all classes of people, during those nerve-destroying "white nights." When all the silvery satin of the birch logs has been removed from their capacious holds,

these primitive barks will be unpegged, and the cheap "bark-wood," riddled with holes as by a *mitrailleuse*, will be used for poor structures on the outskirts of the town.

On the upper shore of this river, second only to the Nevá in its perennial fascination, and facing on the Prospékt, stands the Anítchkoff Palace, on the site of a former lumber-yard, which was purchased by the Empress Elizabeth, when she commissioned her favorite architect, Rastrelli, to erect for Count Razumóvsky a palace in that rococo style which he used in so many palaces and churches during her reign and that of Katherine II.—the rococo style being, by the way, quite the most unsuited discoverable for Russian churches.

Count Alexéi Grigorévitch Razumóvsky was the Empress Elizabeth's husband, the uneducated but handsome son of a plain Kazák from Little Russia, who attracted the attention of Elizavéta Petrovna as his sweet voice rang out in the Imperial choir, at mass, in her palace church. When the palace was completed, in 1757, it did not differ materially from its present appearance, as a painting in the Winter Palace shows, except that its colonnade, now inclosed for the Imperial Chancellery and offices, then abutted directly on the Fontánka. It has had a very varied ownership, with some curious features in that connection which remind one of a gigantic game of ball between Katherine II. and Prince Potémkin. Count Razumóvsky did not live in it until after the Empress Elizabeth's death, in 1762. After his own death his brother sold it to the state, and Katherine II. presented it to Prince Potémkin, who promptly resold it to a wealthy merchant-contractor in the commissariat department of the army, who in turn sold it to Katherine II., who gave it once more to Potémkin. The Prince never lived here, but gave sumptuous garden parties in the vast park, which is now in great part built over, and sold it back to the state again in 1794. It was first occupied by royalty in 1809, when the Emperor Alexander I. settled his sister here, with her first husband (that Prince of

Oldenburg whose territory in Germany Napoleon I. so summarily annexed a few years later), thereby converting the Oldenburgs permanently into Russian princes.

The Grand Duke Heir Nicholas used it from 1819 until he ascended the throne in 1825, and since that time it has been considered the palace of the heir to the throne. But the present Emperor has continued to occupy it since his accession, preferring its simplicity to the magnificence of the Winter Palace.

The high walls, of that reddish-yellow hue, like the palace itself, which is usually devoted to government buildings in Russia, continue the line of offices along the Prospékt, and surround wooded gardens, where the Emperor and his family coast, skate, and enjoy their winter pleasures, invisible to the eyes of passers-by.

These woods and walls also form the eastern boundary of the Alexandra Square, in whose centre rises Mikéshin and Opekúshin's fine colossal bronze statue of Katherine II., crowned, sceptred, in Imperial robes, and with the men who made her reign illustrious grouped about her feet. Among these representatives of the Army, Navy, Literature, Science, Art, there is one woman—that dashing Princess Elizavéta Románovna Dáshkoff, who helped Katherine to her throne. As Empress, Katherine appointed her to be first president of the newly founded Academy of Sciences, but afterward withdrew her favor, and condemned her to both polite and impolite exile, because of her very services, the Princess hints, in her celebrated and very lively “Memoirs.”

In the Alexandra Theatre, for Russian and German drama, which rears its new (1828) Corinthian peristyle and its bronze quadriga behind the great Empress, forming the background of the Square, two of the Empress's dramas still hold the stage, on occasion. For this busy and energetic woman not only edited and published a newspaper, the greater part of which she wrote with her own hand, but composed numerous comedies and comic operas, where the moral, though sufficiently obvious all the way through,



THE CORNER OF THE CENTRAL HALL IN THE GOSTINNY DVOR.

one would have thought, in the good old style, is neatly labelled at the end. These were acted first in the private theatres of the various palaces, by the dames and cavaliers of the Court, after which

professional actors presented them to the public in the ordinary theatres.

It is in vain that we scrutinize the chubby-cheeked countenance of the bronze Prince Potémkin, at Katherine II.'s feet, to discover the secret of the charm which made the Imperial lady who towers above him force upon him so often the ground upon which they both now stand. He stares stolidly at the Prospékt, ignoring not only the Theatre, but the vast structures containing the Direction of Theatres and Prisons, the Censor's Office, Theatrical School, and other government offices in the background ; the new building for shops and apartments, where ancient Russian forms have been adapted to modern street purposes ; and even the wonderfully rich Imperial Public Library, begun in 1794, to contain the books brought from Warsaw, with its Corinthian peristyle interspersed with bronze statues of ancient sages, on the garden side—all of which stand upon the scene of his former garden parties, as the name of the avenue beyond the plain end of the Library on the Prospékt—Great Garden Street—reminds us. Not far away is the site of the tunnel dug under the Prospékt by the revolutionists, which, however, was fortunately discovered in time to prevent the destruction of one of the fairest parts of the city, and its most valuable buildings. With the next block we enter upon the liveliest, the most characteristic portion of the Névsy Prospékt, in that scant fraction over a mile, which is left to us above the Anítchkoff Bridge.

Here stands the vast bazaar known as the *Gostinny Dvor*—"Guests' Court"—a name which dates from the epoch when a wealthy merchant engaged in foreign trade, and owning his own ships, was distinguished from the lesser sort by the title of "Guest," which we find in the ancient epic songs of Russia. Its frontage of seven hundred feet on the Prospékt, and one thousand and fifty on Great Garden and the next parallel street, prepare us to believe that it may really contain more than five hundred shops in the two stories, the lower surrounded by a vaulted arcade supporting an

open gallery, which is invaluable for decorative purposes at Easter and on Imperial festival days. Erected in 1735, very much in its present shape, the one common throughout the country, on what had been an impassable morass a short time before, and where the ground still quakes at dawn, it may not contain the largest and best shops in town, and its merchants certainly are not "Guests" in the ancient acceptation of the word; but we may claim, nevertheless, that it presents a compendium of most purchasable articles extant, from samovárs, furs, and military goods, to books, sacred images, and Moscow imitations of Parisian novelties at remarkably low prices, as well as the originals.

The nooks and spaces of the arcade, especially at the corners and centre, are occupied by booths of cheap wares. The sacred image, indispensable to a Russian shop, is painted on the vaulted ceiling; the shrine lamp flickers in the open air, thus serving many aproned, homespun- and sheepskin-clad dealers. The throng of promenaders here is always varied and interesting. The practised eye distinguishes infinite shades of difference in wealth, social standing, and other conditions. The lady in the velvet *shúba*, lined with sable or black fox, her soft velvet cap edged with costly otter, her head wrapped in a fleecy knitted shawl of goat's down from the steppes of Orenburg, or pointed hood—the *bashlyk*—of woven goat's-down from the Caucasus, has driven hither in her sledge or carriage, and has alighted to gratify the curiosity of her sons. We know at a glance whether the lads belong in the aristocratic Pages' Corps on Great Garden Street, hard by, in the University, the Law School, the Lyceum, or the Gymnasium, and we can make a shrewd guess at their future professions by their faces as well as by their uniforms. The lady who comes to meet us in sleeved pelisse, wadded with eiderdown, and the one in a short jacket, have arrived, and must return, on foot; they could not drive far in the open air, so thinly clad.

At Christmas-tide there is a great augmentation in the queer "Vyázemsky" and other cakes, the peasant laces, sweet Vybörg

cracknels, fruit pastils, and other popular goods, on which these petty, open-air dealers appear to thrive, both in health and purse. The spacious area between the bazaar and the sidewalk of the Névs-



BUYING CHRISTMAS-TREES.

sky is filled with Christmas-trees, beautifully unadorned, or ruined with misplaced gaudiness, brought in, in the majority of cases, by Finns from the surrounding country. Again, in the week preceding Palm Sunday, *Vérbnaya Yármarka*, or Pussy Willow Fair, takes

place here. Nominally it is held for the purpose of providing the public with twigs of that æsthetic plant (the only one which shows a vestige of life at that season), which are used as palms, from the Emperor's palace to the poorest church in the land. In reality it is a most amusing fair for toys and cheap goods suitable for Easter, eggs, gay paper roses wherewith to adorn the Easter cake, and that combination of sour and sweet cream and other forbidden delicacies, the *páskha*, with which the long, severe fast is to be broken, after midnight matins on Easter. Here are plump little red Finland parrots, green and red finches, and other song-birds, which kindly people buy and set free, after a pretty custom. The board and canvas booths, the sites for which are drawn by lot by soldiers' widows, and sold or used as suits their convenience, are locked at night by dropping the canvas flap, and are never guarded; while the hint that thefts may be committed, or that watching is necessary, is repelled with indignation by the stall-keepers.

There is always a popular toy of the hour. One year it consisted of highly colored, beautifully made bottle-imps, which were loudly cried as *Amerikánskiya zhíteli*—inhabitants of America. We inquired the reason for their name.

"They are made in the exact image of the Americans," explained the peasant vendor, offering a pale blue imp, with a long, red tongue and a phenomenal tail, for our admiration.

"We are inhabitants of America. Is the likeness very strong?" we asked.

The crowd tittered softly; the man looked frightened; but, finding that no dire fate threatened, he was soon vociferating again, with a roguish grin:

"*Kupíti, kupí-í-íti! Prevoskhódniya Amérikanskiya zhíteli! Sá-á-miya nastoyáshtchiya!*" "Buy, buy, splendid natives of America! the most genuine sort!"

Far behind this Gostínny Dvor extends a complex mass of other curious "courts" and markets, all worthy of a visit for the popular

types which they afford of the lower classes. Among them all none is more steadily and diversely interesting, at all seasons of the year, than the *Syennáya Plóshtschad*—the Haymarket—so called from its use in days long gone by. Here, in the Fish Market, is the great repository for the frozen food which is so necessary in a land where the Church exacts a sum total of over four months' fasting out of the twelve. Here the fish lie piled like cordwood, or overflow from



ARKHÁNGEL FISHERMEN AT THE MARKET.

casks, for economical buyers. Merchants' wives, with heads enveloped in colored kerchiefs, in the olden style, well tucked in at the neck of their *salópi*, or sleeved fur-coats, prowl in search of bargains. Here sit the fishermen from the distant Múrman coast, from Arkhángel, with weather-beaten but intelligent faces, in their quaint skull-caps of reindeer hide, and baggy, shapeless garments of mysterious skins, presiding over the wares which they have risked their lives to catch in the stormy Arctic seas, during the long days of the brief summer-time; codfish dried and curled into gray unrecogniz-

ableness ; yellow caviár which resists the teeth like tiny balls of gutta-percha—not the delicious gray “pearl” caviár of the sturgeon—and other marine food which is never seen on the rich man’s table.

But we must return to the Névsy Prospékt. Nestling at the foot of the City Hall, at the entrance of the broad street between it and the Gostínny Dvor, on the Névsy, stands a tiny chapel, which is as thriving as the bazaar, in its own way, and as striking a compendium of some features in Russian architecture and life. Outside hangs a large image of the “Saviour-not-made-with-hands”—the Russian name for the sacred imprint on St. Veronica’s handkerchief—which is the most popular of all the representations of Christ in ikóns. Before it burns the usual “unquenchable-lamp,” filled with the obligatory pure olive-oil. Beneath it stands a table bearing a large bowl of consecrated water. On hot summer days the thirsty wayfarer takes a sip, using the ancient Russian *kovsh*, or short-handled ladle, which lies beside it, crosses himself, and drops a small offering on the dish piled with copper coins near by, making change for himself if he has not the exact sum which he wishes to give.

Inside, many ikóns decorate the walls. The pale flames of their shrine-lamps is supplemented by masses of candles in the huge standing candlesticks of silver. A black-robed monk from the monastery is engaged, almost without cessation, in intoning prayers of various sorts, before one or another of the images. The little chapel is thronged ; there is barely room for respectfully flourished crosses, such as the peasant loves, often only for the more circumscribed sign current among the upper classes, and none at all for the favorite “ground reverences.” The approach to the door is lined with two files of monks and nuns : monks in high *klobúks*, like rimless chimney-pot hats, draped with black woollen veils, which are always becoming ; *tehnútzi*, or lay sisters, from distant convents, in similar head-gear, in caps flat or pointed like the small end of a watermelon,

and with ears protected by black woollen shawls ungracefully pinned. Serviceable man's boots do more than peep out from beneath the short, rusty-black skirts. Each monk and nun holds a small pad of threadbare black velvet, whereon a cross of tarnished gold braid, and a stray copper or two, by way of bait, explain the eleemosynary significance of the bearers' "broad" crosses, dizzy "reverences to the girdle," and muttered entreaty, of which we catch only: "*Khrísti Rádi*—" for Christ's sake.

People of all classes turn in here for a moment of prayer, to "place a candle" to some saint, for the health, in body or soul, of friend or relative: the workman, his tools on his back in a coarse linen kit; the bearded muzhík from the country, clad in his sheep-skin *tulúp*, wool inward, the soiled yellow leather outside set off by a gay sash; ladies, officers, civilians—the stream never ceases.

The only striking feature about the next building of importance, the *Grádskáya Dúma*, or City Hall, is the lofty tower upon whose balcony, high in air, guards pace incessantly on the watch for fires. By day, they telegraph the locality of disaster to the fire department by means of black balls and white boards, in fixed combinations; by night, with colored lanterns. Each section of the city has a signal-tower of this sort, and the engine-house is close at hand. *Grádskáya Dúma* means literally, city thought, and the profundity of the meditations sometimes indulged in in this building, otherwise not remarkable, may be inferred from the fact discovered a few years ago, that many honored members of the *Dúma* (which also signifies the Council of City Fathers) whose name still stood on the roll, were dead, though they continued to vote and exercise their other civic functions with exemplary regularity!

Naturally, in a city which lies on a level with the southern point of Greenland, the most characteristic season to select for our observations of the life is winter.

The *Prospékt* wakes late. It has been up nearly all night, and there is but little inducement to early rising when the sun itself

sets such a fashion as nine o'clock for its appearance on the horizon, like a pewter disk, with a well-defined hard rim, when he makes his appearance at all. If we take the Prospékt at different hours, we may gain a fairly comprehensive view of many Russian ways and people, cosmopolitan as the city is.



THE RESTAURANT DOMINIQUE.

At half-past seven in the morning, the horse-cars, which have been resting since ten o'clock in the evening, make a start, running always in groups of three, stopping only at turnouts. The *dvórniks* retire from the entrance to the court-yards, where they have been sleeping all night with one eye open, wrapped in their sheepskin coats, a few shabby *izvóstchiks* make their appearance somewhat later, in company with small school-boys, in their soldierly uniforms, knapsacks of books on back, and convoyed by servants.

Earliest of all are the closed carriages of officials, evidently the most lofty in grade, since it was decided, two or three years ago, by one of this class, that his subordinates could not reasonably be expected to arrive at business before ten or eleven o'clock after they had sat up until daylight over their indispensable club *vint*—which is Russian whist.

Boots [*muzhiks*] in scarlet cotton blouses, and full trousers of black velveteen, tucked into tall, wrinkled boots, dart about to bakery and dairy shop, preparing for their masters' morning "tea." Venders of newspapers congregate at certain spots, and charge for their wares in inverse ratio to the experience of their customers; for regular subscribers receive their papers through the post-office, and, if we are in such unseemly haste as to care for the news before the ten o'clock delivery—or the eleven o'clock, if the postman has not found it convenient otherwise—we must buy on the street, though we live but half a block from the newspaper office, which opens at ten. By noon, everyone is awake. The restaurants are full of breakfasters, and Dominique's, which chanches to stand on the most crowded stretch of the street, on the sunny north side beloved of promenaders, is dense with officers, cigarette smoke, and characteristic national viands judiciously mingled with those of foreign lands.

Mass is over, and a funeral passes down the Névsky Prospékt, on its way to the fashionable Alexander Névsky monastery or Nóvo-Dyevítche convent cemeteries. The deceased may have been a minister of state, or a great officer of the Court, or a military man who is accompanied by warlike pageant. The choir chants a dirge. The priests, clad in vestments of black velvet and silver, seem to find their long, thick hair sufficient protection to their bare heads. The professional mutes, with their silver-trimmed black baldrics and cocked hats, appear to have plucked up the street lanterns by their roots to serve as candles, out of respect to the deceased's greatness, and to illustrate how the city has been

cast into darkness by the withdrawal of the light of his countenance. The dead man's orders and decorations are borne, in imposing state, on velvet cushions, before the gorgeous funeral car, where the pall, of cloth of gold, which will be made into a priest's vestment once the funeral is over, droops low among artistic wreaths and palms, of natural flowers, or beautifully executed in silver. Behind come the mourners on foot, a few women, many men, a Grand Duke or two among them, it may be; the carriages follow; the devout of the lower classes, catching sight of the train, cross themselves broadly, mutter a prayer, and find time to turn from their own affairs and follow for a little way, out of respect to the stranger corpse. More touching are the funerals which pass up the Prospékt on their way to the unfashionable cemetery across the Nevá, on Vasíly Óstroff; a tiny pink coffin resting on the knees of the bereaved parents in a sledge, or borne by a couple of bare-headed men, with one or two mourners walking slowly behind.

From noon onward, the scene on the Prospékt increases constantly in vivacity. The sidewalks are crowded, especially on Sundays and holidays, with a dense and varied throng, of so many nationalities and types that it is a valuable lesson in ethnography to sort them, and that a secret uttered is absolutely safe in no tongue—unless, possibly, it be that of Patagonia. But the universal language of the eye conquers all difficulties, even for the remarkably fair Tatár women, whose national garb includes only the baldest and gauziest apology for the obligatory veil.

The plain façades of the older buildings on this part of the Prospékt, which are but three or four stories in height—elevators are rare luxuries in Petersburg, and few buildings exceed five stories—are adorned, here and there, with gayly colored pictorial representations of the wares for sale within. But little variety in architecture is furnished by the inconspicuous Armenian, and the uncharacteristic Dutch Reformed and Lutheran churches which break the severe line of this "Tolerance Street," as it has been

called. Most fascinating of all the shops are those of the furriers and goldsmiths, with their surprises and fresh lessons for foreigners; the treasures of Caucasian and Asian art in the Eastern bazaars; the "Colonial-wares" establishments, with their delicious game cheeses, and odd *studená* [fishes in jelly], their pineapples at five and ten dollars, their tiny oysters from the Black Sea, at twelve and a half cents apiece.

Enthralling as are the shop windows, the crowd on the sidewalk is more enthralling still. There are Kazáks, dragoons, cadets of the military schools, students, so varied, though their gay uniforms are hidden by their coats, that their heads resemble a bed of verbenas in the sun. There are officers of every sort: officers with rough gray overcoats and round lambskin caps; officers in large, flat-peaked caps, and smooth-surfaced voluminous cape-coats, wadded with eiderdown and lined with gray silk, which trail on their spurs, and with collars of costly beaver or striped American raccoon, and long sleeves forever dangling unused. A snippet of orange and black ribbon worn in the buttonhole shows us that the wearer owns the much-coveted military order of St. George. There are civilians in black cape-coats of the military pattern, topped off with cold, uncomfortable, but fashionable chimney-pot hats, or, more sensibly, with high caps of beaver.

It is curious to observe how many opinions exist as to the weather. The officers leave their ears unprotected; a passing troop of soldiers—fine, large, hardy fellows—wear the strip of black woollen over their ears, but leave their bashlýks hanging, unused, on their backs, with tabs tucked neatly under shoulder-straps and belts, for use on the Balkans or some other really cold spot. Most of the ladies, on foot or in sledges, wear bashlýks or Orenburg shawls, over wadded fur caps, well pulled down to the brows. We may be sure that the pretty woman who trusts to her bonnet only has also neglected to put on the necessary warm galoshes, and that when she reaches home, sympathizing friends will rub her vain

little ears, feet, and brow with spirits of wine, to rescue her from the results of her folly. Only officers and soldiers possess the secret of going about in simple leather boots, or protected merely



BELOW ZERO—A FIRE IN THE SNOW.

by a pair of stiff, slapping leather galoshes, accommodated to the spurs.

For some mysterious reason, the picturesque nurses, with their pearl-embroidered, diadem-shaped caps, like the *kokóshniks* of the Empress and Court ladies, their silver-trimmed petticoats and jack-

ets, patterned after the ancient Russian "soul-warmers," and made of pink or blue cashmere, never have any children in their charge in winter. Indeed, if we were to go by the evidence offered by the Névsy Prospékt, especially in cold weather, we should assert that there are no children in the city, and that the nurses are used as "sheep-dogs" by ladies long past the dangerous bloom of youth and beauty.

The more fashionable people are driving, however, and that portion of the one hundred and fourteen feet of the Prospékt's width which is devoted to the roadway is, if possible, even more varied and entertaining in its kaleidoscopic features than the sidewalks. It is admirably kept at all seasons. With the exception of the cobblestone roadbed for the tramway in the centre, it is laid with hexagonal wooden blocks, well spiked together and tarred, resting upon tarred beams and planks, and forming a pavement which is both elastic and fairly resistant to the volcanic action of the frost. The snow is maintained at such a level that, while sledging is perfect, the closed carriages which are used for evening entertainments, calls, and shopping are never incommoded. Street-sweepers, in red cotton blouses and clean white linen aprons, sweep on calmly in the icy chill. The police, with their bashlyks wrapped round their heads in a manner peculiar to themselves, stand always in the middle of the street and regulate the traffic.

We will hire an *izvóstchik* and join the throng. The process is simple; it consists in setting ourselves up at auction on the curbstone, among the numerous cabbies waiting for a job, and knocking ourselves down to the lowest bidder. If our Vánka (Johnny, the generic name for cabby) drives too slowly, obviously with the object of loitering away our money, a policeman will give him a hint to whip up, or we may effect the desired result by threatening to speak to the next guardian of the peace. If Vánka attempts to intrude upon the privileges of the private carriages, for whom is reserved the space next the tramway track and the row of

high, silvered posts which bear aloft the electric lights, a sharp "*Beregís!*" [Look out for yourself!] will be heard from the first fashionable coachman who is impeded in his swift career, and he will be called to order promptly by the police. Ladies may not, unfortunately, drive in the smartest of the public carriages, but must content themselves with something more modest and more shabby. But Vánka is usually good-natured, patient, and quite unconscious of his shabbiness, at least in the light of a grievance or as affecting his dignity. It was one of these shabby, but democratic and self-possessed, fellows who furnished us with a fine illustration of the peasant qualities. We encountered one of the Emperor's cousins on his way to his regimental barracks; the Grand Duke mistook us for acquaintances, and saluted. Our *izvóstchik* returned the greeting.

"Was that Vasíly Dmitrich?" we asked, in Russian form.

"Yes, madam."

"Whom was he saluting?"

"Us," replied the man, with imperturbable gravity

Very different from our poor fellow, who remembers his duties to the saints and churches, and salutes Kazán Cathedral as we pass, with cross and bared head, is the fashionable coachman, who sees nothing but his horses. Our man's cylindrical cap of imitation fur is old, his summer *armyák* of blue cloth fits, as best it may, over his lean form and his sheepskin *tulúp*, and is girt with a cheap cotton sash.

The head of the fashionable coachman is crowned with a becoming gold-laced cap, in the shape of the ace of diamonds, well stuffed with down, and made of scarlet, sky-blue, sea-green, or other hue of velvet. His fur-lined *armyák* reaching to his feet, through whose silver buttons, under the left arm, he is bursting with fashion or good living, is secured about his portly waist by a silken girdle glowing with roses and butterflies. His legs are too fat to enter the sledge—that is to say, if his master truly respects his own



THE NEVSKY PROSPEKT IN WINTER.

dignity—and his feet are accommodated in iron stirrups outside. He leans well back, with arms outstretched to accord with the racing speed at which he drives. In the tiny sledge—the smaller it is, the more stylish, in inverse ratio to the coachman, who is expected to be as broad as it is—sits a lady hugging her crimson velvet *shúba* lined with curled white Thibetan goat, or feathery black fox fur, close about her ears. An officer holds her firmly with one arm around the waist, a very necessary precaution at all seasons, with the fast driving, where drozhkies and sledges are utterly devoid of back or side rail. The spans of huge Orloff stallions, black or dappled gray, display their full beauty of form in the harnesses of slender straps and silver chains; their beautiful eyes are unconcealed by blinders. They are covered with a coarse-meshed woollen net fastened to the winged dash-board, black, crimson, purple, or blue, which trails in the snow in company with their tails and the heavy tassels of the fur-edged cloth robe. The horses, the wide-spreading reddish beard of the coachman, parted in the middle like a well-worn whisk-broom, the hair, eyelashes, and furs of the occupants of the sledge, all are frosted with rime until each filament seems to have been turned into silver wire.

There is an alarm of fire somewhere. A section of the fire department passes, that imposing but amusing procession of hand-engine, three water-barrels, pennons and fine horses trained in the *haute école*, which does splendid work with apparently inadequate means. An officer in gray lambskin cap flashes by, drawn by a pair of fine trotters. “*Vot on sam!*” mutters our *izvóstchik*—“There he is himself!” It is General Gresser,* the Prefect of the Capital, who maintains perfect order, and demonstrates the possibilities of keeping streets always clean in an impossible climate. The pounding of those huge trotters’ hoofs is so absolutely distinctive—as distinctive as the unique gray cap—that we can recognize it

* Since the above was written this able officer and very efficient Prefect has died.

as they pass, cry like the *izvóstchik*: "*Vot on sam!*" and fly to the window with the certainty that it will be "he himself."

Court carriages with lackeys in crimson and gold, ambassadors' sledges with cock-plumed chasseurs and cockaded coachmen, the latter wearing their chevrons on their backs; rude wooden sledges, whose sides are made of knotted ropes, filled with superfluous snow; Grand Ducal *tróikas* with clinking harnesses studded with metal plaques and flying tassels, the outer horses coquetting, as usual, beside the staid trot of the shaft-horse, all mingle in the endless procession which flows on up the Névsky Prospékt through the Bolsháya Morskáya—Great Sea Street—and out upon the Nevá quays, and back again, to see and be seen, until long after the sun has set on the short days, at six minutes to three. A plain sledge approaches. The officer who occupies it is dressed like an ordinary general, and there are thousands of generals! As he drives quietly along, police and sentries give him the salute of the ordinary general; so do those who recognize him by his face or his Kazák orderly. It is the Emperor out for his afternoon exercise. If we meet him near the gate of the Anítchkoff Palace, we may find him sitting placidly beside us, while our sledge and other sledges in the line are stopped for a moment to allow him to enter.

Here is another sledge, also differing in no respect from the equipages of other people, save that the lackey on the low knife-board behind wears a peculiar livery of dark green, pale blue, and gold (or with white in place of the green at Easter-tide). The lady whose large, dark eyes are visible between her sable cap and the superb black fox shawl of her crimson velvet cloak, is the Empress. The lady beside her is one of her ladies-in-waiting. Attendants, guards, are absolutely lacking, as in the case of the Emperor.

Here, indeed, is the place to enjoy winter. The dry, feathery snow descends, but no one heeds it. We turn up our coat collars and drive on. Umbrellas are unknown abominations. The perma-

ment marquises, of light iron-work, which are attached to most of the entrances are serviceable only to those who use closed carriages, and in the rainy autumn.

Just opposite the centre of this thronged promenade, well set back from the street, stands the Cathedral of the Kazán Virgin. Outside, on the quay of the tortuous Katherine Canal, made a



THE KATHERINE CANAL.

navigable water-way under the second Katherine, but lacking, through its narrowness, the picturesque features of the Fontánka, flocks of pigeons are fed daily from the adjoining grain shops. In the curve of the great colonnade, copied, like the exterior of the church itself, from that of St. Peter at Rome, bronze statues, heroic in size, of Generals Kutúzoff and Barclay de Tolly, by the Russian sculptor Orlovsky, stand on guard.

Hither the Emperor and Empress come "to salute the Virgin,"

on their safe return from a journey. Hither are brought Imperial brides in gorgeous state procession—when they are of the Greek faith—on their way to the altar in the Winter Palace. We can never step into this temple without finding some deeply interesting and characteristically Russian event in progress. After we have run the inevitable gauntlet of monks, nuns, and other beggars at the entrance, we may happen upon a baptism, just beyond, the naked, new-born infant sputtering gently after his thrice-repeated dip in the candle-decked font, with the priest's hand covering his eyes, ears, mouth, and nostrils, and now undergoing the ceremony of anointment, or confirmation. Or we may come upon a bridal couple, in front of the solid silver balustrade; or the exquisite liturgy, exquisitely chanted, by the fine choir in their vestments of scarlet, blue, and silver, with the seraphic wings upon their shoulders, and intoned, with a finish of art unknown in other lands, by priests robed in rich brocade. Or it may be that a popular sermon by a well-known orator has attracted a throng of listeners among the lofty pillars of gray Finland granite, hung with battle-flags and the keys of conquered towns. What we shall assuredly find is, votaries ascending the steps to salute with devotion the benignant, brown-faced Byzantine Virgin and Christ-Child, encrusted with superb jewels, or kneeling in "ground reverences" with brow laid to the marble pavement, before the *ikonostás*, or rood-screen, of solid silver. Our Lady of Kazán has been the most popular of wonder-working Virgins ever since she was brought from Kazán to Moscow, in 1579, and transported to Petersburg, in 1721 (although her present cathedral dates only from 1811), and the scene here on Easter-night is second only to that at St. Isaac's when the porticos are thronged by the lower classes waiting to have their flower- and candle-decked cakes and cream blessed at the close of the Easter matins.

One of the few individual dwelling-houses which linger on the Névsy Prospékt, and which presents us with a fine specimen of

the rococo style which Rastrelli so persistently served up at the close of the eighteenth century, is that of the Counts Stróganoff, at the lower quay of the Móika. The Móika [literally, Washing] River is the last of the semicircular, concentric canals which intersect the Névsy and its two radiating companion Prospékt, and impart to that portion of the city which is situated on the (comparative) mainland a resemblance to an outspread fan, whose palm-piece is formed by the Admiralty on the Nevá quay.

The stately pile, and the pompous air of the big, gold-laced Swiss lounging at the entrance on the Névsy, remind us that the Stróganoff family has been a power in Russian history since the middle of the sixteenth century.

It was a mere handful of their Kazáks, led by Yermák Timoféevitch, who conquered Siberia, in 1581, under Ivan the Terrible, while engaged in repelling the incursions of the Tatárs and wild Siberian tribes on the fortified towns which the Stróganoffs had been authorized to erect on the vast territory at the western foot of the Urál Mountains, conveyed to them by the ancient Tzars. Later on, when Alexéi Mikhailovitch, the father of Peter the Great, established a new code, grading punishments and fines by classes, the highest money tax assessed for insult and injury was fifty rubles; but the Stróganoffs were empowered to exact one hundred rubles.

Opposite the Stróganoff house, on the upper Móika quay, rises the large, reddish-yellow Club of the Nobility, representing still another fashion in architecture, which was very popular during the last century for palaces and grand mansions—the Corinthian peristyle upon a solid, lofty basement. It is not an old building, but was probably copied from the palace of the Empress Elizabeth, which stood on this spot. Elizavéta Petrovna, though she used this palace a great deal, had a habit of sleeping in a different place each night, the precise spot being never known beforehand. This practice is attributed, by some Russian historians, to her custom of turning night into day. She went to the theatre, for example, at

eleven o'clock, and any courtier who failed to attend her was fined fifty rubles. It was here that the populace assembled to hurrah for Elizavéta Petrovna, on December 6, 1741, when she returned, with little Ivan VI. in her arms, from the Winter Palace, where she had made captive his father and his mother, the regent Anna Leopoldina. It may have been the recollection of the ease with which she had surprised indolent Anna Leopoldina in her bed-chamber which caused her to be so uncertain in her own movements, in view of the fact that there were persons so ill-advised as to wish the restoration of the slothful German regent and her infant son, disastrous as that would have been to the country.*

Later on, the chief of police lived here, and the adjoining bridge, which had hitherto been known as the Green Bridge, had its name changed to the Police Bridge, which rather puzzling appellation it still bears.

A couple of blocks beyond this corner of the Névsy, the Móika and the Grand Morskáya, the Névsy Prospekt ends at the Alexander Garden, backed by the Admiralty, and the Nevá, after having passed in its course through all grades of society, from the monks at the extreme limit, peasant huts—or something very like them, on the outskirts—artistic and literary circles in the Péski quarter (the Sands), well-to-do merchants and nobles, officials and wealthy courtiers, until now we have reached the culminating point, where

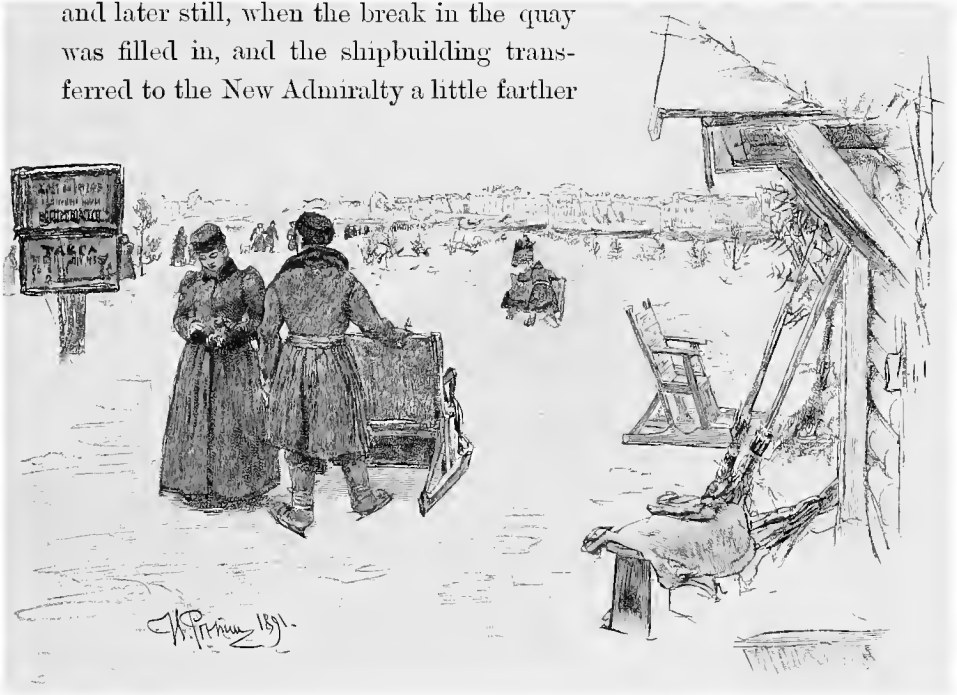
* We must do the Russians who occupy the building at the present day the justice to state that they uphold religiously the nocturnal tradition thus established by Elizavéta Petrovna, and even improve upon it. From six o'clock in the evening onward, the long windows of the Club, on the *bel étage*, blaze with light. The occasional temporary obscurations produced by the steam from relays of samovárs do not interfere materially with the neighbors' view of the card-parties and the final exchange of big bundles of bank-bills, which takes place at five o'clock the next morning, or later. Even if players and bills were duly shielded from observation, the *mauvais quart d'heure* would be accurately revealed by the sudden rush for the sledges, which have been hanging, in a swarm, about the door, according to the usual convenient custom of Vánka, wherever lighted windows suggest possible patrons. Poor, hard-worked Vánka slumbers all night on his box, with one eye open, or falls prone in death-like exhaustion over the dash-board, upon his sleeping horse, while his cap lies on the snow, and his shaggy head is bared to the bitter blasts.

the Admiralty, Imperial Palace, and War Office complete the national group begun at the church.

When, in 1704, Peter the Great founded his beloved Admiralty, as the first building on the mainland then designed for such purposes as this, and not for residence, it was simply a ship-yard, open to the Nevá, and inclosed on three sides by low wooden structures, surrounded by stone-faced earthworks, moats, and palisades. Hither Peter was wont to come of a morning, after having routed his ministers out of bed to hold Privy Council, at three and four o'clock, to superintend the work, and to lend a hand himself. The first stone buildings were erected in 1726, after his death. In the early years of the present century Alexander I. rebuilt this stately and graceful edifice, after the plans of the Russian architect, Zakhároff, who created the beautiful tower adorned with Russian sculptures, crowned by a golden spire, in the centre of the immense façade, fourteen hundred feet long, which forms a feature inseparable from the vista of the Prospékt for the greater part of its length, to the turn at the Známenskaya Square. On this spire, at the present day, flags and lanterns warn the inhabitants of low-lying districts in the capital of the rate at which the water is rising during inundations. In case of serious danger the flags are reinforced by signal guns from the fortress. But in Peter I.'s day these flags and guns bore exactly the opposite meaning to the unhappy nobles whom the energetic Emperor was trying to train into rough-weather sailors. To their trembling imaginations these signal orders to assemble for a practice sail signified, "Come out and be drowned!" since they were obliged to embark in the crafts too generously given to them by Peter, and cruise about until their leader (who delighted in a storm) saw fit to return. There is a story of one unhappy wight, who was honored by the presence aboard of his craft of a very distinguished and very sea-sick Persian, making his first acquaintance with the pleasures of yachting, and who spent three days, without food, tacking between Petersburg

and Kronstádt, in the vain endeavor to effect a landing during rough weather.

When the present Admiralty was built, a broad and shady boulevard was organized on the site of the old glacis and covered way, and later still, when the break in the quay was filled in, and the shipbuilding transferred to the New Admiralty a little farther



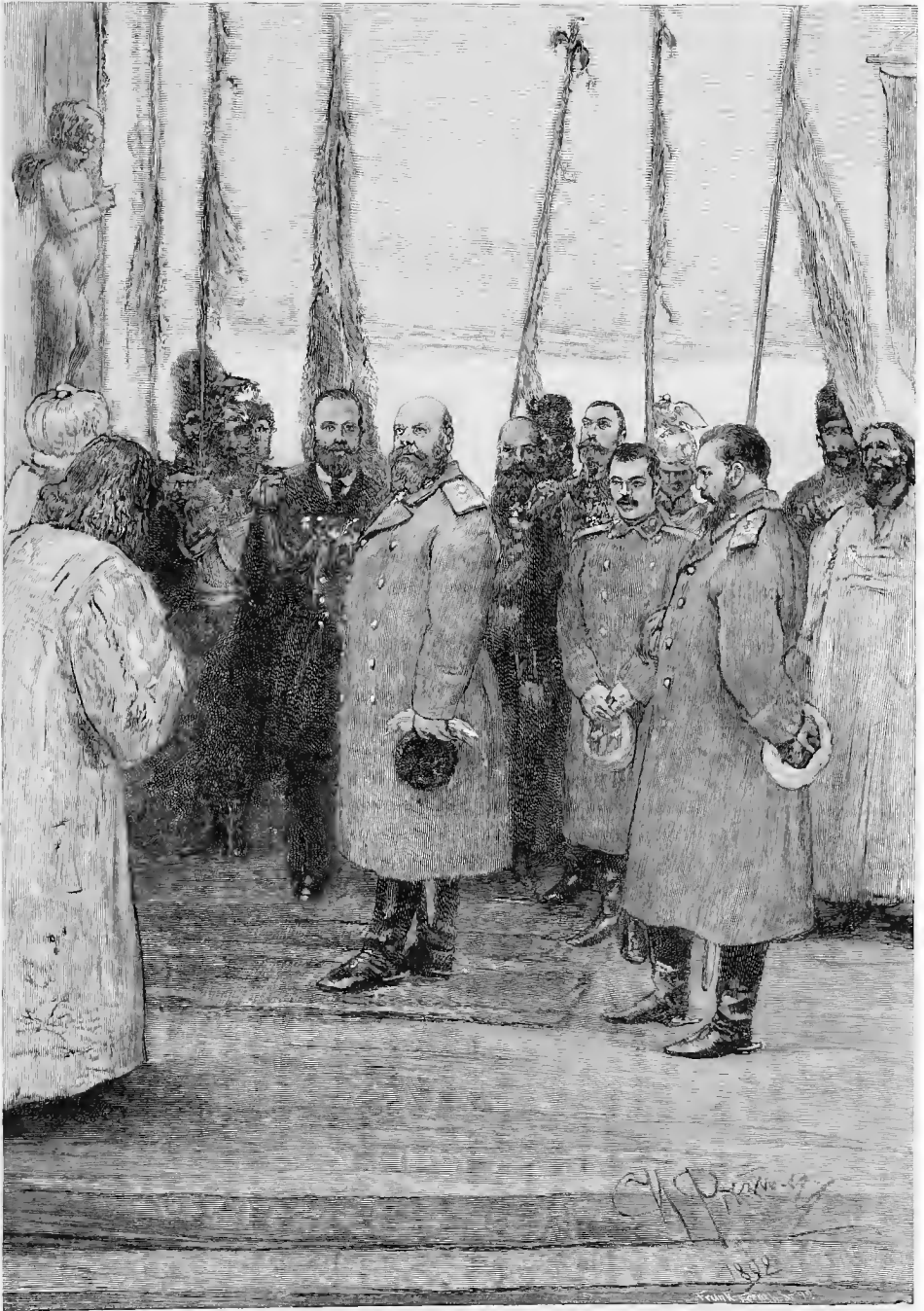
SLEDGE-ROAD ON THE FROZEN NEVA.

down the river, the boulevard was enlarged into the New Alexander Garden, one of the finest squares in Europe. It soon became the fashionable promenade, and the centre of popular life as well, by virtue of the merry-makings which here took place. Here, during the Carnival of 1836, the temporary cheap theatre of boards was burned, at the cost of one hundred and twenty-six lives, and many injured persons, which resulted in these dangerous *balagáni* and other holiday amusements being removed to the spacious parade-ground known as the Empress's Meadow.

If we pass round the Admiralty to the Nevá, we shall find its frozen surface teeming with life. Sledge roads have been laid out on it, marked with evergreen bushes, over which a *yamtschík* will drive us with his tróika, fleet as the wind, to Kronstádt, twenty miles away. Plank walks, fringed with street lanterns, have been prepared for pedestrians. Broad ice-paths have been cleared, whereon the winter ferry-boats ply—green garden-chairs, holding one or more persons, furnished with warm lap-ropes, and propelled by stout *muzhíks* on skates, who will transport us from shore to shore for the absurdly small sum of less than a cent apiece, though a ride with a reindeer (now a strange sight in the capital), at the Laplander's encampment, costs much more.

It is hard to tear ourselves from the charms of the river, with its fishing, ice-cutting, and many other interesting sights always in progress. But of all the scenes that which we may witness on Epiphany Day—the “Jordan” or Blessing of the Waters, in commemoration of Christ's baptism in the Jordan—is the most curious and typically Russian.

After mass, celebrated by the Metropolitan, in the Cathedral of the Winter Palace, whose enormous reddish-ochre mass we perceive rising above the frost-jewelled trees of the Alexander Garden, to our right as we stand at the head of the Névsy Prospékt, the Emperor, his heir, his brothers, uncles, and other great personages, emerge in procession upon the quay. Opposite the Jordan door of the palace a scarlet, gold, and blue pavilion, also called the “Jordan,” has been erected over the ice. Thither the procession moves, headed by the Metropolitan and the richly vested clergy, their mitres gleaming with gems, bearing crosses and church banners, and the Imperial choir, clad in crimson and gold, chanting as they go. The Empress and her ladies, clad in full Court costume at mid-day, look on from the palace windows. After brief prayers in the pavilion, all standing with bared heads, the Metropolitan dips the great gold cross in the rushing waters of the Nevá, through a



THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA BLESSING THE WATERS OF THE NEVÁ AT EPIPHANY.

hole prepared in the thick, opalescent, green ice, and the guns on the opposite shore thunder out a salute. The pontoon Palace Bridge, the quays on both sides of the river, all the streets and squares for a long distance round about are densely thronged, and, as the guns announce the consecration, every head is bared, every right hand in the mass, thousands strong, is raised to execute repeated signs of the cross on brow and breast.

From our post at the head of the Prospékt we behold, not the ceremony itself but the framework of a great national picture, the great Palace Square, whereon twenty thousand troops can manœuvre, and in whose centre rises the greatest monolith of modern times, the shaft of red Finland granite, eighty-four feet in height, crowned with a cross-bearing angel, the monument to Alexander I. There stand the Guards' Corps; and the huge building of the General Staff, containing the Ministries of Finance and of Foreign Affairs, and many things besides, originally erected by Katherine II. to mask the rears of the houses at the end of the Névsy, and rebuilt under Nicholas I., sweeping in a magnificent semicircle opposite the Winter Palace. Regiments restrain the zeal of the crowd to obtain the few posts of vantage from which the consecration of the waters is visible, and to keep open a lane for the carriages of royalty, diplomats, and invited guests. They form part of the pageant, like the Empress's cream-colored carriage and the white horses and scarlet liveries of the Metropolitan. The crowd is devout and silent, as Russian crowds always are, except when they see the Emperor after he has escaped a danger, when they become vociferous with an animation which is far more significant than it is in more noisy lands. The ceremony over, the throngs melt away rapidly and silently; pedestrians, Finnish ice-sledges, traffic in general, resume their rights on the palace sidewalks and the square, and after a state breakfast the Emperor drives quietly home, unguarded, to his Anitchkoff Palace.

If we glance to our left, and slightly to our rear, as we stand thus

facing the Nevá and the Admiralty, we see the Prefecture and the Ministry of War, the latter once the mansion of a grandee in the last century; and, rising above the latter, we catch a glimpse of the upper gallery and great gold-plated, un-Russian dome of St. Isaac's Cathedral, which is visible for twenty miles down the Gulf of Finland. The granite pillars glow in the frosty air with the bloom of a Delaware grape. We forgive St. Isaac for the non-Russian character of the modern ecclesiastical glories of which it is the exponent as we listen eagerly to the soft, rich, boom-boom-bo-o-om of the great bourdon, embroidered with silvery melody by the multitude of smaller bells, chiming nearly all day long with a truly orthodox sweetness unknown to the Western world, and which, today, are more elaborately beautiful than usual, in honor of the great festival. We appreciate to the full the wailing cry of the prisoner, in the ancient epic songs of the land: "He was cut off from the light of the fair, red sun, from the sound of sweet church-bells."

On the great Palace Square another characteristic sight is to be seen on the nights of Court balls, which follow the Jordan, when the blaze of electric light from the rock-crystal chandeliers, big as haystacks, within the state apartments, is supplemented by the fires in the heater and on the snow outside, round which the waiting coachmen warm themselves, with Rembrandtesque effects of *chiaro-oscuro* second only to the picturesqueness of *dvórniks* in their nondescript caps and shaggy coats, who cluster round blazing fagots in less aristocratic quarters when the thermometer descends below zero.

When spring comes, with the magical suddenness which characterizes Northern lands, the gardens, quays, and the Névsy Prospekt still preserve their charms for a space, and are thronged far into the night with promenaders, who gaze at the Imperial crowns, stars, monograms, and other devices temporarily applied to the street lanterns, and the fairy flames on the low curb-posts (whereat no horse, though unblinded, ever shies), with which man attempts,

on the numerous royal festival days of early summer, to rival the illumination of the indescribably beautiful tints of river and sky. But the peasant-izvóstchik goes off to the country to till his little patch of land, aided by the shaggy little farm-horse, which has been consorting on the Prospékt with thoroughbred trotters all winter, and helping him to eke out his cash income, scanty at the best of times ; or he emigrates to a summer resort, scorning our insinuation that he is so unfashionable as to remain in town. The deserted Prospékt is torn up for repairs. The merchants, especially the goldsmiths, complain that it would be true economy for them to close their shops. The annual troops of foreign travellers arrive, view the lovely islands of the Nevá delta, catch a glimpse of the summer cities in the vicinity, and dream, ah, vain dream ! that they have also really beheld the Névsy Prospékt, the great avenue of the realm of the Frost King and the White Tzar !





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